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# Journal

of the

# Folk-Song Society.

No. 6

Being the First Part of Vol. II.

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# JOURNAL

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## FOLK-SONGS NOTED IN SOMERSET AND NORTH DEVON.

THE following Songs have been chosen from a collection of five hundred tunes which I have noted in Somerset and North Devon. The task of selection has not been an easy one. After some consideration, I decided to print with each ballad all the variants and different versions of it that I had collected. The adoption of this principle will no doubt appeal to the expert in Folk-Song, although it has led in some instances to the inclusion of tunes that are scientifically interesting rather than beautiful.

If the whole collection had been printed instead of less than the seventh part, it would not, even then, have represented more than a tithe of the folk-songs which are still to be heard in Somerset and North Devon. For, with the exception of a few gleanings made during flying visits to Minehead, Holford, Ilchester, Clevedon, Bridgwater, and Lew Trenchard, all the tunes have been gathered in three small districts—in Hambridge and the villages hard by, where I have enjoyed the hospitality and whole-hearted co-operation of the vicar, the Rev. C. L. Marson; in Meshaw, North Devon, in company with the rector, the Rev. A. F. de Gex; and in East and West Harptree—thanks to the enthusiasm and to the kindly assistance given me by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kettlewell of Harptree Court. Thus it will be seen that as yet I have explored with thoroughness only a small part of the large area comprised in the two districts above mentioned. Remembering this, it is possible to form some estimate of the fulness of the harvest which awaits the collector in these Western Counties.

If reference be made to the singers from whom I have noted the following songs, it will be observed that the same names constantly recur. This is because quantity generally goes with quality; that is to say, those singers who have given me the largest number of songs have also given me the best ones. I have noted from two sisters in Hambridge, Mrs. Lucy White (labourer's wife) and Mrs. Louie Hooper

(shirt-maker), no less than eighty-one songs ; from Mrs. Overd (labourer's wife) of Langport, forty-five ; from Mr. William Nott (tenant farmer) of Meshaw, thirty-two ; and from Mrs. Lock (wife of tenant farmer) of Muchelney, twenty-one.

With few exceptions all my singers are well over sixty years of age. Some of them are much older : Mr. Wyatt, of Harptree, is eighty-two ; Mr. Nott is seventy-five ; while Mrs. Eliza Carter, of Rackenford, is in her ninety-second year ; and I once noted a song from a man in Hambridge—since dead—who was ninety-six years of age. But these are the exceptions, and it is, as a general rule, difficult to extract songs from singers who have overstepped the Psalmist's limit of three score years and ten. Between sixty and seventy years is the best age, for at that time of life the singer is old enough to remember the genuine traditional ballad, and young enough to be able to sing it.

Again, it will be noticed that, of the singers who have contributed songs to this volume, an unusually large proportion are women. This is partly because there are several cottage-industries in Somerset, *e.g.* shirt-making and glove-sewing ; and it used to be the custom for workers in these industries to congregate, for company's sake, in one room ; and this naturally led to the singing of songs. Nowadays, alas, the sewing-machine ties each worker to her own cottage, where she must either sing without an audience, or not at all. Personally, moreover, I find it easier to get on friendly terms with the women. They are—in Somerset at any rate—less taciturn than the men, and yield more readily to persuasion ; they are available, too, in the day-time when the men are occupied in the fields.

On the other hand, men will only sing when things are convivial, when the cider is passing round and when pipes are lighted. One man, whom I pressed to sing to me in the early afternoon, refused with some show of indignation, because he said the neighbours would think he was drunk if he sang before the blinds were drawn !

I have already referred to the help which I have received from the incumbents of Hambridge and Meshaw and from the squire of East Harptree. There are several others—too many to mention here—from whom I have derived like assistance. Indeed it would be difficult to exaggerate the value to the collector of Folk-Songs of an introduction from the parson or the squire. Without it, much precious time is wasted in preliminaries, in disarming suspicion—for one's motives are naturally the subject of severe scrutiny.

Of the five hundred airs that I have collected one hundred and twenty-five are modal tunes. Of these, one half are in the Mixolydian mode, while the remainder are equally divided between the Dorian and Aeolian modes. I have not noted a single tune in the modern minor scale.

As to the value of the tunes and words printed in this number, I must leave others



to judge. My own estimate is that the tunes are of the utmost value, but that the words are of less account. Indeed, so far as the words are concerned, I must reluctantly admit that the twentieth century collector is a hundred years too late. The English ballad if not dead, is at the last gasp : its account is well-nigh closed.

And yet, although page after page of my word-book is filled with scraps of imperfectly remembered broadside versions, here and there it contains, sometimes a whole ballad (*e.g.*, "The Devonshire Farmer's Daughter," No. 8), more often a verse or two, or, perhaps, a phrase only, of genuine folk-made traditional ballad poetry. Such indications are of the highest importance, for they help us to form some estimate of the literary value of the English ballad of days gone by, when it was still a living force, but when, alas, no one took the trouble to record it.

It has often been asked : How did the English Ballad, as literature, compare with the Scottish Ballad ? Many writers—Mr. Andrew Lang for example—plump unhesitatingly for Scotland. But then they take the traditional poetry of England, as it now exists, and contrast it with the Scottish ballad of a hundred years ago. This, besides being grievously unjust to England, is also very bad criticism. Moreover, such critics forget, or they do not know, that a large number of so-called Scottish songs are still being sung—in corrupt and incomplete form, no doubt—and presumably have for many centuries been sung, by the peasantry of the South of England. (Compare in this number alone : Banks of Green Willow ; The Two Magicians ; Blow away the Morning Dew : The Trees they do Grow High ; Geordie ; Barbara Ellen ; Lord Rendal ; The Crabfish.)

Now, if this fact be held in mind, instead of contrasting the ballad literatures of the two countries, would it not be more reasonable to ascribe to them a common origin ? Many collectors of English folk-songs will, I think, agree with me when I say that it is not a question of superiority or inferiority, but rather one of identity. I suggest that the Scottish Ballad (I am not of course referring to the Highland Gaelic Ballad, but to the Lowland Scottish Songs to be found in the collections of Sir Walter Scott, Motherwell, Buchan, and others) is no other than the English Ballad in northern dress ; that it crossed the border together with the English language, of which it was part and parcel ; that it took root there and is now mistaken for an indigenous product.

I hope that my remarks concerning the present and decadent state of the English Ballad will not deter the song-collector, especially the beginner, from paying to the words that attention which they undoubtedly deserve. He must, it is true, be prepared often to find the transcription of the words a thankless task, but every now and again he will be rewarded for his pains by recovering unrecorded lines of great beauty and of high scientific value.

The case for the tunes is very different. Fortunately, they have survived the words, and, for a few years more, it will still be possible to recover many ancient folk-melodies in England, if search be made in the right way and in the right place. But the time is short, and collectors must be up and doing, or the last chance will be gone. Perhaps the contents of this number may stimulate others to enter the field. There are many English counties, *e.g.*, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Wilts, Dorsetshire, etc., that have so far escaped the attention of the collector; and there is no reason to believe that any one of these counties would yield a less plentiful harvest than Somerset, Sussex, or North Devon.

The notes initialled, L. E. B., J. A. F. M., and F. K., are contributed by the Hon. Secretary, Miss Lucy Broadwood, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland and Mr. Frank Kidson, to whom especial thanks are due for the trouble they have taken in annotating the songs.

CECIL J. SHARP.

PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE,

HAMPSTEAD CONSERVATOIRE, N.W.,

*January, 1905.*

# 1.—THE BANKS OF THE CLYDE.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 5TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

“How far this way, how far this way, How far this way do you  
mean for to go?” “A mile or two, kind sir,” she said, “To-wards the place that is  
called King’s Head.” “Do you wish to have an - y com - pa - ny, Or an - y young man to  
be your guide?” “O no,” said she, “that’s a dan - ger for me, To walk a-long with you on the  
banks of the Clyde, To walk a - long with you on the banks of the Clyde.”

THE flattening of the third in the Mixolydian scale is unusual but not unknown. There are two other instances in the present volume—“Down in the Groves,” No. 16, and Mr. Richards’ tune to “Barbara Ellen,” No. 6. Mrs. White could only remember the first verse of the words. I do not think that her ballad has anything to do with “The Banks of Claudy.”—C. J. S.

I have a song entitled “The Banks of the Clyde” in a garland of song, printed in Stirling in 1826, but it has nothing in common with the above.—F. K.

This tune, more especially as regards bars four and five, recalls “The Bonny Bunch of Roses, O!” which is met with rather often in but slightly varying traditional forms; (for printed examples, see *Songs of the West* and Christie’s *Traditional Ballad Airs*).—L. E. B.

## 2.—COLD BLOWS THE WIND; OR, THE UNQUIET GRAVE.

SUNG BY MRS. WILLIAM REE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SOMERSET, APRIL, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

I'll do so much for my sweet-heart, As an - y young man may; I'll sit and mourn all  
on her grave A twelvemonth and a day, A twelvemonth and a day....

The twelve months and the day was past,  
The ghost began to speak; *And then*  
"What makes you sit all on my grave  
And will not let me sleep?"

"There is one thing more I want, sweetheart,  
There is one thing more I crave,  
And that is a kiss from your lily-white lips,  
And then I'll go from your grave."

"My lips are cold as clay, sweetheart,  
My breath smells heavy and strong,  
And if you kiss my lily-white lips  
Your time will not be long."

### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Andante.*

Cold blows the wind to my true love, And gently drops the rain;..... I  
nev-er, nev-er had but one true love, And in greenwood she doth lay....

I'll do as much for my true love,  
As any young man may; *And then*  
I'll sit and weep all on her grave  
For a twelvemonth and one day.

When the twelve months and one day was o'er,  
 A ghost began for to speak ;  
 " Why sittest thou here all on my grave  
 And will not let me sleep ? "

" One kiss, darling, is all I want  
 One kiss all from your lily-white lips ;  
 And I'll then go from your grave."

" If one kiss thou wast to have from my lily-white lips,  
 Your time it wouldn't be long."  
 " Let my time be long or short, darlin',  
 I will then go from your grave."

" Down in your father's garden, darling,  
 Where I and you have a-walked,  
 There groweth the finest flowers, darling,  
 That's now returning to the stalk."

### THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 2ND, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

'Tis I, 'tis I, my own true love, The on - ly one thou hast ; I  
 want one kiss from thy li - ly-white lips, And that is all I ask.

### FOURTH VERSION.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
 AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 6TH, 1904.

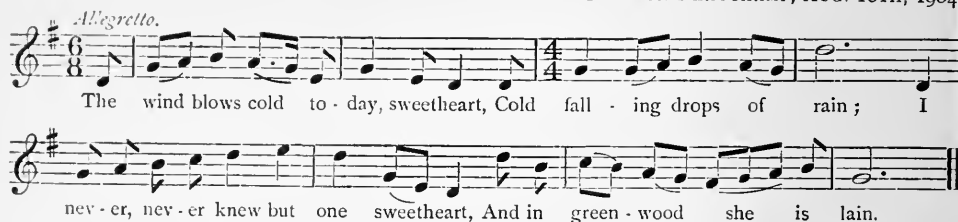
*Allegretto.*

I'll do so much for my true love, As an - y young man may ; I'll  
 sit and mourn all on her grave, A twelve - month and a day.

FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ANNA POND  
AT SHEPTON-BEAUCHAMP, AUG. 16TH, 1904

*Allegretto.*



The wind blows cold to-day, sweetheart, Cold fall - ing drops of rain ; I  
nev - er, nev - er knew but one sweetheart, And in green - wood she is lain.

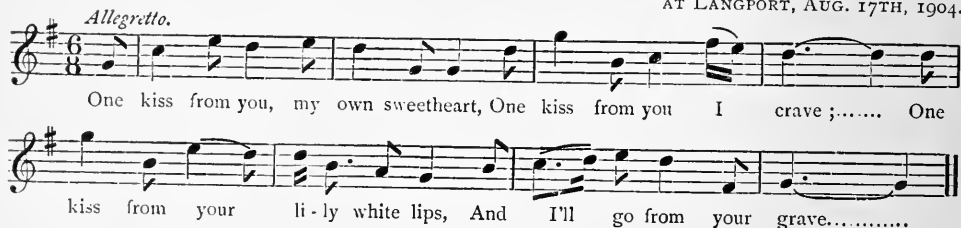
LAST VERSE.

"When shall we meet again, sweetheart,  
When shall we meet again?"  
"When the oaken leaves fall from the trees,  
And green spring up again."

SIXTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZA HUTCHINGS,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 17TH, 1904.

*Allegretto.*



One kiss from you, my own sweetheart, One kiss from you I crave ;..... One  
kiss from your li - ly white lips, And I'll go from your grave.....

CONCLUDING VERSES.

"Down in yonder grove, sweetheart,  
Where you and I would walk,  
The finest flower that ever I saw  
Is withered to a stalk.  
The stalk is withered and dry, sweetheart,  
And the flower will never return ;  
And since I lost my own sweetheart,  
What can I do but mourn?"

Compare *Songs of the West*, No. 6, *The Folk-Song Journal*, pp. 119 and 192, and *English County Songs*, p. 34. See also *Child's English and Scottish Ballads*.

The ballad, though very common in Somerset, is rarely sung to the same tune. Mrs. White's (4th version) is the only modal tune that I have met with.—C. J. S.

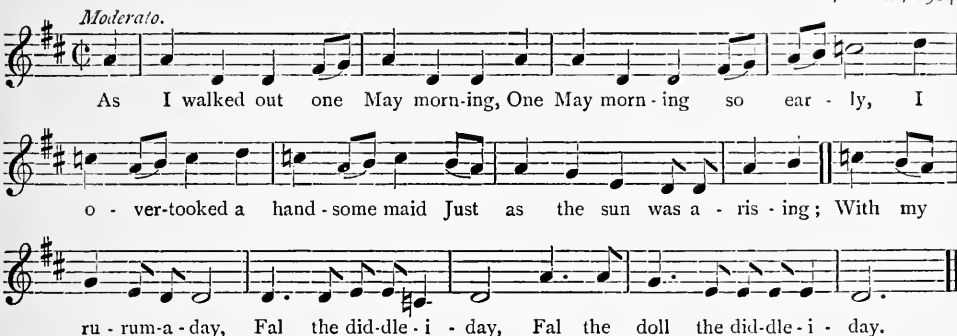
The melody of the third version suggests a variant of one of the tunes to which the ballad "Chevy Chace" was sung.—F. K.

### 3.—I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*



As I walked out one May morn-ing, One May morn-ing so ear-ly, I  
o-ver-took a hand-some maid Just as the sun was a-ris-ing; With my  
ru-rum-a-day, Fal the did-dle-i-day, Fal the doll the did-dle-i-day.

Her shoes were bright and her stockings white,  
And her buckles shone like silver;  
She had a black and a rolling eye,  
And her hair hung over her shoulder.

"How old are you, my fair pretty maid?  
How old are you, my honey?"  
She answered me, quite cheerfully,  
"I am seventeen, come Sunday."

"Will you marry me, my fair pretty maid?  
Will you marry me, my honey?"  
She answered me quite cheerfully,  
"I dare not, for my mammy."

"If you'll come unto my mammy's house  
When the moon is shining brightly,  
I will come down and let you in  
And my mammy shall not hear me."

I went unto her mammy's house  
When the moon was shining brightly,  
She did come down and let me in,  
And I stayed with her till morning.

"Now, soldier, will you marry me?  
Now is your time, or never,  
For if you do not marry me  
I am undone for ever."

And now she is the soldier's wife  
And the soldier loves her dearly.  
The drum and fife is my delight,  
And a merry old man is mine, O!

SECOND VERSION.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, JULY 27TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

"How old are you, my fair pret-ty maid, How old are you, my ho - ney?" She.....  
an-swered me quite cheer - ful - ly, "O! I'm sev - en - teen come Sun-day."  
With my rue dum day Fol the did-dle dol, Fol the dol the did-dle dum the day.

Compare *The Folk-Song Society's Journal*, vol. i, p. 92.—C. J. S.

I have noted a different air in North Yorkshire to these words, and Mr. Baring-Gould gives a variant in *Songs of the West*, No. 73.—F. K.

The words are on a ballad sheet, printed by Such.—L. E. B.

#### 4.—THE PLOUGH-BOY'S COURTSHIP.

SUNG BY MRS. HOOPER AND MRS. WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

Young John - ny was a plough - boy so fresh as a rose, And so  
sweet - a - ly sang un - to his plough; While black - birds and thrush - es on  
ev - 'ry green bough, While the dai - ry - maid sat milk - ing her cow.

He took this fair maid by her lily-white hand,  
Through the meadows they wandered away,  
He placed his true love on a green mossy bank,  
While he gathered her a handful of sweet may.



And when he returned to her she gave to him a smile,  
 And she thanked him for what he had done,  
 He spreaded the sweet may on her lily-white breast,  
 And believe me, sir, there never grewed no thorn.

'Twas early next morning he made her his bride,  
 That the world may have nothing to say ;  
 The bells they shall ring, and the birds sweetly sing,  
 While he crowned her the Queen of sweet May.

# SECOND VERSION.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 2ND, 1904.

*Moderato.*

Young Wil - liam the plough - boy so brisk as a rose, And so  
 sweet - ly sing'd he at his plough ; With a black - bird and thrush on  
 ev - 'ry green bush, And the dai - ry - maid was milk - ing her cow.

" O where are you going my fair pretty maid,  
 All in the morn so soon ? "  
 " O," the maid she replied, " I am gathering sweet may,  
 For the trees they are all in full bloom."

" Shall I go with you my fair pretty maid,  
 All in the morning so soon ? "  
 The maid she replied, " I'd rather be excused,  
 For I'm afraid, sir, you'll lead me astray."

He took this fair maid by the lily-white hand,  
 Through the meadows they walked to and fro,  
 He placed his love down on the green mossy bank  
 While he brought her four handfuls of may.

'Twere early next morning he made her his bride,  
 'Cos the world should have nothing to say ;  
 For the bells they shall ring and the bridesmaids shall sing,  
 And he crowned her the Queen of the May.

# THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. FRED. CROSSMAN,  
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, JULY 29TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

As I walked through the meadows to take the fresh air, The flow-ers was bloom-ing and  
gay; I heard a young damsel so sweetly was singing, Her cheeks like the blossom in May.

The words of the third version were substantially the same as those of the second version.

The tunes of the first and second versions are variants of "The Frigate," in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 47.—C. J. S.

The opening of the first tune much resembles versions of the "Banks of Sweet Dundee."—F. K.

The tune of "Napoleon's Farewell to Paris," *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, No. 1, bears some resemblance to that of the second version.—L. E. B.

## 5.—THE FALSE BRIDE.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SOMERSET, JAN., 1904.

*Andante.*

O when that I saw my love in the church stand, With the glove pull-ing  
off, and the ring in her hand, I jumped in be - twixt them and  
kissed the false bride, Say-ing, "A - dieu to false loves for ev - er."

\* 2nd, 3rd, & 4th verses.

O when that I saw my love from the church go,  
Then I followed after with my heart full of woe ;  
I thought her sweet company better than wine,  
Although she was tied to some other.

O when that I saw my love sit down at meat,  
I sat down beside her but nothing could eat ;  
I thought her sweet company better than meat,  
Although she was tied to some other.

You dig me a grave that is long, wide, and deep,  
And strew it all over with flowers so sweet,  
That I may lay there and take my long sleep,  
And that's the best way to forget her !

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 17TH, 1904.

*Andante.*

I heard my love pub-lished in church,..... I rose from my  
seat and went out in the porch ; I thought she was con - stant as  
con - stant could be, But now she is going to get mar - ried .....

When I saw my love to the church go,  
Bridesmen and bride maidens they made a fine show ;  
Then I followed after with my heart full of woe,  
For to see how my false love discarded.

When I saw my love in the church stand  
With the glove putting off and the ring putting on,  
Then I thought to myself that you ought to be mine—  
But now she is tied to some other.

When I saw my love sit down to eat,  
I sat by her side but nothing could eat,  
I thought her sweet company better than wine,  
Though now she is gone to some other.

You dig me a grave that is long, wide, and deep,  
And cover it all over with flowers so sweet,  
That I may lay down and take my long sleep,  
And adieu to my false love for ever.

## THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZABETH MOGG,  
AT HOLFORD, AUG. 30TH, 1904.

*Andante.*

When I saw my love up the church go, With the bride and the  
bride - groom followed af - ter so; And I fol - lowed af - ter with my  
heart full of woe, For I was the man that ought to had her.....

When I saw my love in the church stand  
With the ring on her finger and the glove in her hand,  
I stepped up to her and gave her a salute,  
Saying, "You may take her, for I must not have her."

When I saw my love out the church go,  
With her bride and bridegroom they followed after so,  
And I followed after with my heart full of woe,  
For I was the man that ought to had her.

When I saw my love sat down to meat  
I sat myself by her but nothing could I eat;  
For I loved her sweet company much better than meat,  
Although I was the man that ought to had her.

Dig me a grave both wide, long, and deep  
And strew it all over with flowers so sweet;  
I'll lay myself down in it and take a long sleep,  
And then I shall soon forget her!

Compare *Songs of the West*, No. 97, and *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 23. The words are on an old broadside by Such, and also on a more modern one. See also "The False Nymph" in *The New Pantheon Concert*, in one of the Aldermay Churchyard Song Books, (B. M. 11621, e. 6). The first verse of this last begins:

I courted a lass that was handsome and gay,  
I hated all people that 'gainst her did say;  
I thought her as constant and true as the day—  
But now she has gone to be married.

The remaining six verses are substantially the same as those given in the first version.—C. J. S.

For another version see Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs," vol. ii, p. 134. I have noted a variant in Hampshire. The Hampshire words, "I courted a lass," follow pretty closely an old ballad-sheet by Jackson (Birmingham), called the "False-hearted Lover," and the tune is much like the third air here printed.

A version, "The Forlorn Lover," declaring—

How a lass gave her lover three slips for a Teaster,  
And married another a week before Easter.

(to a pleasant new tune), begins "A Week before Easter," 16 *stanzas*. Newcastle-on-Tyne, John White, *cir.* James II. *Roxburghe Ballads*, c 20. f.g. vol. iii, p. 324.

Another version: "Love is the cause of my Mourning," or "The Despairing Lover" (sung with its own proper tune), begins "The Week before Easter." 10 *stanzas*. *Roxburghe Ballads*, c 20. f.g. vol. iii, p. 672.—L. E. B.

## 6.—BARBARA ELLEN.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1, 1903.

*Andante.*

In Scotland I was born and bred, In Scot-land is my dwell-ing; A  
young man on his death-bed lay For the love of Bar-b'ra El-len.

She went to his bedside and said,  
"Young man, I think you're dying;"  
"A dying man! pray don't say so,  
One kiss of yours will cure me.

You go around to my bed's foot  
And see that pool a-standing,  
That pool of blood that I have shed,  
For love of Barbara Ellen."

"As I was going across the fields  
I heard some bells a-telling,  
And as they rung I sim they said,  
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!

Hard-hearted girl I must have been,  
To the lad that loves me nearly;  
I wish I had my time again,  
I'd love that young man dearly.

As I was going through the street  
 I saw some corpse a-coming;  
 Yon corpse of clay lay down, I pray  
 That I may gaze all on 'ee.'

The more she looked the more she laughed  
 Until she burst out laughing;  
 Till all her friends cried out: "For shame!  
 Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

So she went home, "Dear mother," she says,  
 "Make my bed soft and easy,  
 My young man died on one good day,  
 And I shall die on another."

"You make my bed, dear mother," she said,  
 "You make it long and narrow,  
 My young man died for love," she cried,  
 "And I shall die for sorrow."

They both were buried in one churchyard,  
 They both lay in one squier,  
 And out of her sprang a red rosebud,  
 And out of him sweet briar.

They grew up to the high church wall  
 Till they could grow no higher,  
 And back they returned in true love's knot,  
 Red roses and sweet briar.

#### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. JANE WHELLER,  
 AT LANGPORT UNION, APRIL 1904.

*Andante.*

'Twas in the mer - ry month of May, When flow'rs were all a - bud-ding, A  
 young man on his deathbed lay For the sake of Bar - b'ra Al - len.

#### THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. HARRY RICHARDS,  
 AT CURRY RIVELL, SEPT. 5TH, 1904.

*MIXOLYDIAN.*  
*Andante.*

In Scotland I was born and bred, And England is my na-tion, For a  
 young man on his deathbed lay For the sake of Bar - ba - ra Ed - e - lin.

## FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,  
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, AUG. 20TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

'Twas in the pleas-ant month of May, When flowers they were springing, A young man on his  
sick-bed lay For the love of Bar-b'ra Ed-e-lin, Barb'ra Ed-e - lin, For the love of Barb'ra Ed-e - lin.

The words appended to the first version were not sung to me by Mrs. Hooper, but were given to me by Mrs. Ree of Hambridge, to whom Mrs. Hooper referred me. As they are quaint, and vary somewhat from published versions, they are printed here.

To sing "Edelin" for "Ellen," when the melody provides a note for the extra syllable, is in accordance with a practice frequently met with in Somerset. For example, the words "walking," "talking," "smoking," "calico," have all been sung to me "wordelkin," "tordelkin," "smodelkin," "cadelico."

The flattened third in Mr. Richards's version is another instance of the peculiarity referred to in the note to "The Banks of the Clyde," No. 1.—C. J. S.

I have heard the words of this ballad sung in North Yorkshire much in the same way as here given. It is to be noticed that singers of the song in Yorkshire pronounce the name "Ellen," not "Allan." With the Somerset confirmation this may after all not be a corruption. The first two airs appear to be from the same original; they are old and quaint. For Yorkshire versions and particulars of others, see my *Traditional Tunes*.—F. K.

For notes on this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, Chappell's *Popular Music*; and also the *Folk-Song Society Journal*, vol. i, No. 3, and vol. i, No. 5, where four airs are given, amongst them a Sussex tune which should be compared with the Somersetshire versions.

Mr. Kalisch has received the following letter from Mrs. Bodell who, when living in Clerkenwell, sang various old songs to our late Hon. Sec., Mrs. Lee, some of which are printed in the first number of the *Journal*. Mrs. Bodell in reference to a note of mine (*F. S. S. Journal*, p. 267), writes :

"Honoured and Dear Sir, ..... I venture to write this that I knew a long time ago that Barbara's conduct was due to *His*, for He was a Sir of the West Countree And he *courted* Barbara Allen and he became very ill And He sent for her and when she came into his House or Chamber she said By

the pallor of your face I see young Man your dying. And he asked her to get down a cup from a shelf which held the tiars he had shed for her. And she then said Do you remember the other night when at the Ale House drinking That you drank the health of all girls there But not poor Barbara Allen He replied I do remember the other night when at the Ale House drinking I drank the health of what was there but my love was Barbara Allen. And when she walked near four cross roads she met his corse a coming, put down put down that lovely corse. And let me gaze upon him. Oh Mother Mother make my be and make it long and narrer for my true love has died to day *I'll* follow him tomorrer .....

Mr. Joyce gives a fine tune in his *Ancient Irish Music*, which was sung to him by a young girl of Limerick. She pronounced the name "Barbary Ellen." The poet Goldsmith wrote of the pathos of this ballad as sung by the old dairy-maid at his home in the midland country of Ireland.—L. E. B.

## 7.—BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC., 1903.

*Con spirito.*

We have a flow-er in our gar-den, We call it Mar-y - gold, And if you will not  
when you can, You shall not when you will ; And sing, blow a-way the morn-ing dew,  
Blow the winds, heigh o-ver ; Sing, blow a-way the morn-ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow !

As we was riding home along,  
We saw some pooks of hay ;  
Is not this a very pretty place  
For boys and girls to play ?

We have a cock in our barton,  
Will cluck like any hen ;  
And I think to my very own self  
That your are just the sen.

When she came to her own father's gates,  
So nimble she popped in ;  
Saying " You're the fool without  
And I am a maid within ! "



SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. JEFFERY,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Con spirito.*

As I went out one May morning To view the meadows gay, There I met a  
sweet pretty girl All on the new-mown hay ;... Sing-ing, Hey the dew - y morn,  
Blow the winds, heigh ho ! Strol-ling in the morn-ing dew, How sweet the winds do blow !

(WORDS SIMILAR TO FIRST VERSION.)

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. PRICE,  
AT COMPTON MARTIN, AUG. 26TH, 1904.

*Con spirito.*

There was a farm - er's son Kept sheep all on the hill, He walk-ed out one  
morn - ing To see what he could kill ; And roll me in the morn-ing dew, The  
dew, and the dew, Steal a - way the morning dew, How sweet the winds do blow !

He looked high, he looked low, he cast an underlook,  
And there he saw a pretty fair maid, all in the watery brook.

"You leave alone my mantel rest, you leave alone my gown,  
And, if you will, take hold my hand, and I will be your own."

He mounted on a milk-white steed and she upon another,  
And there they rode along the road like sister and like brother.

And there they rode along the road till they came to some fields of hay,  
"Isn't this a pretty place for girls and boys to play?"

"You stop till you come to my father's house, there you shall have a crown,  
Then I will engage with you and twenty thousand pound."

And when she came to her father's gate so lively she did run,  
None was so ready as the waiting maid to let this lady in.

She mounted off her milk-white steed, and then she did step in,  
She said, "You are a rogue without, and I'm a girl within."

My mother got a flower in her garden, calléd Mary-gold,  
If you will not when you may, you shall not when you will."

These are shortened versions of the ancient ballad "The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy"—see *Percy's Reliques*. See also "Yonder comes a courteous Knight," in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, and in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. iii, p. 37, ed. 1719.

An ancient air to this ballad is to be found in Rimbault's *Music to Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, pp. 28 and 81.

The Somerset versions appear to be derived more directly from a Northumbrian copy, "Blow the Winds, I ho!" given in Bell's *Ballads of the Peasantry of England*, at p. 82, and in Stokoe and Reay's *Ballads of Northern England*, p. 112.

Compare also "Blow away, ye Mountain Breezes" and note to the same in *Songs of the West*, No. 25; also *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 8.—C. J. S.

The first version of the tunes here printed is a *very* accurate survival of a ballad-air which is *at least* one hundred years old, as it appears, harmonized by Haydn, in the Collection of Scottish Airs, published by Whyte of Edinburgh, 1804. In that collection it is associated with a ballad called "The Shepherd's Son," of which only the first four verses are given, which are identical with the first four on the same subject in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Ballads* (1769). It is one of the many variants of "The Baffled Knight," so exhaustively dealt with in Child's monumental work on ballads. The four verses are as follows:

1 There was a shepherd's son  
Kept sheep upon a hill;  
He laid his pipe and crook aside,  
And there he slept his fill.  
Sing *fal de ral*, etc.

2 He looked east, he looked west,  
Then gave an underlook,  
And there he spied a lady fair  
Swimming in a brook.  
Sing *fal de ral*, etc.

3 He raised his head frae his green bed,  
And then approached the maid,  
"Put on your clae's, my dear," he said,  
"And be ye not afraid."  
Sing *fal de ral*, etc.

4 "'Tis fitter for a lady fair  
To sew a silken seam,  
Than get up in a May morning,  
And strive against the stream."  
Sing *fal de ral*, etc.

L. E. B.

# 8.—THE DEVONSHIRE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Allegro.*

In Dev-on-shire lived a rich farm-er;..... His daugh-ter to  
mar-ket did go,..... How lit-tle she thought on her  
sweet-heart, She oft-en-times ride to and fro.....

All in her portmante she put it,  
All in her portmante put she,  
For fear of some beggars, some troopers,  
She meet with all on her highway.  
Some beggars, some troopers she meet with,  
They bade this poor damsel to stay;  
She would not stay for the heavens,  
But keep herself on the high-way.

They stripped this poor girl stark naked,  
They gave her the bridle to hold,  
She stood a-shaking and bawling,  
Almost a-fooze with the cold:  
She up with her foot in the stirrup,  
Away she did ride like a man,  
Come follow me, follow me, trooper,  
Come follow me now if you can.

They runned but they could not get after,  
Their boots were baffled in snows,  
Crying, "Stop my fair young damsel  
And you shall have all of your clothes."  
"No matter, no matter," she say,  
"You can keep it all now if you will,  
I've a-leaved you a bag full of farthings,  
A sum of five shillings to tell."

She rode over hills, over mountains,  
Till she came to her own father's gate,  
Her father was almost affrighted  
To see her come home in her white:  
"O! where have you been, my dear daughter,  
O! where have you tarried so long?"  
"I've been in some very rough wars  
But still I've received no harm."

He looked all in her portmantle,  
 And in her portmantle he found  
 Large pieces of silver and gold,  
 Which mounted to six hundred pound:  
 "Here's six hundred pound, my dear daughter  
 And six hundred more you shall have,  
 I think it's a very large fortune  
 To keep the cold wind out of doors."

Compare "The Lincolnshire Farmer's Daughter," broadside, by Such, No. 635;  
 "The Maid of Rygate, in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*; *Folk-Song Journal*,  
 vol. i, p. 236. See also "The Norfolk Maiden," the fifth and last song in "The  
 Longing Maid's Garland" (B. M. 11621, c. 2).

The Somerset ballad here printed is, I should say, an earlier version than any of  
 those cited above. Such archaisms as "shaking and bavering," "come home in  
 her white," "baffled in snows," etc., stamp the ballad as genuine and point to some  
 antiquity. The tune is a modal one—though from this view some may differ—and  
 the omission of a bar's rest in the latter half of the melody, gives a swing to the  
 tune of which the more conventional break would deprive it.—C. J. S.

## 9.—LISBON.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LOCK,

AT MUCHELNEY HAM, APRIL, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

'Twas on one Whit - sun Wednesday The, four - teenth day of May;  
 We un - tied our an - chor And so we sailed a - way Where the  
 sun do shine most glo - rious, To Lis - bon we are bound, Where the  
 hills and hills are dain - ted With pret - ty maid - ens round.

There I beheld a damsel,  
 All in her bloom of years,  
 Making her full lamentation,  
 Her eyes did flow with tears.

"Fare thee well my best time lover,  
To thee it is well known,  
So marry me sweet William  
And leave me not alone."

"O no, my dearest Polly,  
Pray do not go with me,  
Where the soldiers they lay bleeding,  
It is a dismal sight;  
Where the fifes and drums are beating  
To drown the dismal cry,  
So stay at home dear Polly,  
And do not go with I.

"If I should meet a pretty girl  
That's proper tall and gay,  
If I should take a fancy to her,  
Polly what should you say?  
Would you not be offended?"  
"O no! my lover true  
I'd stand aside, sweet William,  
While she go along with you.

"Pray do not talk of danger  
For love is my desire,  
To see you in the battle  
And there to spend your time;  
I will travel through France and Spain,  
All for to be your bride,  
And within the field of battle  
I will lay down by your side."

I have noted a more complete version of the words from Mrs. Hutchings, of Langport, who sang them to the well-worn tune, "The Banks of Sweet Dundee."  
—C. J. S.

The tune bears considerable resemblance to a version of "God rest you, Merry Gentlemen;" see Wm. Hone's "A Political Christmas Carol," *circa* 1820.—F. K.

## 10.—THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN ENGLAND,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

I sowed the seeds of Love, And I sowed them in the spring; I gathered them up in the morning so soon, While the small birds do sweetly sing, While the small birds do sweetly sing.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*

So the sol - dier was seen a - lone, So ear - ly in the spring; It's April and May and  
June like-wise, And the small birds they did sing, And the small birds they did sing.

THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY FARMER KING,  
AT CASTLE OF COMFORT, EAST-HARPTREE, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*

I sowed the seeds of love, I sowed them in the spring; I  
gath-ered them up in the morn-ing so soon, While the small birds do sweet-ly sing.

FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. WELCH,  
AT ILE BRUERS, SEPT. 6TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

I sowed the seeds of Love, I sowed them in the  
spring ..... 'Twas in A - pril and in May, and in June like - wise, When the  
small birds do sweet - ly sing,..... When the small birds do sweet - ly sing.

Mr. England's tune is the air to which this well-known ballad is usually sung in the neighbourhood of Hambridge, Somerset. I have not heard the second version sung by anyone except Mr. Spearing.

The third version is well-known to the Mendip singing men. The fourth version is a variant of the first, and shows a trace of modal influence.

With the exception of the first verse of the second version, the words of all the versions follow, more or less closely, printed copies.

I have noted four other tunes to this ballad in Somerset.—C. J. S.

Mr. Spearing's tune, if played in the minor key, is a variant of Chappell's traditional Lancashire air. For six other versions see the *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, pp. 86 and 209.—L. E. B.

The "Seeds of Love" is very frequently named the "Sprig of Thyme." I have noted down an air very similar to the third version, from a Nottingham singer.

The first published version of the "Seeds of Love" was in Alexander Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology* (1816), vol. i, p. 40. The air is called a "Border Melody," and it was noted down by a Miss Pringle, of Jedburgh. A fresh set of verses was written, but some fragments of the original were included in them. The air is:—



F. K.

## 11.—HIGH GERMANY.

ÆOLIAN.  
*Con spirito.*

SUNG BY MRS. LOCK,  
AT MUCHELNEY HAM, APRIL, 1904.

"Oh Pol - ly love, Oh Pol - ly, the rout has now be - gun, And we must march a -  
- long by the beat-ing of... the drum; Go dress your-self all in your best, and  
come a - long with me, I'll take you to the war... that's in High... Ger-ma - ny."

"O Harry, O Harry, you mind what I do say,  
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away ;  
And, besides, my dearest Harry, I am in love with thee,  
I'm not fitted for the cruel wars in High Germany."

"I'll buy you a horse, my love, and on it you shall ride,  
And all my delight shall be riding by your side;  
We'll call at every ale house, and drink when we are dry,  
So quickly on the road, my boys, we'll marry by and by."

"O curséd were the cruel wars that ever they should rise !  
And out of merry England pressed many a lad likewise ;  
They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my brothers three,  
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany."

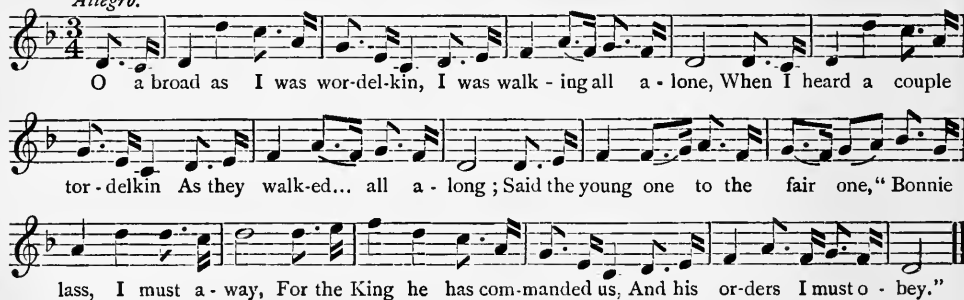
## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZA CARTER,

AT RACKENFORD, N. DEVON, SEPT. 13TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Allegro.*



O a broad as I was wor-del-kin, I was walk-ing all a-lone, When I heard a couple  
tor-delkin As they walk-ed... all a-long ; Said the young one to the fair one, "Bonnie  
lass, I must a-way, For the King he has com-manded us, And his or-ders I must o-bey."

Mr. Tom Sprachlan of Hambridge, gave me another tune to the words of the first version, and this is published in the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, vol. i, p. 10. Compare also Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 93. The words of the first version are on a Such broadside, No. 329.

As Mrs. Carter is over ninety years of age, I did not take down the words of the remaining verses of her song. To the best of my recollection, however, they followed the Catnach broadside, entitled "The True Lovers ; or, the King's Command must be obeyed." This version of the words treats of the same theme as the Such broadside, above referred to, and is popularly known as "High Germany." See *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 2 and Note thereto. The tune there given is a variant of Mrs. Carter's.

I have noted down a Worcestershire tune to the first version of this ballad. The words have some affinity to the old Scottish song, "Low Germany."—F. K.

Compare the fine tune to the second version with "Along with my love I'll go"—Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 64.—L. E. B.



## 12.—GEORDIE.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,

AT LANGPORT, AUG. 17TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Andante.*

Two staves of musical notation in C major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a slow tempo indicated by 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come bri - dle me my milk - white steed, Come bri - dle me my po - ny,  
That I might ride to fair Lon - don town, To plead for my Geor - die.

And when she entered in the hall  
There were lords and ladies plenty;  
Down on her bended knee she fall,  
To plead for the life of Geordie.

Then Geordie looked round the court  
And saw his dearest Polly,  
He said: "My dear, you're come too late  
For I'm condemned already."

Then the judge looked down on him,  
And said: "I'm sorry for 'ee,  
'Tis thine own confession hath hanged thee,  
May the Lord have mercy upon 'ee."

Geordie he never stole cow nor calf,  
Nor he never stoled any money;  
But he stole sixteen of the king's white steeds,  
And sold them in Bohenny.

Geordie shall be hanged in golden chains—  
His crimes was never many—  
Because he came from the royal blood  
And courted a virtuous lady.

I wish I was in yonder grove  
Where times I have been many,  
With my broad sword and pistol too  
I'd fight for the life of Geordie!

### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE,

AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 18TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Andante.*

Two staves of musical notation in C major, 4/4 time. The melody is similar to the first version but with some variations in the phrasing. The lyrics are written below the notes.

O Geordie shall be hang'd in a gol - den chain, And that's the chain of ma - ny; For he  
has con - fessed, and die he must, And the Lord have mer - cy on him.

O Geordie never stole no ducks nor no geese,  
And he never murdered any ;  
But he stole sixteen of the king's royal deer,  
And sold them under vally.

See Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 24-25, and *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 164.

A version of this was known in the East Riding of Yorkshire. A set of words is found on ballad sheets.—F. K.

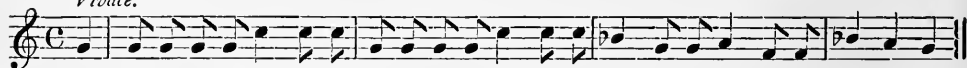
Cf. the second air here printed with the traditional tune to "How should I your true love know" (Chappell's *Popular Music*). The subject of the words is an exceedingly favourite one with broadside ballad-makers of the 17th century (see *Douce Coll.*, Bodleian Library, and *Roxburghe Coll.*, British Museum).—L. E. B.

### 13.—THE CRAB FISH.

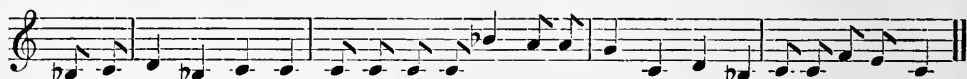
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 15TH, 1904.

*Vivace.*



There was a lit-tle man and he had a lit-tle wife, And he lov'd her as dear as he loved his life ;



Mash a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day, Mash a row dow dow dow did-dle all the day.

One hour in the night my wife fell sick,  
And all that she cried for, a little crab fish ;  
Then her husband arose and put on his clothes,  
And down to the seaside he followed his nose ;  
" O fisherman, O fisherman, canst thou tell me ?  
Hast thou a little crab fish thoust could sell me ? "  
" O yes, O yes, I've one two and three,  
And the best of them I will sell thee."  
etc., etc.

A Scottish version of this song, entitled "The Crab," is printed in *A Ballad Book*, collected by C. K. Sharpe and edited by Edmund Goldsmid, part ii, p. 10—originally printed in 1824. A foot-note states that the song is founded on a story in *Le Moyen de Parvenir*.—C. J. S.

A very curious survival, both as regards the song itself and the story. Both the Scottish and the English versions are in the same metre as the nonsense chorus. Nothing is known of the air to which the Scottish version was sung.—F. K.

# 14.—LORD RENDAL.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 18TH, 1904.

*Andante moderato.*

"O where have you been, Rendal my son? O where have you been, my sweet pret-ty one?" "I've  
been to my sweet heart! O make my bed soon, I'm sick to my heart, and fain would lay down."

"O what should she give you, Rendal, my son?  
O what should she give you, my sweet pretty one?"  
"She give me some eels, O make my bed soon,  
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lay down."  
"O what colour was they, Rendal, my son?  
O what colour was they, my sweet pretty one?"  
"They was spickit and sparkit,\* O make my bed soon,  
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lay down."  
"O where did she get them, Rendal, my son?  
O where did she get them, my sweet pretty one?"  
"From hedges and ditches, O make my bed soon,  
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lay down."  
"O they was strong poison, Rendal, my son!  
O they was strong poison, my sweet pretty one!  
You'll die, you'll die, Rendal, my son,  
You'll die, you'll die, my sweet pretty one."

\* Blotched and speckled.

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. PERRY,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG 23RD, 1904.

*Andante.*

"Where have you been to all the day Hen - e - ry my son? Where have you been to all the day?  
You're a pret-ty one." "Out in the green fields, moth-er, out in the green fields,  
*l'istesso tempo.*  
moth-er; Make my bed quick, I've a pain in my heart, And I wants to lie down."

"What have you been eating of, Henery, my son?  
 What have you been eating of? You're a pretty one."  
 "Eels, mother, eels, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your father, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your father? You're a pretty one."  
 "Land and houses, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your mother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your mother? You're a pretty one."  
 "Coals and horses, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your brother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your brother? You're a pretty one."  
 "Hen and chicken, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."  
 "What will you leave your sister, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your sister? You're a pretty one."  
 "A rope to hang her, mother, make my bed quick,  
 I've a pain in my heart and I wants to lie down."

### THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ANNA POND,  
 AT SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP, SEPT. 3RD, 1904.

*Andante.*

"Where have you been all this day Hen - e - ry my son? Where have you been all this day,  
 My pret-ty one?" "In the green fields, In the greenfields; make my bed quick, There's a  
 pain in my heart, and I want to lay down, And I want to lay down."  
*or*  
 And I want to lay down."

"What have you been eating of, Henery, my son?  
 What have you been eating of, my pretty one?"  
 "Eels, dear mother, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What colour was those eels, Henery, my son?  
 What colour was those eels, my pretty one?"  
 "Green and yellow, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lie down."

"What will you leave your mother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your mother, my pretty one?"  
 "Gold and silver, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What will you leave your father, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your father, my pretty one?"  
 "Land and houses, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What will you leave your brother, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your brother, my pretty one?"  
 "Cows and horses, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "What will you leave your lover, Henery, my son?  
 What will you leave your lover, my pretty one?"  
 "A rope to hang her with, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "Where shall I make your bed, Henery, my son?  
 Where shall I make your bed, my pretty one?"  
 "In the green fields, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down."  
 "How shall I make your bed, Henery, my son?  
 How shall I make your bed, my pretty one?"  
 "Long and narrow, make my bed quick,  
 There's a pain in my heart and I want to lay down"

#### FOURTH VERSION.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE WYATT,  
AT WEST HARPTREE, AUG. 26TH, 1904.

*Andante moderato.*

"What col-our was the fish, Ren-dal my son? What col-our was the fish, Ren-dal my son?" "He was  
 spotted on the back, mother, make my bed soon; I am sick to my heart, and I fain would lay down."

#### FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MISS DOVETON BROWN,  
AT CLEVEDON, SEPT. 11TH, 1904.

*Andante moderato.*

"O where have you been to, Rendal my son? O where have you been to, my handsome young man?"  
 "Hunting, mother, hunting; O make my bed soon, For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

"Where had you your dinner, Rendal, my son?  
 Where had you your dinner, my handsome young man?"  
 "I dined with my love, O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."  
 "What had you for dinner, Rendal, my son?  
 What had you for dinner, my handsome young man?"  
 "Eels boiled in broth, O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."  
 "O where are your bloodhounds, Rendal, my son?  
 O where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?"  
 "They swelled and they died, O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."  
 "I fear you are poisoned, Rendal, my son?  
 I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man?"  
 "Yes! yes! I am poisoned! O make my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain would lie down."

This is the Scottish ballad known as "Lord Ronald," "Lord Donald," "The Croodlin Doo," etc.

Compare "Edward, Edward" (Percy's *Reliques*, i, 41), "Lord Donald" (Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 110) "Lord Ronald" (Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, p. 18), "Willie Doo" (Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii, 479), "Lord Ronald" (Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*), and "Where hast thou been to-day" (*Garland of Country Song*, No. 38). In an interesting note to the latter, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould states that the ballad, besides being sung in Devon, Suffolk, and Ireland, as well as in Scotland, is well-known in Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Bohemia, and Iceland. It is certainly well known in Somerset, for I have taken it down there eight times.

The tunes to the first, fourth, and fifth versions are ordinary ballad tunes in regular metre. But the tunes of the second and third versions follow the words closely and expressively and in a manner that is unusual in folk-song. Mrs. Bond of Barrington, Somerset, sang me a variant of the third version, and Mrs. Hutchings of Langport, a variant of the first version. Miss Doveton Brown informed me that she learned the song from her mother, who had it from her grandmother, born in 1784. The words of her song follow Sir Walter Scott's copy.—C. J. S.

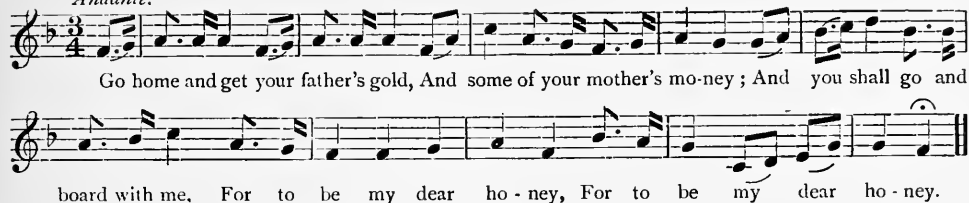
In the fourth volume of Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum* (1792) is a mere fragment of this ballad, picked up by Robert Burns in Ayrshire. The melody of this copy closely resembles the fine strains of "Lochaber no more," and has been hastily said to have been its original. It is very extraordinary that the ballad should have been so widely diffused; it points to a very early origin.—F. K.

For the words and story generally, compare "Edward," made famous by Loewe and Brahms.—J. A. F. M.

# 15.—THE BANKS OF GREEN WILLOW.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1903.

*Andante.*



He had not sailed many miles  
Not many miles nor scarcely,  
Before he was troubled  
With her and her baby, with her and her baby.

He tied a napkin round her head  
And he tied it to the baby,  
And then he throwed them overboard  
Both her and her baby, both her and her baby.

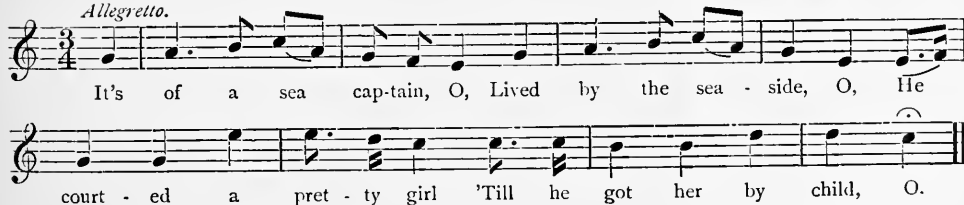
See how my love she will try to swim !  
See how my love she will taver !  
See how my love she will try to swim  
To the banks of green willow, to the banks of green willow.

I will have the coffin made for my love  
And I'll edge it all with yellow ;  
Then she shall be buried,  
On the banks of green willow, on the banks of green willow.

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM SPEARING,  
AT ILE BRUERS, APRIL, 1904.

*Allegretto.*



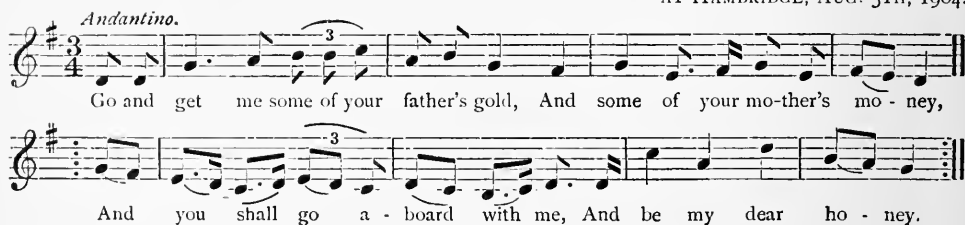
She went for to sail  
They had not sailed miles many, O  
Before she was delivered  
Of a beautiful baby.

" O take me back again,  
 Here's fifty pounds I will to thee,  
 To row me safe back again,  
 Both me and my baby."  
 " O I cannot turn the ship, O  
 For to turn it would lose many lives O,  
 It's better to lose one life  
 Than so many, O."  
 " O fetch me a napkin, O,  
 And bind my head so easy;  
 And overboard throw me  
 Both me and my baby."  
 O they fetched him a napkin  
 And bound her head so easy;  
 And overboard he threw his love,  
 Both she and her baby.  
 " O see how my love is rollin' !  
 O see how my love's a'tremblin' !  
 O fetch to me the life boat,  
 And bring my love safe back again,  
 Both she and her baby.  
 O make my love a coffin  
 Of the gold that shines yellow;  
 And she shall be buried  
 On the banks of green willow."

THIRD VERSION.

SANG BY MRS. LIZZIE WELCH,  
 AT HAMBRIDGE, AUG. 5TH, 1904.

*Andantino.*

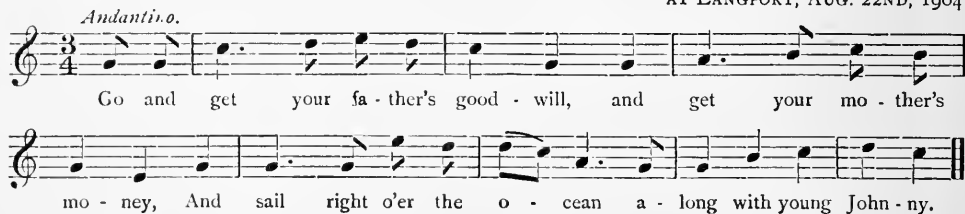


Go and get me some of your father's gold, And some of your mother's money,  
 And you shall go a-board with me, And be my dear honey.

FOURTH VERSION.

SANG BY MRS. OVERD,  
 AT LANGPORT, AUG. 22ND, 1904.

*Andantino.*



Go and get your father's good-will, and get your mother's  
 money, And sail right o'er the ocean a-long with young Johnny.



She had not been sailing  
 Been sailing many days, O,  
 Before she wanted some woman's help  
 And could not get any.

"O hush your tongue you silly girl,  
 O hush your tongue you huzzy,  
 For I can do so much for thee  
 As any woman can for thee.

Go and get a silk napkin  
 And I'll tie thy head up softly,  
 And I'll throw thee overboard  
 Both thee and thy baby.

Look how my love's swimming along  
 See how my love swager!  
 I'm afraid she'll swim to dry land  
 Which makes my heart quaver.

I'll buy my love a coffin  
 And the gold shall shine yellow,  
 And she shall be buried,  
 By the banks of green willow."

# FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. ELIZABETH MOGG,  
 AT HOLFORD, AUG. 30TH, 1904.

*Andantino.*

It's of a sea cap - tain Down by the sea - side, O, He  
 court - ed a young dam - sel, And got her by child.

"Go and get your mother's will, O,  
 And all your father's money,  
 To sail across the ocean  
 Along with your Johnny."

"I've got my father's will, O,  
 And all my mother's money,  
 To sail across the ocean  
 Along with my Johnny."

We had not sailed miles,  
 No not great many,  
 Before she was delivered  
 Of a beautiful baby.

" Go and get me a white napkin  
To tie my head easy,  
To throw me quite overboard  
Both me and my baby."

" Now see how she totters !  
Now see how she tumbles !  
Now see how she's rolling  
All on the salt water !

Go and get me a long boat  
To row my love back again ;  
To row my love back again,  
Both she and her baby.

Now she shall have a coffin,  
A coffin shall shine yellow ;  
And she shall be buried  
On the banks of green willow.

The bells shall ring mournful,  
O for my dearest Polly,  
And she shall be buried  
For the sake of her money."

In Mrs. Mogg's words, the motive for throwing " both her and her baby " overboard is greed ; in the other versions no motive is assigned.

The Scottish version, however, " Bonnie Annie " (Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*) provides the following explanation :

" There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,  
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me."  
They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,  
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.

A similar incident occurs in the well-known English Ballad, " The Cruel Ship's Carpenter." In Kinloch's version the scene is laid in Ireland :

" Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's money,  
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie."

On this account, presumably, Motherwell conjectures that " it is an Irish Ballad, though popular in Scotland."

For other versions of the words see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, i, 244. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has noted three versions of the ballad in Devonshire, and these, condensed into one narrative, are quoted in Child, iv, 453.

There is an elaborate story which is in some respects similar to " The Banks of Green Willow," in " The faithless Sea Captain, or the Betrayed Virgin's Garland " (B. M. 11621, c. 2). Mr. Baring-Gould thinks that this may be an English and more modern version of the older Scottish ballad.—C. J. S.

There is no similarity in the story with "The faithless Captain or the Betrayed Virgin," a ballad printed by Pitts, *circa* 1800.—F. K.

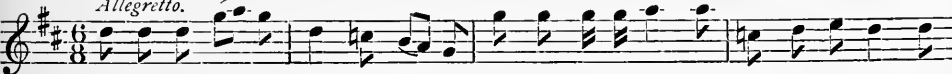
*Cf.* the tune of "The Frog and the Crow" (Chappell's *Nursery Rhymes*).—L. E. B.

## 16.—DOWN IN THE GROVES.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1903.

*Allegretto.*



Down in the groves as I was walking, Where the lit-tle lambs was sweet - a - ly play - ing,  
And as small birds sweet - ly sing - ing, There he did my heart at - tray.

*Chorus*—Hark! Hark! Hark! the cocks is crowing,  
Daylight now will soon appear,  
Down to the gloomy grave I'm going,  
Shall I meet my false love there?

Nine long hours she lay a dying,  
And most sparely she did cry.  
Crying Billy, young constant Billy,  
'Tis for your sake I must die.  
Hark! Hark! Hark! etc.

The refrain of this ballad is nearly the same as the third verse of "The Virgin's Wreath," in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 29.

The tune is in the Mixolydian mode, with the third flattened in the last bar. For other instances of this, see "The Banks of the Clyde," and "Barbara Ellen" (third version) in this volume.

The word "attray" means "attract."—C. J. S.

I have obtained a very unsatisfactory fragment in Yorkshire which I fancy is part of this song.—F. K.

This is possibly part of a version of "Bedlam City" (see *English County Songs*). The lamentations of a mad girl for the loss of her Billy, couched in very similar language, form the subject of broadsides printed by Pitts, Catnach, Armstrong and others.—L. E. B.

# 17.—JACK THE JOLLY TAR.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM NOTT,  
AT MESHAW, JAN. 1904.

*Moderato.*

Oh I am Jack, and a jol-ly Tar oh! Let me re-turn from the

*P'istesso tempo.*

sea so far oh! Oh, I am Jack and a jol-ly Tar, Let me re- turn from the

sea so far Fal la la doo, Fal la la le - ro, Right fal la la doo.

The third crochet in bar seven only occurs in the first verse. The second and succeeding verses are sung as follows:

Poor Jack all in the street must lie.

As I was walking through London city  
I found myself all in great pity;  
For I heard them say as I passed by,  
"Poor Jack all in the streets must lie."

The squire courted for his fancy  
A merchant's daughter whose name was Nancy;  
And I heard them agree as I passed by  
That they to meet that day would try.

"O tie a string unto your finger,  
And let it hang unto the winder;  
And I will come and touch the string  
And you come down and let me in."

"Blame me!" said Jack, "if I don't venture;  
I'll touch the string that hangs to the winder."  
And Jack he went and touched the string  
And I come down and let Jack in.

"Oh," then said she, "how came you here oh?  
I'm afraid you've robbed me of my squire oh."

"No, no," said Jack, "I touched the string  
And you come down and let me in."

" While it is so it makes no matter,  
For Jack's the lad I'll follow after ;  
For I do love Jack as I love my life  
And I do intend to be Jack's wife."

The squire come all in a passion,  
Saying, " Curse the women through the nation !  
For there is not one that will prove true  
And if there is, 'tis very few."

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, APRIL, 1904.

*Allegro.*

"I'm blowed said Jack" "if I don't venture, I'll pull the string hanging out of her win der ;"

Jack come there without a shirt and on his head a lump of dirt, Hey did-dle-y din - go, Hey did-dle - y ding.

## THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY CAPT. LEWIS,  
AT MINEHEAD, AUG. 9TH, 1904

*DORIAN.*  
*Moderato.*

Jack Tar be-ing sick and like to die, On a cobbler's stool he mount - ed, He

had no place his head to lie, He was so dis - con - tent - ed ; And

all the peo-ple when they passed by, They split their sides with laugh - ter, And a -

- mong them all was a rich young squire, And a good lord's come - ly daugh - ter.

One verse of the first version has been omitted and two verbal alterations made elsewhere. Mrs. Hooper's song is apparently a version of the same ballad, but she could unfortunately only remember the words of one verse.

The third version was sung to me by Captain Lewis after I had told him the story of Mr. Nott's ballad. He could only recall the first verse, but he said that the story was the same as that which I had related to him.—C. J. S.

## 18.—HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

SUNG BY MRS. HOOPER AND MRS. WHITE,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

Young wo men they'll run like hares on the moun tains, Young wo-men they'll  
run..... like hares on the mountains; If I was but a young man I'd soon go a -  
- hunt-ing; To my right fol did-dle de-ro, To my right fol did-dle dee.

Young women they'll sing like birds in the bushes,  
Young women they'll sing like birds in the bushes;  
If I was a young man I'd go and bang the bushes;  
To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.

Young women they'll swim like ducks in the water;  
Young women they'll swim like ducks in the water;  
If I was a young man I'd go and swim all after;  
To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.

### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. LOCK,  
AT MUCHELNEY HAM, AUG. 2ND, 1904.

*Allegretto.*

If all those young men were as rush-es a-grow-ing, Then all those pret-ty maidens will  
get scythes go mow-ing; With ri-fol-de-dee, Cal all the day, Ri-fol-i-dee.

If all those young men were as hares on the mountains,  
Then all those pretty maidens will get guns go hunting ;  
With ri fol, etc.

If all those young men were as ducks in the water,  
Then all those pretty maidens would soon follow after ;  
With ri fol, etc.

### THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. SLADE,  
AT MINEHEAD, AUG. 8TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

Young wo - men they sing like birds in the bush - es, But if  
I was a young man I'd go and shake the bush - es; Sing  
fal de dal ri fal de dal, Sing fal the dal the did - dle dal de dee.

Similar words to these are to be found in Sam Lover's *Rory O More*, p. 101. Mr. Hermann Löhr has set these words to music (Chappell and Co.), and on the title page very naturally attributes them to Sam Lover.

There is, however, a tune in *The Petrie Collection*, vol. ii, No. 821 (Boosey and Co.), called "If all the young maidens be blackbirds and thrushes," in the same metre as the words in *Rory O More*. It seems fair to conclude, therefore, that the song is of folk origin, known to Sam Lover, and placed by him in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel. The lyric will bear quotation :

Oh ! if all the young maidens was blackbirds and thrushes (thrice),  
It's then the young men would be batin' the bushes.

Oh ! if all the young maidens was ducks in the wather (thrice),  
It's then the young men would jump in and swim after.

Oh ! if all the young maidens was birds on a mountain (thrice),  
It's then the young men would get guns and go grousin'.

If the maidens was all throuth and salmon so lively (thrice),  
Oh ! the devil a man would ate mate on a Friday !

The last verse may well be an addition of Lover's.

The second phrase of the first tune savours of the German Volkslied, but Mrs. Lock's and Mrs. Slade's tunes are wholly English in character.—C. J. S.

# 19.—IN BRUTON TOWN.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 4TH, 1904.

*Maestoso.*

In Bru-ton town there lives a far-mer Who had two sons and one daugh-ter dear, By  
day and night they was a-con-triv-ing To fill their pa-rents' heart with fear. -

He told his secrets to no other,  
But unto her brother he told them to ;  
" I think our servant courts our sister,  
I think they has a great mind to wed ;  
I'll put an end to all their courtship,  
I'll send him silent to his grave."

A day of hunting whilst prepared,  
Thorny woods and valley where briars grow ;  
And there they did this young man a-murder,  
And into the brake his fair body thrown.

" Welcome home, my dear young brothers,  
Pray tell me, where's that servant man ? "  
" We've a-left him behind where we've been a-hunting,  
We've a-left him behind where no man can find."

She went to bed crying and lamenting,  
Lamenting for her heart's delight ;  
She slept, she dreamed, she saw him lay by her,  
Covered all over in a gore of bled.

She rose early the very next morning,  
Unto the garden brook she went ;  
There she found her own dear jewel  
Covered all over in a gore of blea.



She took her handkerchief out of her pocket  
For to wipe his eyes for he could not see;  
" And since my brothers have been so cruel  
To take your tender sweet life away,  
One grave shall hold us both together,  
And along, along with you to death I'll stay."

In the second and seventh verses the last four bars of the melody are repeated. The penultimate bar was sung in four different ways, apparently on no settled plan, but at the discretion of the singer. I have collected no variants.—C. J. S.

This, apart from its fine tune, is a ballad of great interest, for we have here a doggerel version of the story, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," that, though made famous by Boccaccio, was probably one of those old folk-tales, popular long before his time (1313-1373), of which he loved to make use. Hans Sachs (1494-1576) has put Boccaccio's story into verse, and his translation has much of the directness and homeliness which we find in this Somersetshire version. Both contrast curiously with Keats's flowery and artificial transcription, and certainly suggest better than his a primitive story of the people.

The word "farmer" in the first verse printed above should no doubt be "father," he being thus mentioned in Sachs's poem. There are obviously two lines missing after the first verse, making a confusion between the "father" and the "son," to whom "*He told his secrets*," really refers. Hans Sachs represents the one brother as confiding to the other brother his private fears. The German and Somersetshire versions tally in all the main incidents and should be compared by every student of ballads. The English fragment stops short with the wiping of the dead lover's face. It would be of the greatest interest could other variants be found which possibly might carry on the story to its terrible end.

I have not yet been able to find any printed English ballad on this subject, but in the Roxburghe Ballads (B. M.) there is, on a 17th century black-letter broadside, a doggerel version of the tale of Grisilda, the last story in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, showing that early ballad-writers either used his material, or, more probably, drew from the same common stock of stories.—L. E. B.

## 20.—A MAN THAT IS STOUT.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. FRED. CROSSMAN,  
AT HUISS EPISCOPI, JULY 29TH, 1904.

*Andante.*



A man that is stout and al-ways va-liant heart-ed, O let him be a  
sol-dier if he do like the game, So in time that he shall find things  
con-tra-ry to his mind, And of-ten-times a plea-sure and a com-fort he shall find.

Mr. Crossman could not remember the remaining verses of this song, but promised to send them to me if he could recall them later. The tune is, I think, an ancient melody.—C. J. S.

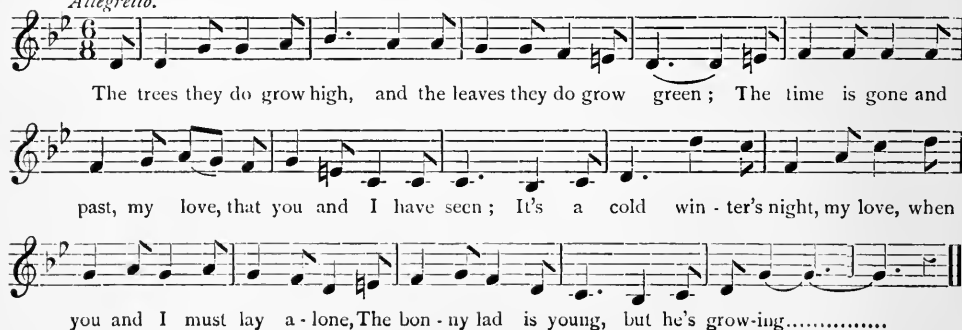
This might be a fragment of a song of the period of Queen Anne's reign. I must, however, confess that I have failed to trace it.—F. K.

## 21.—THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

DORIAN.


SUNG BY MR. HARRY RICHARDS,  
AT CURRY RIVELL, JULY 28TH, 1904.

*Allegretto.*



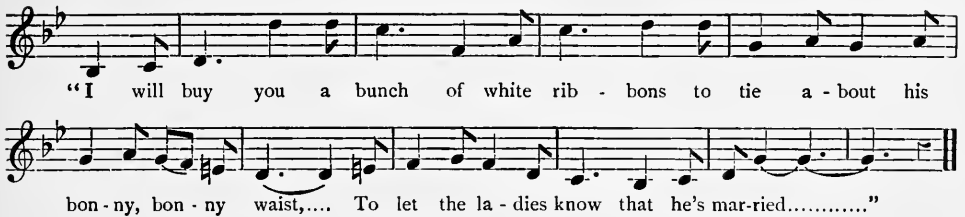
The trees they do grow high, and the leaves they do grow green; The time is gone and  
past, my love, that you and I have seen; It's a cold win-ter's night, my love, when  
you and I must lay a-lone, The bon-ny lad is young, but he's grow-ing.....

SECOND VERSE.



"Oh,.... daugh - ter, dear - est daugh - ter,..... .. and if you stay at  
home and wait a - long o' me A la - dy you shall be, while he's growing....."

THIRD VERSE.



"I will buy you a bunch of white rib - bons to tie a - bout his  
bon - ny, bon - ny waist,.... To let the la - dies know that he's mar-ried....."

FOURTH VERSE.



"At the age of eigh - teen, my love, O his grief was grow - ing  
grief, And so she put to an end to his grow-ing....."

FIFTH AND SIXTH VERSES.



"O once I had a sweet - heart but now I have got  
nev - er a one, So fare you well my own true love for ev - er....."

" O father, dear father, I'm feared you've done me harm,  
You've married me a boy, and I fear he is too young."

" O daughter, dearest daughter, and if you stay at home and wait along o' me  
A lady you shall be,

While he's growing.

We'll send him to the college for one year or two,  
And then p'raps in time my love, a man he may grow ;  
I will buy you a bunch of white ribbons to tie about his bonny bonny waist  
To let the ladies know

That he's married."

At the age of sixteen, O, he was a married man ;  
At the age of seventeen she brought to him a son ;  
At the age of eighteen my love, O, his grief was growing grief,\*  
And so she put to an end

To his growing.

" I made my love a shroud of the holland so fine."  
And every stitch she put in it the tears came trinkling down ;  
" O, once I had a sweetheart, but now I have got never a one  
So fare you well my own true love

For ever.

He is dead and buried and in the churchyard laid,  
The green grass is over him so very very thick ;  
O once I had a sweetheart but now I have got never a one  
So fare you well my own true love

For ever."

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,

AT HUISH EPISCOPI, AUG. 20TH, 1904.

DORIAN.

*Allegretto.*



" I will buy mylove a hat,..... the fi-nest in the town, I'll make her look so



proud I will march her up and down ; Be - sides I'll buy you rib - bon to



tie up in your hair, For to let the la - dies know you'm got mar-ried. ...."

T. do stand for Thomas, J. do stand for John,  
And W. do stand for sweet William boy ;

But my Johnny is

The handsomest man.

\* His grave was growing green (?)

I will buy my love a hat, the finest in the town,  
I'll make her look so proud, I will march her up and down,  
Besides I'll buy you ribbon to tie up in your hair  
For to let the ladies know

    You'm got married.

With the age of sixteen he was a married man ;  
At the age of seventeen he was the father of a son ;  
At the age of eighteen his grave was growing green  
And that soon put an end

    To his journey.

Well I will climb up some brave old oaken tree  
And rob some pretty bird of its nest,  
If I should get down without ever a fall  
I'll marry the girl

    I love well.

When I was going over high castle wall,  
I see a pretty gentleman playing at ball ;  
He says, " Where is your own true love, the finest of them all ?  
Your bonny love is young

    But he's growing."

The grass it do look green, sir, the trees is all in bloom,  
The times is gone and past, what you and I have seen.

Compare the beautiful Phrygian tune in *Songs of the West*, No. 4, and exhaustive note thereto. Mr. Richards varied the concluding strain of each verse in such a remarkably interesting and instructive way that I think it worth while to print them here. They show the freedom with which the genuine folk-singer will interpret a melody and the skill with which, while preserving a rhythm, he will adapt lines of irregular length to the same strain of melody. Mr. Richards, though an old man, has a bass voice of wonderful resonance, and I shall not easily forget his singing of this ballad. He sang me many other songs, mostly in the Dorian mode, to which scale he is evidently partial. The ballad is fairly well known in the neighbourhood of Langport, Somerset, but with the exception of Mrs. Glover's version I have only heard Mr. Richards's tune or variants of it.

Mrs. Glover's words are clearly corrupt and apparently do not all belong to this ballad.

For other versions see Johnson's *Museum* and Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*. Compare also *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 214.—C. J. S.

I have taken down a version of this from a Knaresboro' singer (Yorkshire) with a tune which has some rather extraordinary characteristics and in a certain degree resembling the first version here given.

One of the Scottish versions is called "The Young Laird of Craigstoun" and is printed in Maidment's *North Countrie Garland* (1824), reprinted in 1891 by E. Goldsmid.—F. K.

## 22.—SWEET KITTY.

DORIAN

*Allegretto.*

SUNG BY MRS. OVERD,  
AT LANGPORT, AUG. 15TH, 1904.



As I was a - rid - ing and a - rid - ing one day, I  
meet with Sweet Kit - ty all on the high - way ; And sing fol the did - dle  
le - ro, fol the did - dle le - ro, sing le - ro - i - day.

Come saddle my horse and away I will ride  
To meet with sweet Kitty down by the seaside.

He rode round her six times, but he did not know  
She smiled at his face and said "There goes my bean."

"If you want to know my name you must go and enquire,  
I was born in old England brought up in Yorkshire."

The words of this ballad are obviously incomplete. The last verse is similar to the concluding verse of "The Witty Shepherd" (vide *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 30), and possibly Mrs. Overd's ballad may have some connection with it.—C. J. S.

## 23.—BIRD STARVER'S CRY.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN DURBIN,  
AT EAST HARPTREE, APRIL, 1904.



Hi shoo all 'er birds! Out of mas - ter's ground in - to Tom Tucker's ground;  
Out of {Tom Tucker's / Tom Tinker's / Luke Coles'} ground into {Tom Tinker's / Luke Coles' / Bill Vea-ter's} ground; Hi shoo all 'er birds! Kraaal! Hoop!

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN PARNELL,  
AT EAST HARTREE, APRIL, 1904.

Shoo all 'er birds you be so black, When I lay down to have a nap. Shoo arl - o arl - o

arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o birds. Hi shoo all 'er birds.

Out of mas-ter's ground in - to Tom Tucker's ground (*etc., as in 1st version.*) in - to Bill Veater's ground.

Shoo arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o arl - o birds; Ha! Ha!

Mrs. Kettlewell of Harptree Court, tells me that "Hi shoo all 'er birds" is the regular cry of the boys who go bird starving in the neighbourhood of Harptree. All 'er = all the.—C. J. S.

Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes* contains a bird boy's song :

Eat birds, eat, and make no waste,  
I lie here and make no haste :  
If my master chance to come  
You must fly and I must run.

There is also another nursery rhyme published with this air in several collections which more nearly resembles the Somerset versions :

Oh! all you little blackey tops,  
Pray don't you eat my father's crops  
While I sit down and take a nap.  
Shua O! Shua O!

If father he perchance should come,  
With his cocked hat and his long gun,  
Then you must fly and I must run.  
Shua O! Shua O!

F. K.

# 24.—THE TWO MAGICIANS; OR, THE COAL-BLACK SMITH.

SUNG BY MR. SPARKS,  
AT MINEHEAD, AUG. 8TH, 1904.

*Vivace.*

O she look'd out of the win - dow as white as an - y milk,... But he look'd in - to the  
win - dow as black as an - y silk..... "Hul - loa, hul - loa, hul - loa, hul-loa, you  
coal - black smith! you have done me no harm ;... You nev - er shall have my  
maid - en - name that I have kept so long ;..... I'd rath - er die a  
maid, Yes!" but then she said, "And be bur ied all in my grave..... Than I'd  
have such a nas - ty, hus - ky, dus - ky, mus - ty, fus - ky coal - black smith,... my  
FINE. 2nd verse.  
maid-en name shall die....." Then she be came a duck,.. A duck all on the  
stream,.. And he be - came a wa - ter-dog And fetched her back a - gain. . .

Then she became a hare,  
A hare upon the plain;  
And he became the greyhound dog,  
And fetched her back again.  
Hulloa, hulloa, etc.

Then she became a fly,  
A fly all in the air;  
And he became a spider,  
And fetched her to his lair.  
Hulloa, hulloa, etc.



This is a shortened form of the Scottish Ballad, "The Two Magicians," first published in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, vol. i, p. 24, and afterwards reprinted in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads* (1875) and in Brimley Johnson's *Popular British Ballads* (1894).

In *English and Scottish Ballads*, i, 244, Child prints Buchan's version and says: "This is a base-born cousin of a pretty ballad known all over Southern Europe, and elsewhere, and in especially graceful forms in France."

See also Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fiction*, for an interesting chapter on "Magical transformations and magical conflict."

The ballad is evidently an old one, and no doubt there is an old melody belonging to it, if one could only find it. Mr. Sparks's tune is, of course, a modern one.—C. J. S.

It is certainly very extraordinary to find this ballad in Somerset. Buchan in his note to the version printed in his volume, published in 1828, says: "There is a novelty in this legendary ballad very amusing, and it must be very old—I never saw anything in print which had the smallest resemblance to it." This may be echoed to-day. The modern tune suggests that melody which is sung to "The Wonderful Crocodile" (*English County Songs*), "The Great Sea Snake," "The Great Meat Pie," and others of a like class of exaggerated narratives.

There is a similar story of a battle of transformation between two magicians in a story in the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*.—F. K.

## 25.—AT THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Moderato.*

As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the spring, To hear the birds  
whis - tle and the night - in - gale sing, I heard a fair dam - sel, so  
sweet - ly sung she, Say - ing, "I will be mar - ried on a Tues - day morn - ing."

I stepped up to her and thus I did say,  
 " Pray tell me your age and where you belong ; "  
 " I belong to the sign of the Bonny Blue Bell,  
 My age is sixteen, and you know very well."

" Sixteen, pretty maid, you are young to be married,  
 I leave you the other four years to be tarry ; "  
 " You speak like a man without any skill,  
 Four years I've been single against my own will."

On Monday night when I goes there  
 To powder my locks, and to curdle my hair,  
 There was three pretty maidens awaiting for me,  
 Saying, " I will be married on a Tuesday morning."

On a Tuesday morning the bells they shall ring,  
 And three pretty maidens so sweetly shall sing ;  
 So neat and so gay in my golden ring,  
 Saying, " I will be married on a Tuesday morning."

The subject of this ballad appears to be related to "I'm going to be married on Sunday," in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 17. How close may be the connection between the two ballads it is difficult to say, for Dr. Joyce has extensively revised the old words, giving instead "what may be called a new song."

See also "I'm a poor stranger and far from my own," No. 72 in the same volume, and Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, pp. 10 and 345. The tune of this last has some affinity with the Somerset air, as also has that of "The poor murdered woman laid on the cold ground," in *The Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, p. 186.—C. J. S.

This is a curious survival. In Walsh's *Twenty-four New Country Dances for the Year 1708*, is a tune named, "I mun be marry'd a Tuesday." As this work does not appear to be in any public library its air may be here given from Mr. Taphouse's copy :

WALSH'S DANCES FOR 1708.



In the second volume of *The Dancing Master*, 1719, this tune is again printed ; and in the *Village Opera*, 1729, the air figures under the title "I mun snug up on Tuesday, etc." Following these copies is the one in Dr. Joyce's collection above referred to.

The whole ballad, under the heading "I shall be married on Monday morning," is printed on a broadside by Williamson, Newcastle, *circa* 1850. This may be a version of the 17th or 18th century original. Part of it runs :

"As I was a-walking one morning in Spring  
I heard a fair maiden most charmingly sing,  
All under her cow as she sat milking,  
Saying 'I shall be married next Monday morning.'  
"You fairest of all creatures my eyes e'er beheld,  
Oh where do you live, love, or where do you dwell?"  
"I dwell at the top of yon bonny brown hill,  
I shall be fifteen years old next Monday morning."  
"Fifteen years old, love, is too young to marry,  
The other five years, love, I'd have you to tarry,  
And perhaps in the meantime you might be sorry,  
So put back your wedding next Monday morning."  
"You talk like a man without reason or skill,  
Five years I've been waiting against my will:  
Now I've resolved my mind to fulfil,  
I wish that to-morrow was Monday morning.  
On Saturday night it is all my care  
To powder my locks and curl my hair,  
And my two pretty maidens to wait on me there,  
To dance at my wedding on Monday morning."

F. K.

## 26.—A CORNISH YOUNG MAN.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. FREDERICK CROSSMAN,  
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, APRIL, 1904.

*Moderato.*

A Cor-nish young man he dreamed a dream Of the beau-ti-f'lest  
girl in the na-tion; . . No coun-sel will he make, but some  
jour-neys he'll take Through Eng-land to seek this fair crea-ture. . .

It was seven long years he seeked all about  
Till he came to the place where he met her;  
He opened the door, and she stood on the floor,  
She's a silly poor labouring man's daughter.

"I never didn't saw you, but once in my life  
And that was a dream, love, lie by me;  
But now I've a found you, with tears in my eyes  
So I hope, love, you'll never deny me."

"What is your desire, I ask you, kind sir,  
That you are afraid of denial?  
Although I am poor, no scorns I'll endure,  
So put me not under the trial."

"No scorns will I offer, nor any such thing  
I'll give you a kiss, love, as a token;  
So you take up this ring and this guinea in gold,  
And between us never let it be broken."

For love, is, my dear, like a stone in the sling  
And it's hard to believe all that's spoken:  
So you take up this ring, and this guinea in gold  
And between us never let it be broken."

Words on a Birmingham broadside by Jackson and Son, called "The Outlandish Knight," beginning:

An outlandish knight he dreamed a dream,  
He beheld a most beautiful creature,  
etc., etc.

Except for the title it has nothing whatever in common with the well-known ballad of the same name. The first six verses of the broadside follow, in the main, Mr. Crossman's song, but the broadside has three additional verses:

"If I should consent your bride for to be,  
Your parents would both be offended;  
Besides they would always be trowning on me,  
Because you are so highly decended." (*sic.*)

"As for father and mother I've none in this world,  
I've none but myself and a brother,  
And as to my friends they will not frown on me,  
So we can but love one another."

So now he has gained his joy and delight,  
They're living in great joy and plenty,  
A labouring man's daughter has married a knight,  
Heaven protect them both together.

The word "silly" in the second verse is used in its original sense of good, innocent, or simple. The word is omitted in the broadside.—C. J. S.

## 27.—THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY FARMER KING,  
AT MENDIP, APRIL, 1904.



“Ten thousand mile is a long long way  
And never will return,  
You leave me here to lament and sigh,  
But you will not hear me mourn, my dear,  
But you will not hear me mourn.”

“The rivers they never will run dry  
And the rocks will melt with the sun;  
I'll never prove false to the girl I love,  
Till all these things be done, my dear,  
Till all these things be done.”

These are three stanzas from “The True Lover's Farewell,” the second of *Five Excellent New Songs*, printed in the year 1792 (B. M. 11621, b. 7). The song is evidently one of the derivatives of Burns's “A red, red rose:” for an exhaustive examination of these, see the note to the song in *The Centenary Burns* by Henley and Henderson, vol. iii, p. 402.

In the *Museum*, Burns's Lyric is set to two different airs, and it is just possible that the second of these, “Queen Mary's Lament,” is a variant of Farmer King's melody. The tune to which the “Red, red, rose,” is now usually sung has nothing whatever to do with either of the *Museum* airs.—C. J. S.

Burns's “Red, red, rose” did not appear in print until April 1794, and was probably not written much before that date. The *Museum* copy was published in May, 1797.—F. K.

Compare this song with “O, who is that that raps at my window?” (*Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, No. 5), and “Go from my window, love, go” (Johnson's *Museum*), also with the following tunes and words from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*. Christie's second air was noted from a native of Buchan. The first air and the words are as sung by his grandfather. I have met with several ballads sung

by illiterate persons in the South of England, which contain the greater and most characteristic part of Burns's lyric, with, moreover, additional stanzas of quaint beauty and imagery which, together with their general type, convince me that Burns borrowed his most ardent lines from an old country song, when writing "O my luv'e's like a red, red rose."

## I WILL PUT MY SHIP IN ORDER.

FROM CHRISTIE'S TRADITIONAL BALLAD AIRS OF SCOTLAND.

I



2



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 "Oh, I will put my ship in order,<br/>And will set her to the sea;<br/>And I will sail to yonder harbour,<br/>To see if my love will marry me."<br/>He sailéd eastward, he sailéd westward,<br/>He sailéd far, far by sea and land;<br/>By France and Flanders, Spain and Dover,<br/>He sailed the world all round and round:</p> <p>2 Till he came to his love's sweet bower,<br/>It was to hear what she would say—<br/>"Awake, awake, ye lovely sleeper,<br/>The sun is spreading the break of day."<br/>"Oh, who is this at my bower window,<br/>That speaks lovingly to me?"<br/>"It is your own true constant lover,<br/>That would now have some words with thee."</p> <p>3 "Oh, ye will now go to your father,<br/>And see if he'll let you my bride be;<br/>If he denies you, come and tell me—<br/>'Twill be the last time I'll visit thee."<br/>"My father is in his chamber sleeping,<br/>Now taking to him his natural rest,<br/>And at his hand there lies a letter,<br/>That speaketh much to thy dispraise."</p> | <p>4 "To my dispraise, love!" "To thy dispraise,<br/>"To my dispraise! how can that be? [love!]<br/>I never grieved you, nor once deceived you,<br/>I fear, my love, you're forsaking me.<br/>But you will now go to your step-mother,<br/>And see if she'll let you my bride be;<br/>If she denies you, come and tell me—<br/>'Twill be the last time I'll visit thee."</p> <p>5 "My mother is in her bower dressing,<br/>And combing down her golden hair;<br/>Begone, young man, you may court another,<br/>And whisper softly in her ear."<br/>Then hooly, hooly, raise up his lover,<br/>And quickly put her clothing on;<br/>But ere she got the door unlocked,<br/>Her true love now was gone.</p> <p>6 "Oh, are ye gone, love, are ye gone, love?<br/>Oh, are ye gone, and now left me?<br/>I never grieved you, nor yet deceived you,<br/>But now, I fear, you are slighting me."<br/>"The fish shall fly, love, the sea shall dry, love,<br/>The rocks shall all melt wi' the sun;<br/>The blackbird shall give over singing,<br/>Before that I return again."</p> |
|---|--|

- 7 "Oh, are you gone, love? are you gone, love?  
 Oh, are you gone, and left me now?  
 It was not me, it was my step-mother,  
 That spoke to you from her bower-window."  
 He turned him right and round so quickly,  
 Says "Come with me, my lovely one,  
 And we'll be wed, my own sweet lover,  
 And let them talk when we are gone."

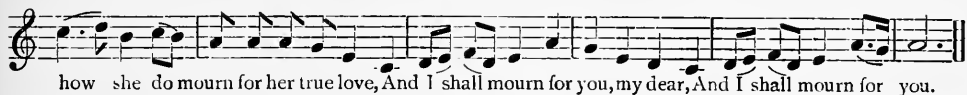
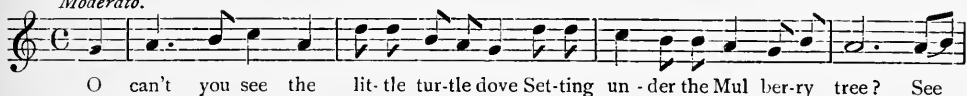
L. E. B.

# TEN THOUSAND MILES.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,  
 AT HUISH EPISCOPI, DEC. 24TH, 1904.

ÆOLIAN.

*Moderato.*



I shall mournt for you.

My mourns it is my grief I must tell  
 For to leave you here for a-whiles;  
 If I goes away I will come again  
 If I go ten thousand miles away,  
 If I go ten thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles it is too far  
 For to leave me here for a-whiles,  
 If I goes away I'll surely come again  
 To all my friends what's near, my dear,  
 To all my friends what's near.

I s'pose the sea should never run dry,  
 Nor the rocks melt with the sun,  
 And then you and I shall never part  
 Till all our days are done, my dear,  
 Till all our days are done.

The tune with the first ending is in the Aeolian mode: with the alternative ending it is in the Dorian. Mrs. Glover sang sometimes one ending, sometimes the other, and had no especial predilection for either. The words are very corrupt, but are evidently one of the many folk-songs from which Burns derived his "Red, red, rose."—C. J. S.

Cf. the tune of "I sowed the Seeds of Love" in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.—L. E. B.

# 28.—JOAN TO JAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM NOTT,  
AT MESHAW, JAN., 1904.

*Moderato.*

"I long to be mar-ried," says Joan to Jan. *Lento.* "I have no boots for to get

*Presto.* mar-ried in." "An old pair of boot-legs will do," says Joan to Jan, "An

*Lento.* old pair of bootlegs will do," says Joan to Jan. "O what an 'or-rid thing for to get

*Presto.* mar-ried in," says Jan to Joan. "Good as oth-er poor folks," says Joan to Jan.

*Lento.* "O what an 'or-rid thing for to get married in," says Jan to Joan. *D. C. dal Segno.*

"I've no stockings for to get married in."  
 "A fleece of wool will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no breeches for to get married in."  
 "An old bull's hide will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no waistcoat for to get married in."  
 "An old sheepskin will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no jacket for to get married in."  
 "An old lime bag will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no necktie for to get married in."  
 "The tail of your shirt will do," says Joan to Jan.  
 "I've no hat for to be married in."  
 "An old bee butt will do," says Joan to Jan.

Mr. Nott, who is an old man, said of this song: "It is very difficult to sing, for you must show the two voices." It certainly gave me considerable trouble to note correctly. The Rev. A. de Gex and I have listened to it on three different occasions. At first we thought that the two changes of key in the middle of the song were unintentional, and I accordingly noted that passage, as it was undoubtedly sung on its repetition at the end of the verse. But on the last occasion we went to the piano in



the next room while Mr. Nott sang the song twice over, and we found that he sang it as here printed and that he kept his pitch with perfect accuracy. I do not think there are many singers who could do the same.—C. J. S.

Compare "Quoth John to Joan, wilt thou have me?" a rustic dialogue in *Rox-burgh Ballads*, c. 20. f. 10, vol. iv.—L. E. B.

## 29.—THE SHOOTING OF HIS DEAR.

SUNG BY MRS. LUCY WHITE AND MRS. LOUIE HOOPER,  
AT HAMBRIDGE, SEPT., 1903.

*Allegretto.*

Young Jim he went hunt-ing with his dog and gun, On pur- pose to  
shoot at some li- ly white swan; With his love peer-ing round him he  
took her to be a swan, So he shoot his dear dar- ling with a rat- tel- ing gun.

And when he came to her and found it was she,  
His heart bled with sorrow till his eyes could not see; \*  
Crying, "Polly, dear Polly, my own heart's delight,  
If you was but living you should be my bride."

He took up his gun and straightway went home,  
Crying, "Uncle, dear uncle, do you know what I've done?  
With my love swiffling round me, I took her to be a swan,  
So I shoot my dear darling with a ratteling gun."

Then up spoke his Uncle, with his hair growing grey,  
"You're sure to be hung if you do run away;  
Stay at home in your own county till the 'Sizes come on,  
You never shall be hung, if I lose all my land."

In six weeks' time when the 'Sizes come on,  
Young Polly appeared in the form of a swan;  
Crying, "Jimmy, young Jimmy, you're clear:  
He never shall be hung for the shooting of his dear."

SECOND VERSION.

*ÆOLIAN.*

*Andante.*

O curs - ed be my un - cle for a - lend - ing of me a  
gun For I bin and shot my true love in de room\* of a swan.

“ With my apyrin tied ower me,  
I 'peared like unto a swan ;  
All underneath the green tree,  
While the showers they did come on.”

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has published a harmonised version of this ballad in sheet form, called “ The Setting of the Sun ” (Weekes and Co.), both words and tune of which are quite different from the Somerset version, although the subject of the two ballads is the same.

I noted the second version—which is but a fragment—from Mr. Clarence Rook, who heard it sung twenty years ago by a very old man at a Harvest Supper at Homestall, Doddington, near Faversham, Kent. This shows that the ballad is sung in the extreme East of England as well as in the West.

The supernatural element enters so rarely into the English Ballad that one is inclined to see in its occurrence an indication of Celtic origin. In the present case this suspicion is perhaps strengthened by the presence of certain Irish characteristics in the tune.

The incidents related in the song are a strange admixture of fancy with matter of fact. I would hazard the suggestion that the ballad is the survival of a genuine piece of Celtic or, still more probably, of Norse imagination, and that the efforts made to account for the tragedy without resorting to the supernatural (*e.g.* the white apron, shower of rain, etc.) and of course the mention of the Assizes, are the work of a more modern and less imaginative generation of singers.—C. J. S.

\* *i.e.*, instead of.

## WORKS USEFUL FOR THE STUDY OF THE FOLK-SONG OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

SOME members of the Society having expressed a wish for a list of those books most often quoted on the subject of traditional music, Mr. Frank Kidson has kindly compiled the following short list, for ordinary working purposes. It includes chiefly such works as are both desirable for the formation of a small Folk-song Library, and, at the same time, inexpensive.

### ENGLAND.

*Songs and Ballads of the West.* A collection made from the mouths of the people by REV. S. BARING-GOULD and REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD. Large 8vo., 4 parts, 1889-91. Methuen.

Reprinted in 1 volume.

*A Garland of Country Song.* Collected and arranged by REV. S. BARING-GOULD and REV. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD. Large 4to. 1895. Methuen.

*English Folk Songs.* Collected and arranged by W. A. BARRETT. Large 8vo. 1891. Novello and Co. 2s. 6d.

*Sussex Songs.* Arranged by H. F. BIRCH REYNARDSON. 4to. 1889. Stanley Lucas and Weber (now Leonard and Co., Oxford Street). 2s. 6d.

A reprint, with additions by L. E. Broadwood, of a collection made by Rev. JOHN BROADWOOD, and printed by him for private circulation in 1843. His may be considered as the first serious collection of English folk music.

*English County Songs.* Collected and edited by LUCY E. BROADWOOD and J. A. FULLER MAITLAND. 8vo. Leadenhall Press, and Cramer and Co. 1893. 6s.

*Popular Music of the Olden Time.* Edited by WILLIAM CHAPPELL. 2 vols., large 8vo. 1856-59.

*Old English Popular Music.* By WILLIAM CHAPPELL. Edited by H. E. WOOLDRIDGE. 2 vols., large 8vo. 1893. Chappell and Co.

Chappell's monumental work was preceded by his "National English Airs," 1838-39 (2 vols. large 4to.) In this recent edition the traditional airs, obtained by Chappell and his friends, are omitted.

*English and Scottish Popular Ballads.* Edited by F. J. CHILD. 5 vols., 4to. 1882-98. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston, etc.

This is an extended edition of the same author's "English and Scottish Ballads" (8 vols., 12mo., 1857-59, Boston), and contains a valuable collection of ballad airs in the last volume. Professor Child has compiled an invaluable standard work, giving every possible version, literary and traditional, of ballads in the English language, besides copious notes and comparisons with ballads of other nations.

*Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy.* Collected by THOMAS D'URFEY. 6 vols., 12mo. 1719-20.

Reprinted without publisher's name about 1880.

*Shakespeare in Music.* A collection of the chief musical allusions in the plays of Shakespeare, made by LOUIS C. ELSON. 8vo. 1901. David Nutt.

*Traditional Games of England, Scotland and Ireland.* Collected by ALICE B. GOMME. 2 vols., 8vo. 1894-98. D. Nutt.

*Children's Singing Games,* with the tunes to which they are sung. Collected by ALICE B. GOMME. 2 series. Oblong 4to. 1894. D. Nutt.

*Old English Singing Games.* Collected by ALICE B. GOMME. Oblong 4to. George Allen.

*Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols.* Collected and edited by REV. GEOFFREY HILL. Large 4to. 1904. Bournemouth. 2s.

This little book contains nine airs and songs: obtainable from the collector at Hanham Vicarage, Salisbury.

*Traditional Tunes.* A collection of Ballad Airs chiefly obtained in Yorkshire and the south of Scotland, by FRANK KIDSON. 8vo. 1891. Oxford: Taphouse. 6s.

*Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs.* Collected and arranged by M. H. MASON. 8vo. 1877. Metzler and Co.

*Minstrelsy of England.* A collection of 200 English Songs and Melodies edited by ALFRED MOFFAT, with historical notes by FRANK KIDSON. Large 8vo. Glasgow and London: Bayley and Ferguson.

A second series in the press.

*Nursery Rhymes.* Edited and arranged by E. R. RIMBAULT. 4to. Chappell and Co. 2s. 6d.

*Christmas Carols.* Edited and arranged by E. R. RIMBAULT. 4to. Chappell and Co. 2s. 6d.

*Folk-Songs from Somerset.* Gathered and edited with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by CECIL J. SHARP and REV. CHARLES L. MARSON. 4to. 1905. Simpkin and Marshall. 5s. net.

*Music of the Waters.* Sailors' Chanties, etc.: collected by LAURA A. SMITH. 8vo. 1888. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

- Through Romany Song Land.* LAURA A. SMITH. 12mo. 1889. London: D Stott.
- The Besom Maker, and other Country Songs.* Collected and illustrated by HEYWOOD SUMNER. 4to. 1888. Longman Green and Co.
- Northumbrian Minstrelsy.* Ballads, melodies, pipe-tunes of Northumbria, edited by J. C. BRUCE and JOHN STOKOE. 8vo. 1882. Published by the Society of Antiquaries, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- Songs and Ballads of Northern England.* Collected and edited by JOHN STOKOE, harmonized by SAMUEL REAY. Large 4to. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Walter Scott.  
The contents are principally from "Northumbrian Minstrelsy."
- Sailor's Songs and Chanties.* Words by F. DAVIS. Music arranged from traditional sailors' airs by F. TOZER. Large 8vo. Boosey and Co. 2s. 6d.
- Old Sea Chanties.* Collected and arranged by JOHN BRADFORD and ARTHUR FAGGE. 1904. London: Metzler and Co. 1s.
- Journal of the Folk-Song Society.* Vol. I (six numbers) to be had from the Honorary Secretary, Miss Lucy Broadwood, 84, Carlisle Mansions, London, S.W.

## SCOTLAND.

- Popular Rhymes of Scotland.* Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. A new edition. 8vo. N.D. Edinburgh: Chambers.  
The first edition was issued in 1826 and the third in 1841. The work contains a few airs.
- Songs of Scotland prior to Burns,* with the tunes. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. 8vo. 1889. Edinburgh: Chambers.  
Originally published 1862.
- Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland.* From copies procured in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. Edited and arranged by W. CHRISTIE, M.A., and the late WILLIAM CHRISTIE, Monquhitter. 2 vols., large 4to. 1876 and 1881. Edinburgh.
- The Songs of Robert Burns,* now first printed with the melodies for which they were written, by J. C. DICK. 8vo. 1903. London: Frowde.
- The Celtic Lyre.* A collection of Gaelic Songs with English translations by FIONN. 4 parts, 6d. each. Sm. 4to. 1891-5. Edinburgh: John Grant.
- Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland.* Edited with notes by ROBERT FORD. Series 1 and 2. Sm. 4to. 1900-01. Paisley: Gardner.  
A new edition has been lately published.
- The Glen Collection of Scottish Dance Music.* 2 books, fol. 1891-95. Edinburgh: J. R. Glen.
- Early Scottish Melodies,* including examples from MSS. and early printed works. JOHN GLEN. Large 8vo. 1900. Edinburgh: J. R. Glen.

*Songs of Scotland.* Edited by G. FARQUHAR GRAHAM. 3 vols. 1847-48. Glasgow : Wood and Co.

A condensed edition issued in 1884 is sold by Messrs. Bayley and Ferguson, Glasgow, at 4s.

*Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland* (Balmoral Edition). With notes by G. FARQUHAR GRAHAM, revised and enlarged. 1 vol., large 8vo. 1891. Glasgow : Wood and Co. London : Cramer and Co.

An admirably annotated book, with accompaniments by excellent musicians. [Practically the same as above.]

*The Scots Musical Museum.* Consisting of upwards of 600 songs with notes by William Stenhouse. JAMES JOHNSON. New edition, 4 vols. 1853. Edinburgh : Blackwood.

A reprint of the original edition of 1787.

*Merry Melodies for the Violin.* 2 books, oblong fol. Glasgow : J. S. Kerr. 1s. each.

A large collection of Scotch and Irish airs, many of them traditional.

*Songs of the Gael.* A collection of Gaelic songs with translations by L. MACBEAN. Small 4to. Edinburgh : Maclachlan and Stewart. [In several parts, 6d. each.]

*Minstrelsy of Scotland.* Two hundred songs arranged for voice and piano, with historical notes by ALFRED MOFFAT. Large 8vo. 1895. Augener and Co.

*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern.* With an historical introduction and notes, by WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 4to. 1873. Paisley : A. Gardner.

A reprint of the original edition of 1827. It contains a number of interesting old ballad airs.

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The edition issued by Cadell in 1833 contains some ballad airs.

## IRELAND.

*Ancient Music of Ireland*, arranged for the pianoforte. EDWARD BUNTING. Large 4to. 1840. Dublin.

Bunting issued two other collections, one in 1796, the other in 1809.

*The Irish Song Book*, with the original Irish airs. Edited by ALFRED P. GRAVES. 12mo. 1894. London : Fisher Unwin. 1s.

*Ancient Music of Ireland.* From the Petrie Collection, arranged for the pianoforte by HOFFMAN. Large 8vo. 1877. Dublin.

*Ancient Irish Music.* One hundred Irish airs hitherto unpublished : collected and edited by P. W. JOYCE. 4to. 1872-3. Dublin : McGlashan and Gill.

A 4th edition, 1890, Dublin : M. H. Gill. London : Simpkin and Marshall.

*Minstrelsy of Ireland.* Two hundred Irish songs for voice and piano, with historical notes, edited by ALFRED MOFFAT. Large 8vo. 1898. Augener and Co.

*A Selection of Irish Melodies.* THOMAS MOORE. Ten numbers and a supplement issued between 1807 and 1834.

Many modern editions have been published, notably Sir Charles V. Stanford's, 1894, in which the airs are restored.

*Poets and Poetry of Munster.* Edited by JOHN O'DALY. Small 4to. 1st edition, 1849. 2nd edition, 1850. 4th edition, circa 1884. Dublin: James Duffy.

Contains a number of Irish airs with versions not elsewhere printed. O'Daly's name does not appear on the title-page of the last edition.

*Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland.* Arranged for the pianoforte. Edited by GEORGE PETRIE. Vol. I, large 4to. 1855. Dublin.

Only one volume of this edition was published. In 1882 a further volume was begun by M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin, entitled "Music of Ireland collected, edited and harmonized for the pianoforte by the late George Petrie," but it only reached 48 pages.

*The Complete Petrie Collection of Ancient Irish Music*, as noted by George Petrie. Edited by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD. To be completed in three parts. Large 8vo. 1902. London: Boosey and Co. 12s. 6d. complete.

One thousand eight hundred airs, unharmonized and without words, from the MSS. of the famous antiquary George Petrie, forming a very valuable store of folk-song. Parts 1 and 2 are already published.

*Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore.* The original airs restored, and arranged for voice and piano by CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD. Large 8vo. 1894. London: Boosey. 5s.

Sir Charles Stanford points out that there was "scarcely a melody which Moore left unaltered," and he has restored their original tonality, etc., to the tunes.

*Songs of Old Ireland.* Arranged for voice and piano by C. V. STANFORD. Large 8vo. London: Boosey and Co. 5s.

Fifty airs from the collections of Bunting, Petrie and Joyce, practically "new to English ears." The words are by Alfred P. Graves.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* Arranged for voice and piano by C. V. STANFORD. Large 8vo. 1893. London: Novello and Co. 4s.  
Thirty airs. Words by A. P. Graves.

*Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society.* Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1904, to be had from the Honorary Secretary, 20, Hanover Square.

## ISLE OF MAN.

*Manx National Songs*, with English words. From the MS. Collection of the Deemster Gill, Dr. J. Clague, and W. H. Gill. Arranged for voice and piano by W. H. GILL. Large 8vo. 1896. Boosey and Co. 2s. 6d.

## WALES.

*Alawon fy Ngwlch.* The Lays of my Land. Collected by NICHOLAS BENNETT, of Glanyrafon. Folio. 1896. London and Glasgow: Bayley and Ferguson.  
Contains about 400 airs obtained from harpers, etc. No words.

\* \* \* The above list is professedly incomplete, and does not contain the titles of the many valuable collections of folk-songs and ballads in which no music appears. It has been proposed that a very full bibliography of the subject should be undertaken.





## THE LATE HONORARY SECRETARY.

It is only fitting that a tribute should be paid to the memory of the late Mrs. KATE LEE, the virtual founder of the Folk-Song Society, whose death took place on July 25th, 1904, at Stubbings Vicarage near Maidenhead, after a long and exceedingly painful illness. She was the daughter of the late H. Lucius Spooner and niece of Mrs. Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. While still in her teens, she gained a vocal prize at the Royal Academy of Music: but it was not till after marriage with Mr. Arthur Morier Lee, at the age of seventeen, and a subsequent course of musical training at the Royal College of Music, that she took up the profession of a singer, her mezzo-soprano voice being of great beauty, and her style of interpretation such as to bring home to her hearers the full meaning of what she sang. It was this quality, as well as her characteristic energy and earnestness, that made her so ardent in the search for folk-music, and that enabled her to win the confidence of the rustic singers among whom she collected so many songs. Her career as a professional singer was rather a short one, beginning about 1895, in which year she gave a very interesting recital in Prince's Hall, when her singing of songs by Schubert and Brahms was greatly admired. Subsequently she sang occasionally in opera, undertaking small parts at Covent Garden during the German and Italian season. Shortly after the publication of "English County Songs," many of which she sang with inimitable gusto and humour, she formed the idea of establishing a society to undertake the work of collecting songs from different parts of England and the world in general. The scheme took shape in 1898, and to her untiring energy its success was greatly due. Her lectures on folk-song, delivered in many parts of the country, were of the greatest service in inciting other people to collect as opportunity arose, and her sympathy and good humour carried her through many difficulties, such as collectors of folk-songs know so well. Nothing speaks more eloquently of her personal ardour in the work, than the fact that during her illness the society's activities were in abeyance. In this last period of her life she made some successful experiments as a writer of graceful songs.



# FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

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MARCH, 1905.

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## RULES.

I.—The Society shall be entitled “The Folk-Song Society.”

II.—The Society shall have for its primary object the collection and preservation of Folk-Songs, Ballads, and Tunes, and the publication of such of these as may be deemed advisable.

III.—The Society shall consist of Members approved by the Committee, who subscribe to its funds the sum of 10s. 6d. annually, such subscription being payable on the 1st of June in each year.

IV.—The affairs of the Society shall be managed by a President, Vice-President, and a Committee of not more than twelve Members, together with a Treasurer and Secretary. The Committee shall have power to fill up occasional vacancies in their number. Four Members form a quorum; the Chairman *pro tem.* shall have a casting vote.

V.—An Annual General Meeting shall be held at such time and place as the Committee may appoint. No Member whose subscription is in arrear shall be entitled to vote or take part in the proceedings of the General Meeting.

VI.—At each General Meeting half of the Members of the Committee shall retire from office, but shall be eligible for re-election.

VII.—The account of the receipts and expenditure of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting.

VIII.—Any Member whose subscription shall be one year in arrear shall cease to be a Member of the Society.

IX.—Every Member whose subscription is not in arrear shall be entitled to a copy of the ordinary publications of the Society.

X.—The Committee shall have power to elect a limited number of Honorary Members from among distinguished foreign authorities on the subject of Folk Music.

XI.—Meetings shall be held from time to time, as may be appointed by the Committee, at which vocal and instrumental illustrations of Folk Songs, Ballads, and Tunes shall be given, and papers written on the subject read and discussed.

XII. All contributions of Members and others, whether literary or musical, accepted by the Society shall be considered, as far as any other publication than in the Society's Journal is considered, the property of the contributor, and the Society shall not reprint such contribution without his consent.

XIII.—The selection of the words and tunes to be published by the Society shall be decided upon by a sub-Committee appointed by the Committee of Management.

XIV.—No alterations shall be made in these rules except at a Special General Meeting of the Society, and upon the requisition of at least twelve Members, nor then unless one month's notice shall have been given in writing of the proposed change to the Secretary. The proposed alterations to be approved of by at least three-fourths of the Members present at such meeting.

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FOUNDED 1898.

## ANNUAL REPORT, JUNE, 1904.

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## ANNUAL REPORT, JUNE, 1904.

IN presenting the following Report, the Executive Committee wishes to express to all members of the Folk-Song Society its regret for the long period of inactivity in the matter of all proceedings, and for the delay in the publication of Journal No. 5.

Already in March, 1902, when the last Report was issued, the illness of the late Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Lee, was arousing anxiety. Mrs. Lee, to whose enthusiasm and initiative the Society largely owes its foundation, always hoped that she might recover sufficiently to resume her secretarial work, but we regret to say that, as time went on, her hopes were not realised, and that owing to increasingly serious illness, she found herself compelled to offer her resignation in March last.

At a Committee held immediately after Mrs. Lee's resignation, on March 18th, Miss Lucy Broadwood was elected Hon. Secretary in her place, and a vote of condolence was conveyed to Mrs. Lee, together with the thanks of the whole Society for the good work that she had done on its behalf up to the time of her illness.

*Twenty-one* new members were elected during the month of May last; the publication of Journal No. 5 was put in hand; and Mr. Cecil Sharp, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music, who has lately collected some hundreds of songs in Somersetshire and North Devon, joined our Committee.

Mr. Sharp's success alone proves what a wide field there is for workers, and it is to be hoped that the Folk-Song Society may receive steadily increasing support, so that, with larger funds at command, and a greater number of active helpers, it may be able to organize some more systematic plan for collecting in the future.

No time must be lost, for every day carries off some old singer with whom some precious tunes may die for ever unrecorded.

It is a great pleasure to the Committee to know that in many instances the impulse to become a collector of Folk Song has been traced to the interest aroused by our publications. In the future issue of our Journals we hope not only to sustain this interest but to heighten it.

For this purpose we shall warmly welcome all contributions, not only of traditional songs, words and music, but also of correspondence on matters connected with Folk Song, together with notices of publications bearing on the subject. We hope in forthcoming Journals to acknowledge contributions, and to include such as

may be approved of by the Editing Committee. It must be borne in mind that a main object of the Society is to publish only such traditional songs as have not hitherto appeared in print, but have been handed down orally. Mr. Frank Kidson generously puts his valuable library of old song-books, and his wide knowledge, at the disposal of the Society; and to him, in the first instance, contributions are sent in order that the history of the songs may be traced, and printed matter be sifted from the purely traditional as thoroughly as possible.

Since the last Report, two Journals have been issued: Vol. I, No. 4, containing songs collected by Miss Lucy Broadwood in Sussex and Surrey, and Vol. I, No. 5 consisting chiefly of Yorkshire songs from the collection of Mr. Frank Kidson, with contributions from Miss Carr-Moseley, Mr. W. Percy Merrick, Miss M. Arkwright, and others.

That an interest in Folk-Song is steadily on the increase is proved by the recent institution of Folk-Song Competitions at the Musical Festivals held at Kendal, Frome and Madresfield.

As previously announced by the Hon. Treasurer, the Committee has remitted all subscriptions for the year 1903.

It has recently been arranged that Members wishing for extra copies of the Journals may buy them at three shillings each, if only one copy of any one number is desired, and at five shillings each for further copies of any one number. The price of the Journal to non-members remains five shillings.

We regret that our President, Viscount Cobham, has lately felt compelled to resign, owing to his inability to attend our meetings as he would wish. We offer him the grateful thanks of the Society for having held his office since February, 1900, and we are glad that he still remains a member of the Society.

We wish to thank the Committees of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U.S.A., and the Bureau of American Ethnology, for copies of their valuable publications presented to the Society, and we also thank the Rev. Geoffry Hill for his interesting little book of Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols collected by himself.

There are at present 133 Members of our Society.

The Hon. Treasurer reported a balance in hand of £19 3s. 3½d., on June 1st.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

FOR THE YEARS 1900-1-2-3.

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## REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

HELD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TENTERDEN STREET, W.

(BY KIND PERMISSION OF SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE, MUS. DOC.)

*On Friday, June 24th, 1904, 5.30 p.m.*

SIR C. HUBERT H. PARRY, BART., MUS. DOC., IN THE CHAIR.

THE following were elected as members of the Society: Miss Augusta Chetham Strode, Lord Tennyson, K.C.M.G., etc., Mrs. Robert C. Trevelyan.

The Hon. Secretary read the Annual Report for June, 1904.

The Hon. Treasurer presented a Balance Sheet for the years 1900, 1901, 1902, and 1903, with explanations as to the delay in presenting the earlier cash accounts.

It was announced that Lord Tennyson had kindly consented to become President in place of Viscount Cobham, President resigned.

The following members of the Committee, five in number, retired under Rule VI, all being eligible for re-election, but Miss Hilda Wilson not wishing to be re-elected: Mrs. Gomme, Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. Jacques, Mr. Webb, Miss Hilda Wilson. Three new candidates were presented for election: Miss Carr Moseley, Mr. Walter Ford, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams. The election took place by ballot, and the following were elected: Mrs. Gomme, Mr. Graves, Mr. Ford, Mr. Webb, Dr. Vaughan Williams.

The Chairman introduced Miss Lucy Broadwood formally as Hon. Secretary.

The resignation of Mr. Charles Phillips as auditor was announced, and Mr. Bernard Gomme was elected in his stead. Mr. Hawkin having offered himself for re-election was nominated again as auditor.

A proposal was brought forward, by Dr. Vaughan Williams, that the name of the Society might with advantage have the word "British" or "English" introduced. After some discussion the proposal was negatived, and the meeting adjourned.

# Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 7

Being the Second Part of Vol. II.

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1905.





## INTRODUCTION.

THE seventh number of the Folk-Song Journal consists of a selection from the very large number of songs orally collected and contributed to the Society by members and others. It has been no easy task to choose, where so much excellent material was forthcoming; and in one Journal it has been impossible to include more than a small part of it.

It is hoped, therefore, that in future numbers of the Journal many contributions of great interest may be brought out for which space has been lacking here.

An especial feature has been introduced in this number, in the shape of variants of certain particularly interesting airs, which are given by way of showing the fluidity of traditional melody, and its wonderful variety.

The Committee desires to express the gratitude of the Society to Mr. Frank Kidson for his able article on Ballad Sheets and Garlands, and to warmly thank all who have contributed songs, or have helped to throw light upon them.

Especial thanks are due to those who, while contemplating the future publication of their own complete collections, have generously allowed many of their songs to be included in the Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

The notes initialled L. E. B., F. K., C. J. S., and R.V.W., are contributed by Miss Lucy Broadwood, Mr. Frank Kidson, Mr. Cecil Sharp and Dr. Vaughan Williams, forming the editing committee.

*December, 1905.*

## THE BALLAD SHEET AND GARLAND.

FOLK-SONGS seldom attained the dignity of inclusion in regular song-books before the modern period of interest in their collection; their words only were printed, without music, either in "Garlands" or on ballad-sheets (otherwise "broad-sides.") The printers and publishers of these were almost invariably people who made a special business of this line of trade, with off-shoots into the printing and selling of small pamphlets, children's penny books, tradesmen's handbills, etc. They would often combine the sale of tops, marbles, shuttlecocks and so on with that of ballads, and were as much looked down upon by printers and publishers of heavier matter, as were the singers of folk-songs by "regular" and legitimate musicians. In both cases Time has brought its revenge, and many of the despised pamphlets, broadsides and garlands, are treasured as of great price, while the "respectable" literature has frequently had a far more ephemeral existence and sunk beneath its own weight of dulness.

As these garlands and broadsides contain the only printed versions of the songs and ballads interesting to folk-song collectors, and supply us with more or less complete copies of words often imperfectly remembered by old singers, it is hoped that the following memoranda dealing with the printers and their periods may be of use to the worker in folk-song, by supplying the approximate date of any ballad-sheet in which he may be interested. It is obvious that so large a subject can be but scantily dealt with in the pages of a periodical like the Folk-Song Journal; but the writer has some hopes that he may at a future time give it better treatment in volume form.

As a technical point, it may be explained that "broadside" is the correct term for any printed sheet of paper in which the matter is so arranged as to be read unfolded. The size makes no difference; a tradesmen's handbill is a true broadside; and though what are termed "broadsides" are generally printed on one side of the paper only, this is not essential. If the matter is arranged in page form and the sheet folded once, it becomes folio; further foldings produce quarto, octavo, etc.

The earlier ballad-sheets were in general fairly large, and sometimes printed the long way of the paper. At the junction of the 18th and 19th centuries many were in single slips like "galley" proofs; later they took the form now familiar, crown quarto size, with double columns. From the "twenties" to the "fifties" they were frequently issued in very long sheets of nearly three feet, with three or four columns of type, and were then sold as "Three yards of comic songs a penny."

In early days ballad-sheets were taken through the country districts by "flying stationers" and pedlars (witness Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale"), while the ballad-chanter and little stationers' stalls distributed them through the town. Bishop Percy, Ritson and other early writers, almost invariably speak of the ordinary broad-sides as "stall copies."

The ballad-sheet must have come in with printing, though so far as the present writer is aware there is no sheet now existing older than 1540. Wynkyn de Worde collected the Robin Hood ballads into volume form, but it is highly probable that either he or Caxton had previously issued them in single sheets.

Printed ballads soon became a feature in literature, for educational and political purposes as well as for amusement. Shakespeare was indebted to them for the plots of many of his plays; and in 1543 the ballad-sheet had risen to such power, politically, that Henry VIII directed under the direst penalties that none were to be printed. It is doubtful whether this did any harm to the ballad-sheet, for many appear to have been printed before Elizabeth's reign. The early editions of the metrical Psalter set forth on the title page that the Psalms "turned into English meeter are very mete to be used of all sortes of people; privately for their godly solace and comfort, laying aparte all ungodly songes and ballades, which tend only to the nourishing of vice and the corrupting of Youth;" so between state interference and religious discountenance the ballad-sheet was in rather a bad way.

The ballad was almost always printed on one side of the paper only. It was the practice in those early days to paste the sheets on kitchen walls, on the inside of cupboard doors and chest lids, in the parlours of country alehouses and in other places of public resort; and this explains the scarcity of the early ballad-sheets. Another reason for their rareness would be the constant foldings to which they would be subjected when thrust hastily into the pockets of idle apprentices or serving-maids. Few people were like the Captain Cox whose love of ballads and "histories" is so feelingly mentioned by Laneham in his "Letter," 1575. Captain Cox's ballads numbered more than a hundred, "all ancient," and were "fair wrapt in parchment and tied with a whip cord." Would that there had been more of the Captain's careful disposition!

There are many allusions in literature to the custom of pasting ballads upon walls, and it is also shown by old prints of cottage and other interiors. Two quotations are enough to illustrate this:—

“I will now lead you to an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the window and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.”—Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1653.

No wonder that the old angler and his pupil found so many delightful snatches of quaint old song current where ballads and songs were thus fostered!

The *Spectator* shows that the usage had not died out in Queen Anne's time:—

“I cannot, for my heart, leave a room before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them.”—No. 85, Vol. II.

A noticeable feature in the ballad-sheet is, that quite to the end of the 17th century it was printed in “black-letter,” so that the sheet may look far older than it really is. Black-letter in ordinary literature had been discarded long before in favour of what is now our usual type; but from some unexplained cause bibles, law-books and romances (or, as they were then called, “histories”), were still printed in the Gothic character. The ballad was perhaps supposed to fall into the section “romance,” though the true “histories” were books of more or less pretension, comprising from fifty to two hundred pages, and generally in quarto. Even Sir Thomas Malory's “King Arthur” is called on the title-page of the 1634 edition “The Historie of Prince Arthur,” and is printed in black-letter. Other old histories are those of “Montelion,” “Scoggin,” “Valentine and Orson,” “Tom a Lincoln,” “Thomas of Reading,” etc., all in black-letter and published by William Thackeray towards the end of the 17th century. The term “history” clung to this class of work down to recent years, as shown by an advertisement issued ten or fifteen years ago by W. S. Fortey in which “Valentine and Orson,” “Blue Beard,” “Whittington and his Cat,” are named as “penny histories.”

As to the woodcuts which from early times have adorned ballad-sheets and have caused so much amusement by their eccentric and inappropriate application, it must be understood that they were seldom intended to illustrate the text. The public expected a woodcut as decoration, and the printer did his best to supply this. He made the best of his stock, and very conscientiously fitted them to the ballads which they best suited. They may have been cut in the first instance as illustrations to some of the histories referred to above. It would scarcely have been worth while to cut a block for a broadside, though even this has been essayed in a rude fashion. The type, cuts, founts and presses have been passed on from one printer to another; and we find many curious and interesting early woodcuts on modern issues. In later times James Catnach and his successors employed many a pretty woodcut by

Bewick and his pupils, which having served its original purpose in a reading or spelling book, or as a tail-piece to one of Bewick's own publications, ended its existence on a ballad-sheet. As woodcuts became more plentiful the printer had more scope for his fancy and taste. Thus we find a ballad about Turpin's Black Bess appropriately headed with a plodding pack-horse; "Caller Herrin" having a nautical flavour, has allotted to it a picture of Chinese junks; and the song "Fly away, pretty Moth," suggesting natural history, is adorned by a picture of a thrush.

The "Garlands" were generally the size of a ballad-sheet folded twice, and thus folded varied in size from about 6 x 4 to 7½ x 5 ins. The front page was reserved for the title and list of contents, and was usually adorned with a central woodcut, which had seldom anything to do with any piece in the interior. Sometimes the garland was entirely occupied by one lengthy ballad, after which it was named, as "Catskin's Garland;" and the words still retained the garland title, even when printed in ballad-sheet form. In general, however, the garland consisted of a collection of songs; whence the name, bestowed in the first instance on such little anthologies by some romantic-minded printer who compared his wares to a string of choice flowers. Some of the titles of the 16th and 17th century booklets of song are poetic enough, as, "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," 1584, "The Crown Garland of Goulden Roses;" "The Garland of Goodwill;" "The Garland of Loyalty," etc. They frequently at this period ran to twenty or thirty pages; but, as the 18th century came in, the garland was confined to the single sheet folded twice, and this style held in favour until nearly the middle of the 19th century.

To prevent misconception, it may here be stated that music was never printed in garlands. Nor was it upon broadsides, with the exception of a very few ballad-sheets of the 17th century where a rough wood-engraving of a tune heads the ballad. Amongst these rare exceptions are some broadsides printed by *J. Deacon* at the Angel in Guiltspur Street.

Although the music did not accompany the words of these publications the ballad was, in a great number of cases, directed to be sung to a particular tune, or sometimes a choice of airs was given. It is one of the delights of the Musical Antiquary to identify these tunes from early printed works or musical manuscripts; Chappell and Rimbault were most clever and industrious in the pursuit, yet many of the 16th and 17th century tunes named still remain unidentified.

London was the home of the ballad and garland-printer before the middle of the 18th century, but after that time the provinces had many ballad-printers. Edinburgh had, however, been issuing broadsides from the end of the 16th century, and Glasgow was possibly fairly early in the field. Ballads and garlands were printed at Stirling

and Newcastle at a fairly early date; and Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Durham, Preston, Gloucester and many other provincial towns were also ballad-printing centres.

In London the principal locality of the ballad-printer was, during the 16th century, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside and Paternoster Row. In the 17th century Pye Corner and Holborn, with Smithfield and London Bridge, were the principal addresses on the imprints; while in the 18th century Smithfield, Bow Churchyard and Aldermary Churchyard were the favoured places of production. In the early part of the 19th century the Seven Dials and St. Giles gave forth the ballad-sheet in greatest plenty.

The following printers, who were in general typographers of standing, and in many cases members of the Stationers' Company, may be mentioned as among those whose names appear on the earliest specimens of the ballad-sheet now remaining:—

*John Gough*, "at the signe of the Mermayd" in Cheapside, was a printer of considerable repute. He printed ballads in 1540 and was working before that date. *John Redman*, "at ye signe of our Ladye" in Paternoster Row, was also responsible for a ballad in 1540, as was *Richard Bankes* at the same date. In 1550 *John Walley*, in Foster Lane, was printing ballads, and, with the widow of a printer, named *Robert Toy*, is named as having printed many ballads whose quaint titles alone remain to us. *Richard Lant*, *William Pickeringe*, *John Carwood*, *Thomas Gosson* and others all belong to the 16th century, as does also *Richard Jones* or *Jhones*, who printed ballads in 1572, and a celebrated song-book, "A Handful of Pleasant Delites," in 1584. He lived in Fleet Lane, near Holbourn Bridge (just where the Holborn Viaduct now stands).

In the 17th century ballad-printing became more general, and many of the publishers clubbed together, so that we find several names on an imprint. Other sheets merely give the name of the publisher, who got different printers to work for him. One of these was *Henry Gosson* in 1616 and later; and another, *John Trundle*, who had a shop in Cripplegate, was such a noted ballad-vendor that he is named in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour." He published in 1615 and 1624. In 1642 and for twenty years later flourished *Francis Coles* or *Coules*, with a shop on Saffron Hill. He was a prominent ballad-seller, and published in conjunction with *T. Vere* and *William Gilbertson*. Of this period also were *Alexander Milbourn*, *Francis Grove*, *J. Wright*, *William Onley*, and the "Assignes of Thomas Symcocke." In 1687 *William Thackeray* at the "Angel in Duck Lane" issued, with *T. Passenger*

at the "Three Bibles on London Bridge," many interesting ballads, garlands, histories and chap-books.

Whether at the opening of the 18th century ballad-printing rather slackened, or whether the ballads have not been preserved, is uncertain; but they seem to be far scarcer at this period. Many, too, were issued without the names of publisher or printer. *John Cluer*, who afterwards became a noted music-publisher, first began in Bow Churchyard, Cheapside, with the printing of ballads, about 1700-10. He was directly followed in this line by *William Dicey*, about 1730; the imprint then merely gave, "Printed and sold in Bow Church Yard"; but *Dicey & Co.* and *Dicey & Okell* were at work as late as 1763, selling patent medicines, after the fashion of small printers and stationers of that day, and advertising largely in provincial newspapers. *Dicey*, prior to taking up *Cluer's* business in London, had been established at Northampton, where, in partnership with *Robert Raikes* (afterwards a Gloucester printer and music-publisher, and father to Robert Raikes the founder of Sunday Schools), he had carried on an extensive business. In 1720 *Raikes* and *Dicey* were printing many excellent and interesting ballad-sheets, and at this date they advertise "all sorts of ballads, broadsheets and histories with finer cuts, better print and as cheap as any place in England." Judging by the specimens I have seen, this statement appears to be true.

At a somewhat later date ballads are found bearing the imprint, "Printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard. In 1793-4, *J. Marshall* was at this address, issuing engraved song-sheets, each adorned with a pictorial heading. Then arose *John Evans*, of 42, Long Lane, Smithfield. He was printing ballads in 1791, and no doubt had been established long before this date. Besides the ordinary typographical ballad-sheet, he published some engraved song-sheets of the same date and nature as those just mentioned. *C. Sheppard*, of 19, Lambeth Hill, Doctors Common, was also printing this kind of engraved sheet in 1786. *John Evans* appears to have had several sons, who succeeded in due course to their father's business, having been previously in partnership with him. About 1800 the firm is *J. Evans & Son*, afterwards "Sons," and they were printers to the Religious Tract Society, producing for it many quaint religious penny stories with pretty and clever woodcut adornments, just in the same style as the old garlands. The famous "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" was one of these. Another *Evans* imprint is *J. & C. Evans*—evidently two brothers in partnership after the death of the father, at the old address, 42, Long Lane. Another of the family, *T. Evans*, was at 79, Long Lane, about 1800-5, while the original firm at 42, Long Lane, became prior to 1810, *Howard & Evans*, and by 1815 had reverted to its old style of "John Evans & Son."

It was about the beginning of the 19th century that *J. Pitts* first appeared. It is said that "Johnny" Pitts was really a female, who had been a bum-boat woman, serving the fleet with "soft tack," tobacco and a thousand and one other things, no doubt including ballad-sheets. (*See Hindley's Life of James Catnach*). But whether this really was the case or not it is difficult to decide. He (or she) did a very large business in ballad and garland-printing and vending, besides having a warehouse for the sale of toys, marbles and other children's wares. The first address was 14, Great St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials, but in later issues the address changes to No. 6 in the same street. Pitts probably disappeared from the ballad-printing world about 1815.

It was in 1813 that *James Catnach* first came to London, and set up business at 2 and 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials. He was the son of a printer, also named J. Catnach, at Alnwick. The elder Catnach printed and published books (chiefly poems illustrated by Bewick), in the choicest style of typography, and bearing the dates of the early years of the 19th century. At one time he was in partnership with a person named Davison. James Catnach the younger, when he came to London, made a revolution in ballad-printing; he had the excellent traditions of his father's work to keep up. He discarded the coarse, blue-tinged or whitey-brown paper on which Pitts and Evans had printed, and used white paper of good quality, always in crown quarto size, and exceedingly thin, though durable. His type was good, not the confusion of founts known as "printers' pye"; and his woodcut decorations were generally printed from artistic and well-cut blocks. He soon established a great trade, and printed, besides ballads, innumerable penny song-books of all sizes, some little bigger than a postage stamp. These were the "Little Warblers," once so popular. Catnach retired in 1838 and died in 1841. On his retirement the business was taken over by his sister, *Anne Ryle*, who reprinted Catnach's ballads and added to them. She advertises "4,000 sorts," with the imprint *Ryle & Co.* Her manager was James Paul, and at one time the imprint ran *J. Paul & Co.* In 1845 it returned to "A. Ryle & Co.," and this remained until at least 1856. *W. S. Fortey*, who had been in the business many years, now took over the concern, and occupied the old shop in Monmouth Court until modern improvements swept it away. He then removed to adjoining premises at 4, Great St. Andrews Street. It was in Catnach's time that stereotypes were introduced into the ballad-printing trade; and it is perhaps fortunate for the preservation of the old versions that this was done, for reprinting became an easy matter, and we get on Fortey's issues many of the original Catnach ballads.

Contemporary with James Catnach were *T. Batchelor*, of Little Cheapside, Moor-



fields, afterwards of 14, Hackney Road Crescent; *G. Piggot*, 60, Old Street; and *T. Birt*, 39, Great St. Andrews Street, Seven Dials. *J. Davenport*, 6, George Court, was rather earlier; he was printing in 1802. Later than Catnach were *E. Hodges*, "from Pitts," 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials, afterwards of 26, Gratton Street, and *Henry Disley*, 57, High Street, St. Giles, who was printing in 1860.

One of the most important of modern ballad-printers was *Henry Parker Such*. He was apparently the son or other relation of John Such, who printed in Budge Row, Cannon Street, from the early forties up to the sixties. In 1848 Henry Parker Such was a grocer in Bermondsey; but the following year (1849) he turned news-vendor, and no doubt printer, at 123, Union Street, Borough. We find a great number of Such's ballad-sheets bearing this address. His later addresses were, (1869) 177, Union Street, and (1886) 183, Union Street—probably the same premises re-numbered. I am not sure whether the Such firm is now printing ballads so largely as in its golden days, but its issues contain much that is valuable in the matter of folk-song.

There is, perhaps, yet space to glance at some Scottish and provincial ballad and garland-printers. Edinburgh was early in the field. *Robert Lekprewicke*, or *Lekprewick*, an Edinburgh printer of note, who was the first to print music in the north, issued ballads about 1570 at the Netherbow in Edinburgh, and others in 1572 at St. Andrews, where he lived for some months after working at Stirling and before returning to Edinburgh. There is no room here to trace the early Scottish ballad-printers, but it may be mentioned that in 1823-6 a great number of garlands were printed by *William Macnie* at Stirling, while about the same period we find similar publications with the imprint *G. Caldwell, Paisley*. At Airdrie song-garlands were printed about 1823-5 by *J. & J. Neil*; and Glasgow, in 1829, is represented by a big series with no other imprint than "Glasgow, printed for the booksellers."

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, about 1820-5, the chief printer of garlands was *J. Marshall*, in the old Flesh Market. About fifteen or twenty years ago, so many garlands by Marshall got into circulation among the second-hand booksellers, that many people were under the impression that they were modern reprints. This, however, was not the case; they were merely turned adrift from some vast store of unsold copies, which had remained untouched for sixty or seventy years.

*Walker*, of Durham, was printing ballads and garlands in 1839 and later; and *Harkness*, of Church Street, Preston, in Lancashire, about 1850-5, issued a large series of well-printed and interesting ballad-sheets. At this time, too, *Richard Barr* (succeeded by *Andrews*), of Leeds, was working off broadsides and ballads; so also was *Beaumont*, in the same town.

Of Manchester ballad-printing many old examples are found, with the imprint *W. Shelmerdine & Co.*, Deansgate; these date from about 1815-20. Much later, Manchester ballads came from *John Bebbington*, 31, Oldham Road (and with another address, 26, Goulden Street), while *Jacques*, *Pearson* and *White* were also of the fraternity of ballad-printers in this city.

A York printer of pretty garlands, chap-books and ballads, was *J. Kendrew*, about 1840-50. An earlier York printer was *C. Croshaw*, of Coppergate, circa 1820. *J. Jennings* printed at Sheffield in the fifties, and *W. Pratt* about the same time in Birmingham. About 1790-1800, *S. Summerside* was printing at 58, White-chapel, Liverpool, sometimes with the imprint "Mrs. Summerside," and there were also other Liverpool ballad-printers.

The above rambling article must be taken as merely touching the fringe of what the writer thinks an interesting subject.

FRANK KIDSON.

LEEDS,

*June*, 1905.

# 1.—T'OWD YOWE WP' ONE HORN.

SUNG BY MR. DEAN ROBINSON (AGED 74), OF SCAWBY BROOK, LINGS.,  
AT BRIGG, LINGS., APRIL 11TH, 1905.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

There was an old ewe with on - ly one horn, Fif-teen aw me non-ny !..... And she  
picked up her liv - ing a - mong the green corn, So turn the wheel round so bon-ny. ....

or

One day said the pindar to his man,

"O dear, Johnny!

I prithee, go pin that owd yowe, if t'a can."

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

So off went the man to pin this old yowe,

Fifty naw me nonny ;

She knocked him down three times among the green corn,

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

Then the butcher was sent for to kill this owd yowe,

The butcher comes, a-whetting of his knife,

The owd yowe she started a whetting her pegs,

She ran at the butcher and broke both his legs.

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

This old yowe was sent to fight for the king,

Fifty naw me nonny ;

She killed horsemen and footmen just as they came in,

So turn the wheel round so bonny.

This absurd production has at least what appears to be a very early air associated with it. It was sung at the North Lincolnshire Musical Competition Festival held at Brigg, in the Folk-Song Competition at which I acted as judge. I awarded the third prize for this song, the first prize being given for a good version of "Creeping Jane," and the second to a version of "Come, all you merry Ploughboys." These last do not differ materially from variants already in print in the *Folk-Song Journals*, the *Besom Maker*, and *Folk-Songs of Somerset*, they have therefore been omitted here.

The results of this first Folk-Song Competition, at the North Lincolnshire Festival, show that the county is "certainly rich in traditional airs."—F. K.

Mr. Dean Robinson's tune is a variant of the "Maid of Islington." See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i, 204.—C. J. S.

This tune belongs to a type very generally associated with the ballads of "The Outlandish Knight" (or "May Colvin") and "Lord Lovel."—L. E. B.

## 2.—BRIGG FAIR.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR, OF SAXBY, LINCS.,  
AT BRIGG, LINCS., APRIL 11TH, 1905.

*Fairly slow.*



It was on the fifth of Au - gust, the weath - er hot and  
fair,..... Un to Brigg Fair I did re-pair, for love I was in-clined.

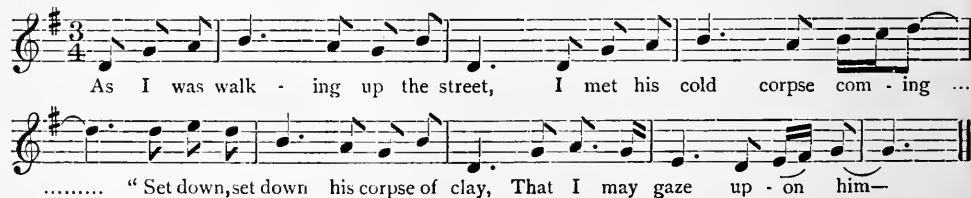
I rose up with the lark in the morning,  
With my heart so full of glee;  
Expecting there to meet my dear,  
Long time I'd wished to see.

Mr. Taylor sang this in private, after the competition. The rest of the verses were forgotten by him. The air is a particularly fine and beautiful one.—F. K.

## 3.—BARBARA ELLEN.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, LINCS., APRIL 11TH, 1905.



As I was walk - ing up the street, I met his cold corpse com - ing ...  
..... "Set down, set down his corpse of clay, That I may gaze up - on him—

### SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MRS. BENNEFER,  
AT KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN. 11TH, 1905.



Bar - bar - y Al - len, Al - len,

One verse only was remembered of this lengthy ballad. The singer was positive that the name of this song was "Barbara Ellen," not "Allan," another confirmation that this is the truer title. It has been suggested that "Barbara" was probably "barbarous."

The air is almost identical with a version of "Barbara Allan" in *Traditional Tunes*.—F. K.

Mr. Taylor's tune has some connection with one occasionally sung to "Hares in the old Plantation."—R. V. W.

For other tunes, and references to the very humorous versions of both air and words, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Nos. 3, 5, and 6. The song appears in some form in nearly every collection of English and Scotch ballads. I have also on a music-sheet printed by Bland and Weller (1793-1800) a version "Composed by Mr. Hook," called "Well away cruel Barbara Allen, a favourite song sung by Master Welsh at Vauxhall Gardens." The air, in  $\frac{6}{8}$  time, has no likeness to any traditional tune that I have seen and could not be mistaken for a folk-tune."—L. E. B.

#### 4.—ONCE I COURTED A DAMSEL.

Tune noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, Lincs., APRIL 11TH, 1905.

Once I court - ed a dam - sel, a most fair and beau - ty bride,..... And I  
did my best en - dea - vour for to gain her heart's de - light. I  
court - ed her for love... ..

Mr. Taylor could remember only this fragment of a verse. Compare the tune with the traditional song "Cupid's Garden" (Chappell's *Popular Music*, etc.)

## 5.—BONNY BOY.

DORIAN

SUNG BY REV. T. HEELIS, CROSTHWAITE,  
AT THE KENDAL COMPETITION, WESTMORLAND, MAY, 1905.

I once had a boy and a bon - ny boy too, And a  
boy which I thought was my own, But now he's got an - oth - er far  
bet - ter than I, Let him take ..... her, and why ..... should I  
mourn ..... Let him take her, and why should I mourn ?

I walked up yon meadows, yes, and down yon green fields,  
And the day being so pleasant and fine ;  
I played upon my flute and I played upon my fife,  
But no bonny, bonny boy could I find.

I slept in the west and I slept in the east,  
And I viewed these two quarters all round ;  
When who should I spy but my bonny, bonny boy,  
He was rolled in some other one's arms.

He beckoned me with his lily-white hand,  
Just thinking I was at his command ;  
I slyly cast my eye, oh ! as I was passing by,  
I would scorn to be bound to that man.

The girl that has taken my bonny boy from me,  
May she comfort him as well as she can ;  
May she enjoy him as never enjoyed me ;  
I can wed with some other young man.

### SECOND VERSION.

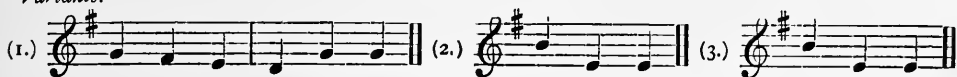
*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

SUNG BY MR. HARPER (FISHERMAN),  
AT KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN., 1905.

I once had a boy and a bon - ny boy too, And a  
boy which I thought was my own, But now he's got an - oth - er far  
bet - ter than I, Let him take ..... her, and why ..... should I  
mourn ..... Let him take her, and why should I mourn ?



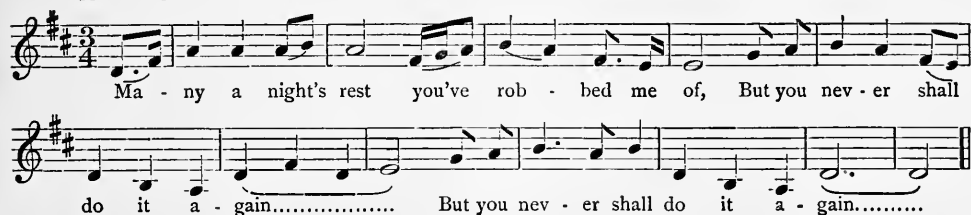
Variants.



### THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by W. Percy Merrick, Manor Farm,  
Shepperton, June, 1901.

SUNG BY MR. HILLS, FARMER, SUSSEX.



For a Dorian tune from Hampshire, to very similar words, see "My bonnie, bonnie Boy" in *English County Songs*. There is a fine minor tune "My bonny Boy," collected by Colonel David Balfour of Balfour (Orkneys), in his *Ancient Orkney Melodies* (1885). This latter is very much like one noted to the same ballad by the Rev. S. Baring Gould in Devonshire. In the *Petrie Collection of Ancient Irish Music* (Boosey and Co.) there are two versions called "I once loved a Boy"—part i, no. 452, a minor air, and part i, no. 471, a major tune. For another minor tune and copious notes on the song see "Cupid's Trepan" (or "Trappan"), "Bonny, bonny Bird" or "Brave Boys" in Chappell's *Popular Music*. The words may be found on very early ballad-sheets. One broadside (*Donce Collection*, vol. i, Bodleian Library) has the following comprehensive title: "Cupid's Trepan, or the Scorne Scorn'd, or Willow turn'd into Carnation. Discribed in the Ranting Resolution of a Forsaken Maid. To a pleasant new Tune now all in Fashion." This begins "Once did I love a bonny, bonny bird," and has a refrain with "Brave Boys" in it. There are nineteen verses, printed for W. O., at Pye Corner, London Bridge. The ballad-sheet is adorned with a 17th century woodcut.

There is another version, black-letter, in the *Donce Collection*, "Printed for F. Cole, T. Vere and J. Wright." See also the *Pepys and Roxburghe Collections*. Mr. A. P. Graves has re-written and published a version of the old words.—L. E. B.

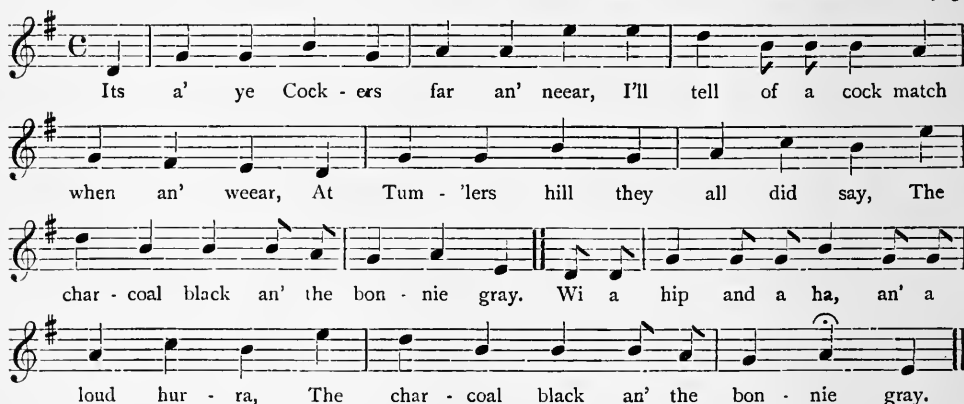
The various versions collected all point to one original, I believe, and that is undoubtedly very old.—F. K.

The words of version two followed fairly closely those in *English County Songs*.—R. V. W.

# 6.—WA'NEY COCKFEIGHTIN' SANG.

Tune noted by Cecil F. Sharp.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. COLLINSON, OF CASTERTON,  
AT THE KENDAL COMPETITION, MAY, 1905.



Its a' ye Cock - ers far an' neear, I'll tell of a cock match  
when an' weear, At Tum - 'lers hill they all did say, The  
char - coal black an' the bon - nie gray. Wi a hip and a ha, an' a  
loud hur - ra, The char - coal black an' the bon - nie gray.

When these two cocks com' to be shown,  
The north Sceal shouts w'll fight none ;  
Reasons why they all did say,  
The charcoal black's t' big for the gray.

Its to the house t' tak a cup ;  
This cock match it was soon made up,  
Ten guineas a side, these cocks will play,  
The charcoal black an' the bonny gray.

These cocks hedn't struck past two or three blows,  
When Biggar lads cries now we loose,  
Which med 'em all both wan an' pale,  
They wished they'd fou't for a gallon o' ale.

Miley Heslom com sweerin' down,  
He'd bet a guinea to a crown,  
If our black cock he gits fair play,  
He'll drive off the sod the bonny gray.

Now this black cock he hes lost,  
Which med Biggar lads to swear an' corss ;  
They wished they'd niver cum that day  
T' Tumler's hill t' see the play.



Wi' a cooal black breast an' a silver wing,  
 Six brothers of his fou't befor the king;  
 Wi' a hip an' a ha, an' a loud hurra,  
 An' away they went wi' the bonnie gray.

Mr. Collinson told me that "Wa'ney" is Walney Island, Vickerstown, and "Tum'ler's Hill" is Tumbil's Hill.

The words are the same as those of "The Holbeck Moor Cock-fight" in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 136. They are also on a broadside by Harkness of Preston, entitled "Bonny Grey."—C. J. S.

Versions of the words are in Harland's *Ballads of Lancashire*, 1865, and in John Ashton's *Modern Street Ballads*.—F. K.

# 7.—LEDDY, I WILL GIE YOU A PENNY'S WORSE O' PREENS.

Tune noted by L. E. Broadwood.

SUNG BY FISH-WIVES OF CROMARTY, N.E. SCOTLAND.

He) "Led - dy, I will gie you a pen-ny's worse o' preens, To  
 tie up your floun - ces, or o - ny o - ser sings, If ye'll wa-ak, If ye'll  
 wa-ak, If ye'll wa-ak wis me o - ny wheres.'

*She.* I'll no' except o' your penny's worse o' Preens,  
 To tie up my flouncers, or ony oser sings,  
 I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,  
 I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.

*He.* Leddy, I will gie you a fine, hairy muff,  
 To keep warm your hands, when the weather's cold an' rough,  
 If ye'll wa-ak, if ye'll wa-ak,  
 If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.

*She.* I'll no' except o' your fine, hairy muff,  
 To keep warm my hands, when the weather's cold an' rough,  
 I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,  
 I'll no wa-ak wis you onywheres.

*He.* Leddy, I will gie you a fine, silken dress,  
 Three yards o' lengses to trail upon the gress,  
 If ye'll wa-ak, if ye'll wa-ak,  
 If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.

- She.* I'll no' except o' your fine, silken dress,  
Three yards of lengses to trail upon the gress,  
I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,  
I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.
- He.* Leddy, I will gie you a fine airum-jair, (arm-chair)  
For to sit in the gairding when you ha'e time to spare,  
If ye'll wa-ak, if ye'll wa-ak,  
If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.
- She.* I'll no except o' your fine airum-jair,  
For to sit in the gairding when I ha'e time to spare,  
I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no wa-ak,  
I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.
- He.* Leddy, I will gie you the key o' my kist,  
To take gold an' silver, whichever you like best,  
If ye'll wa-ak, If ye'll wa-ak,  
If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.
- She.* I'll no' except o' the key o' your kist,  
To take gold an' silver, whichever I like best,  
I'll no' wa-ak, I'll no' wa-ak,  
I'll no' wa-ak wis you onywheres.
- He.* Leddy, I will gie you the key o' my hairt,  
And your hairt an' my hairt will never, never pairt,  
If ye'll wa-ak, If ye'll wa-ak,  
If ye'll wa-ak wis me onywheres.
- She.* I will except o' the key o' your hairt,  
And your hairt an' my hairt will never, never pairt,  
I will wa-ak, I will wa-ak,  
I will wa-ak wis you onywheres ! "

This song was noted by me in March, 1889, from the singing of Mrs. Penfold Wyatt, an accomplished singer and musician. Mrs. Wyatt learned it from her aunt, Miss Scott, living in Edinburgh some years ago. Miss Scott went yearly to Cromarty and learned the song from its being a favourite one amongst the fisher-girls there. I have in my MS. Collection three English airs to the same type of words, all distinct from the above and each other, but they are not of great interest melodically, nor do the words present any important points. It is worth mentioning, however, that the dialogue is acted often by two country singers, who put a good deal of dramatic feeling into the song. I have seen it prettily performed by a little Yorkshire village boy and girl, who sang words beginning "Madam, I present you with a paper of pins" to the nursery tune "What have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?" The boy offered pins, a bell (presumably silver) and other objects hastily borrowed. The girl refused them, but greedily snatched at "a golden watch, tō hang by your side when you do go to church"—a watch kindly lent by the curate of the village. At this mark of cupidity the boy, raising a threatening hand, sang a scornful farewell, in which, after reviewing all the smaller gifts that he had offered to her in vain, he finished with "But you *would* accept of a little golden watch! *Now I won't walk*

with you !” See “I will give you the Keys of Heaven” in *English County Songs*, and “Blue Muslin” in *Songs of the West* for other versions with tunes, and most nursery-rhyme books for similar words.—L. E. B.

This tune would be Dorian if it were not for the B natural in the final cadence. This effect is not native to a folk-song, as it is a harmonic rather than a melodic device. It is just possible that, as this tune has come to us through the singing of two cultivated musicians accustomed to harmonic music, the B may have been unconsciously raised a semitone by them.—R. V. W.

# 8.—MADAM, I’LL PRESENT TO YOU THE KEYS OF MY HEART.

Tune noted by C. F. Sharp.

SUNG BY MRS. WELCH,  
AT ILE BRUERS, SOMERSET, SEPT. 6TH, 1904.

Ma-dam, I'll pre-sent to you the keys of my heart, The day that we get mar-ried we'll

nev - er more de - part, If thou wilt walk with me, with

me, If thou wilt walk with me.....

*He.* Madam, I'll present to you a fine silken gown,  
Nine yards all a-dropping to the ground,  
If thou wilt walk with me.

*She.* I will not accept a fine silken gown,  
Nine yards all a-dropping to the ground;  
I will not walk with thee.

*He.* Madam, I'll present to you a fine silver ball,  
To tumble in your garden the finest day of all,  
If thou wilt walk with me.

*She.* I will not accept a fine silver ball,  
To tumble in my garden the finest day of all;  
I will not walk with thee.

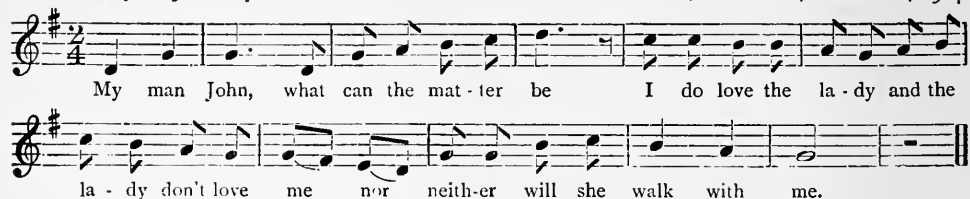
*He.* Madam, I'll present to you a fine silver chest,  
With a key of gold and silver and jewels of the best,  
If thou wilt walk with me.

*She.* I will not accept a fine silver chest,  
With a key of gold and silver and jewels of the best;  
I will not walk with thee.

# 9.—MY MAN JOHN; OR, MADAM, I'LL PRESENT YOU.

Tune noted by C. F. Sharp.

SUNG BY MRS. GLOVER,  
AT HUISH EPISCOPI, SOMERSET, SEPT. 6TH, 1904.



*He.* Madam, I'll present you with a little diamond pin,  
To pin up your mantle when you don't walk in.  
O madam, will you walk with me?

Madam, I'll present you with a little golden bell,  
To ring up your servants when you are not well.  
O madam, will you walk with me?

*She.* I shan't accept of your little diamond pin,  
I shan't accept of your little golden bell,  
Nor neither will I walk with you.

*He.* Madam, I'll present you with boots made of cork;  
One was made in London, and one was made in York.  
O madam, will you walk with me?

Madam, I'll present you with a little diamond ring,  
I shall upset (*sic*) of a far better thing.  
O madam, will you walk with me?

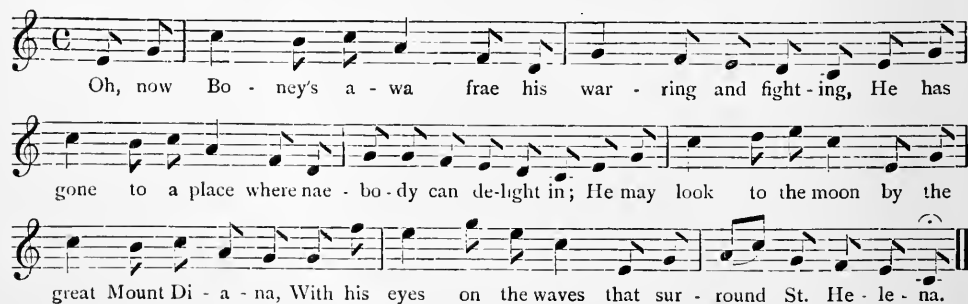
*She.* I shan't accept of your boots made of cork,  
And I shan't accept of your little diamond ring,  
Nor neither will I walk with you.

*He.* Madam, I'll present you with a nice silken gown,  
Nine yards long to drag all on the ground.  
O madam, will you walk with me?

# 10.—THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

Noted in her youth by Mary Oulton, native of Antrim.  
Communicated 1892.

SUNG BY AN OLD SOLDIER  
IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.



Now Louisa, she weeps for her husband departed,  
And she dreams while she sleeps, and she awakes broken-hearted.  
Not a friend to console, even those who might, they winna,  
While forlorn he does mourn in the Isle of St. Helena.

The following is Catnach's ballad-sheet version :—

Now Boney he's awa from his warring and fighting,  
He's gone to the place he never can delight in,  
He may sit now and tell of the scenes that he's seen a',  
While forlorn he doth mourn in the Island of St. Helena.

No more in St. Cloud's he appears in great splendour,  
Nor comes forth wi' great clouds like the great Alexander,  
He may say to the wind by the great Mount Diana,  
His eyes o'er the waves that surround St. Helena.

Since Anna she weeps for her husband departed,  
She dreams when she sleeps, and she wakes broken-hearted,  
Not a friend to console her, those that might, they will na,  
She may mourn when she thinks of the Island of St. Helena

The rude rushing waves of our shores is a-washing,  
And the great billows heave, on the wild rocks dashing,  
He may look on the main, when he thinks of Lucanna,  
With his heart full of woe in the Island of St. Helena.

All you that has great wealth, beware of ambition,  
Some decree of fate may soon change your condition ;  
Be steadfast in time, for what is to come you canna',  
May be, your race may end in the Island of St. Helena.

A ballad-sheet by Such gives this additional verse between the 3rd and 4th ; it is otherwise identical.

Now Boney's laid low, in his cold grave he's sleeping,  
While Lucy and his son o'er his tomb they are weeping,  
It's surrounded by trees called the fair weeping willow,  
And they'll droop down their heads to the loud foaming billow.

This is evidently an addition made after the death of Bonaparte. The ingenuity of the poet in finding a rhyme for " St. Helena " is commendable. One verse of the song is quoted in Whiting's *Yellow Van*.—F. K.

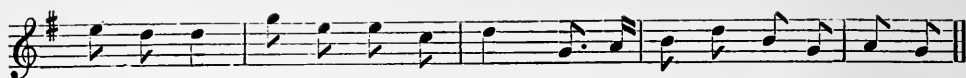
For notes on the contribution see " The Battle of King's Bridge."

### BONEY'S IN ST. HELENA.

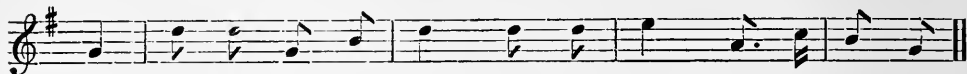
Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW  
AT HORSHAM, SUSSEX, DEC. 22ND, 1904.





Mr. Burstow always sang the first line of the first verse thus :

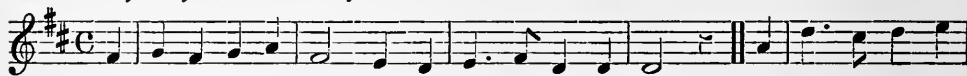


## 11.—THE BATTLE OF KING'S BRIDGE

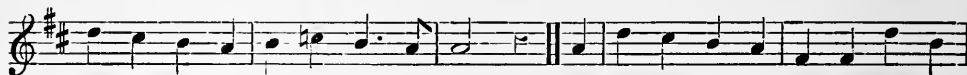
OR, THE NORTH AMERIKAY.

SUNG BY AN OLD IRISH SOLDIER,  
IN THE STREETS OF DUBLIN.

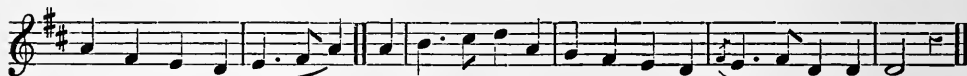
*Tune noted by Mary Oulton, native of Antrim.*



Dear Mol-ly, read those vers - es That I have writ - ten here, And when you have pe -



- rus - ed them You can't but shed a tear, To think of all our mis - er - ies, 'Twill



grieve your heart full sore, ..... When I re-late our sorrows Since we left our na - tive shore.

The first of last November, at the dawning of the day,  
In New York we landed, and anchored in the Bay ;  
To meet our foes at King's Bridge, next morn we marched away,  
To fight our old relations in the North Amerikay.

Many a valiant hero, brought up with tender care,  
Like lambs, that day, at King's Bridge they cruelly slaughtered were.  
Down on our Irish horses the cannon-balls did play,  
This was a woeful welcome to the North Amerikay.

Through fields of blood we waded, while cannons they did roar,  
And many a valiant hero lay, covered with his gore ;  
And heaps of mangled soldiers upon the plain there lay,  
Who were both killed and wounded in the North Amerikay.

'Twould melt your heart with pity to hear the soldiers' wives,  
Screaming for their dead husbands with melancholy cries ;  
And the children crying " Ma ! Ma !" sure, we may rue the day  
We came to lose our fathers in the North Amerikay !

Now to conclude my ditty : God bless our gracious King,  
And may this loyal city stout Irish to him bring ;  
God bless our British soldiers, both by land and sea,  
And protect our Irish heroes in the North Amerikay.

The above was learned and noted in her youth by Miss Mary Oulton, who was 73 years old in the year 1892, when she sent me the tunes and words here printed.

She took them down from the singing of a very old Irish soldier. The ballad reflects some of the strong feeling which prevailed in Ireland against her people being drawn into England's war with America. In 1776 Irish troops were sent to join the British in "the North Americay." King's Bridge, a pass about fifteen miles from New York, had been strongly fortified by the Americans under General Washington.

On September 15th, 1776, the British forces, 70,000 strong, under General Howe captured and destroyed the fort entirely, afterwards taking New York with great bloodshed.

*Cf.* the tune and words here given with "Farewell to Kingsbridge" in *Songs of the West*. Kingsbridge is also a town in Devonshire, and the words of the song collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould are ingeniously adapted in order that they should seem to be uttered by a Devonshire soldier on the brink of leaving Kingsbridge for America. Such printed a similar ballad, which however does not introduce the name of King's Bridge. The Rev. S. Baring Gould mentions "a form of the same ballad, beginning "Honour calls to arms, boys," published in broadside by Hodges and referring to fighting the *French* in North America.

The last three bars of the tune to "Farewell to Kingsbridge" have some likeness to the Irish air. I believe it to belong to a class of traditional tune which prevails much in England and Ireland, and a version of which probably originated the air of "The Wearing of the Green." For an interesting comparison see the "Lamentation Air" in Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*. Dr. Joyce writes that ballad-sheet accounts of tragic occurrences were (in 1872) "nearly all sung to the following air—at least in the South of Ireland; . . . *I have repeatedly heard Lamentations sung to this air in the streets of Dublin.*" Compare also "The Dawning of the Day" in Joyce's *Collection*. Both airs have a distinct likeness in type to "The Battle of Kingsbridge."—L. E. B.

## 12.—YOUNG BANKER.

SUNG BY A MAID-SERVANT,

Tune noted by Alfred Atkinson, Brigg, 1904.

AT ISLE OF AXHOLME, NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE.

As I walked out one morn - ing fair..... To view the  
fields, and take the air, Oh, there I spied young  
Bank - er all a - lone, For his true love he was mak - ing moan.

He said, " My pretty fair maid, will you go on deck,  
 With a chain of gold around your neck?  
 Whate'er you do it may prove true."  
 The answer that she made, " I'll have none of you."

Young Banker turned round, for to go away,  
 She called after him to bid him stay:  
 " O stay, O stay, and I will prove true."  
 The answer that he gave, " I'll have none of you."

Now, she thought she heard a foreign man say,  
 " Come, pack up your clothes and come away."  
 It pierced her through the very heart,  
 To think that young Banker from her should part.

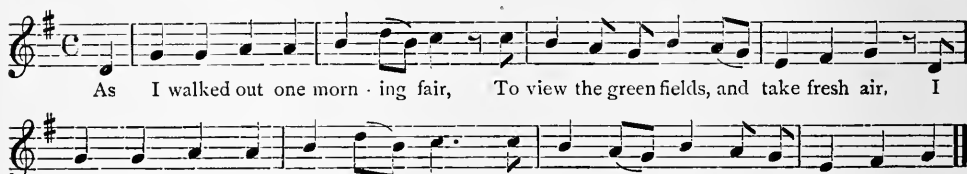
" Young Banker, he had such a handsome face,  
 And round his hat wore a band of lace,  
 Besides such a handsome head of hair,  
 For my young Banker I will go there."

Come all you pretty fair maids in senses of loss,  
 Since the day in love you have been crossed,  
 For you may lament and you may say,  
 For ever rue the day that you said nay.

#### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. J. PROBERT,  
 HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

*Tune noted by J. Griffiths.*



As I walked out one morn - ing fair, To view the green fields, and take fresh air, I  
 saw young Bank - er stand - ing there, And his true love was a { maid - en  
 la - dy fair.

#### THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. THOMPSON,  
 AT KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.

*Tune noted by F. Kidson.*



Miss Mabel Peacock of Kirton in Lindsey, Lincolnshire, who communicates the Brigg version of this tune, explains that a "banker" is a man employed to make embankments, rough stone walls, etc., but it is more probable that the word in this ballad is simply used as a surname.



The words here printed were taken down this year by Mr. Griffiths in Herefordshire, from the singing of Mr. Probert, whose tune seems to be a repetition of the last half of a complete air. The Brigg tune starts with the opening phrase of "The Banks of Sweet Primroses."—L. E. B.

I have noted one version of "Young Banker" in the West Riding, and another in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The tunes are practically identical. I could only get a fragment of the words in each case.—F. K.

### 13.—I'LL LOVE MY LOVE, BECAUSE I KNOW MY LOVE LOVES ME.

*Tune noted by E. Quintrell, Helston.*  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY J. BOADEN, ESQ.,  
AT CURY CROSS LANES, NEAR HELSTON, CORNWALL, MAY, 1905.



Abroad as I was walking, one evening in the spring,  
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing;  
Her chains she rattled with her hands, and thus replied she:  
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me!"

Oh! my cruel parents have been too unkind!  
They've drove and banished me, and tortured my mind!  
Although I'm ruined for his sake, contented will I be;  
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Could I become a swallow, I'd ascend up in the air;  
Then, if I lost my labour, and shouldn't find him there,  
I quickly would become a fish, and search the flowing sea;  
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

With straw I'll make a garland, and dress it very fine,  
I'll mix the same with roses, lily, pink, and thyme,  
I will preserve it for my love when he returns from sea:  
I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

Just as she was sat weeping, her love came on the land,  
Hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand,  
And, as he entered in the gates he heard her sigh and say,  
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me!"

He stood and gazed on her, hearing his love complain,  
He could not stand any longer, he bled in every vein;  
He flew into her snowy-white arms, and replied he:  
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

She said, "My love, don't frighten me; are you my love, or no?"  
 "Oh yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love, also  
 I am returned to make amends for all your injury;  
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

So now they are married, and may they happy be,  
 Like turtle-doves together, in love and unity.  
 All pretty maids with patience wait, that have got loves at sea;  
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Mr. Boaden learned this song from Mr. Curry of Helston, long deceased. The words have been forgotten. Mr. Quintrell, organist, who noted the tune, has been unable, so far, to obtain them; but there is little doubt that they must have been those of a popular ballad, "Bedlam Walks" or "The Maid in Bedlam," of which a version, taken from an old garland in the British Museum, is here given. In Johnson's *Museum* (1787) there are almost similar words put to a very different tune, namely "Gramachree," better known as "The Minstrel Boy." Johnson's version called "The Maid in Bedlam" is said to have been written by George Syron, a negro. Giordani (*circa* 1770) composed yet another, and uninteresting, tune to practically the same words.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould noted a few verses of a similar ballad, *see* "The Loyal Lover" in *Songs of the West*.

The above tune was communicated by Dr. George Gardiner whilst himself collecting in the West of England.—L. E. B.

#### 14.—O, WHAT IS THAT UPON THY HEAD.

MIXOLYDIAN.

*Tune noted at Nancledrea, near Penzance, Cornwall, circa 1852,  
 by Joseph White, and communicated Jan., 1905.*

"O, what is that up - on thy head, So .. daz - ling and so light? O,  
 what is that up - on thy breast, Which shines so clear and bright?" "Up -  
 - on my head there's glo - rious Hope, Up - on my breast my shield, And  
 with my sword I ... mean to fight Un - til I've gained the field."

One verse only was remembered by Mr. White. He communicated the fragment to Dr. George Gardiner.

# 15.—THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

Tune noted by Bertha Bidder, of Stoke House, Stoke Fleming, Devon.

SUNG BY A VILLAGE-WOMAN

PHRYGIAN.

OF STOKE FLEMING.

As I ..... was a - walk - ing by yon - der church wall, I saw  
four - and-twen - ty young men a - play - ing at ... the ball; I  
ask - ed for my own true love, But they would not let him come, For they  
said the boy was young, But a - grow - ing. ....

## THE TREES THEY GROW SO HIGH.

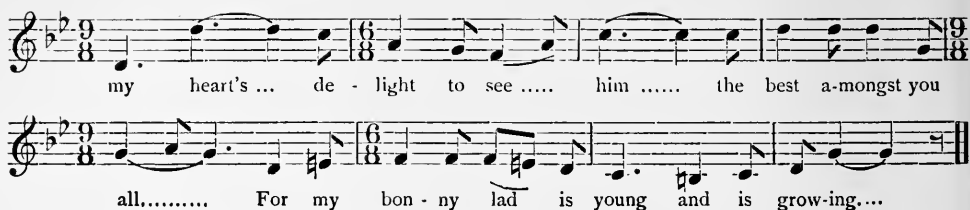
SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. ASH,

AT SOMERSET, 1905.

Tune noted by H. A. Jeboult, of Taunton.

Oh, the trees they grow so high, and the leaves they grow so green, The  
day is past and gone, my love, that you and I ... have seen, It's a  
cold win - ter's night, my love, when you and I must bide a - lone, And my  
bon - ny lad is young, and is grow - ing..... It was



### THIRD VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. GULLION,  
AT SOMERSET, 1905.

Tune noted by H. A. Jebb, of Taunton.



This singular ballad appears apparently for the first time in print with music, in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (1792), under the title "Lady Mary Ann." The major tune there given (which has no likeness whatever to this Devonshire air) is said to have been picked up, with the words, by Robert Burns in the Highlands. The name of the boy in his version is "Young Charlie Cochran." In *A North Countrie Garland*, edited by James Maidment, originally published in 1824, is printed a copy of the poem called "The young Laird of Craigs Toun," with a note appended, giving historical details as to an early marriage of the young laird with a lady, the laird dying shortly afterwards, in 1634. It may be pointed out that the fact of a forced early marriage in a Scottish family may be merely a coincidence, and it does not sufficiently establish a claim to have originated the ballad. Its widely-spread popularity in the South of England, without mention of the boy's name, rather indicates the prevalence of early betrothals and marriages of convenience in the Middle Ages and later. I have noted a version in the West Riding of Yorkshire.—F. K.

Miss Bidder's tune is most interesting, for, as far as I know, with the exception of a different tune in *Songs of the West* to these words, it is an unique specimen of the Phrygian mode in English folk-song. "Gil Morice," however, No. 22 in this volume, has Phrygian characteristics.—R. V. W.

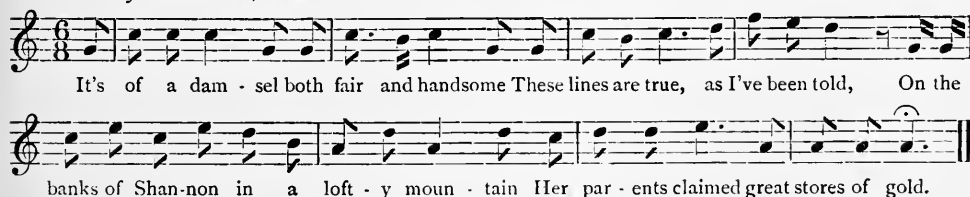
For other tunes, versions of words and copious notes, see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 214, and No. 6, p. 44, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* ("Lady Mary Ann"), Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* ("Young Craigston"), in addition to the other works mentioned in the foregoing notes. Tunes two and three should be compared with those collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould and Mr. Cecil Sharp, as they are allied with both.—L. E. B.

## 16.—THE TWO AFFECTIONATE LOVERS

OR, THE YOUNG SERVANT MAN.

SUNG BY MR. W. BEBB (ROADMAN),  
NEAR WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE.

Tune noted by F. Gwillim, 1905.



It's of a dam - sel both fair and handsome These lines are true, as I've been told, On the  
banks of Shan-non in a loft - y moun - tain Her par - ents claimed great stores of gold.

For all the words see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 220. The ballad appears on a Catnach ballad-sheet as "The Cruel Father and Affectionate Lover," and on other broadsides under different titles.—L. E. B.

The last note of this tune would seem to point to the Æolian mode, but as none of the rest of the air has Æolian characteristics it is probably one of those circular tunes in which verse follows verse without a pause.—R. V. W.

## THE TWO AFFECTIONATE LOVERS.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CHESSON,  
AT KINGS LYNN UNION, NORFOLK, JAN. 10TH, 1905.



# THE YOUNG SERVANT MAN.

THIRD VERSION.

Tunes noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. VERRALL,  
MONKS GATE, HORSHAM, OCT. 8TH, 1904.



# THE CRUEL FATHER AND THE AFFECTIONATE LOVER.

FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER (SHEPHERD),  
AT INGRAVE, NEAR BRENTWOOD, ESSEX, DEC. 3RD, 1903.



# THE CRUEL FATHER.

FIFTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. GARMAN,  
AT FOREST GREEN, NEAR DORKING, SURREY, 1904.





Mr. Garman is a native of Sussex, and used to sing to the Rev. John Broadwood, one of the pioneers of folk-song collecting, who died in 1865. Many of the tunes to these words are in peculiar time, *cf. Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, no. 4, p. 220.—R. V. W.

## 17.—THE LOST LADY FOUND.

Tune noted by L. E. Broadwood, at Ryde, 1893.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HILL (OLD FAMILY NURSE),  
NATIVE OF STAMFORD, LINCOLNSHIRE.

*Allegro ben marcato.*

'Twas down in a val - ley a fair maid did dwell, She lived with her  
un - cle, as all knew full well. 'Twas down in the val - ley, where  
vi - o lets were gay, Three gip - sies be - trayed her, and stole her a - way.

Long time she'd been missing, and could not be found,  
Her uncle, he searched the country around,  
Till he came to her Trustee; between hope and fear,  
The Trustee made answer, "She has not been here."

The Trustee spoke up, with courage so bold,  
"I fear she has been lost for the sake of her gold;  
So we'll have life for life, sir," the Trustee did say,  
"We shall send you to prison, and there you shall stay."

There was a young squire that loved her so,  
Oftimes to the school-house together they did go.  
"I'm afraid she is murdered; so great is my fear,  
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear."

He travell'd through England, through France, and through Spain,  
Till he ventured his life on the watery main;  
And he came to a house where he lodged for a night,  
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him, she knew him, and flew to his arms,  
 She told him her grief, while he gazed on her charms.  
 "How came you to Dublin, my dearest?" said he.  
 "Three gipsies betrayed me, and stole me away."

"Your uncle's in England, in prison doth lie,  
 And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die."  
 "Carry me to old England, my dearest," she cried;  
 "One thousand I'll give you, and will be your bride."

When she came to old England, her uncle to see,  
 The cart it was under the high gallows-tree.  
 "Oh! pardon! Oh! pardon! Oh! pardon! I crave!  
 Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life to save?"

Then straight from the gallows they led him away,  
 The bells they did ring, and the music did play;  
 Every house in the valley with mirth did resound,  
 As soon as they heard the 'Lost Lady' was found.

#### SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*  
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD (WOODCUTTER),  
 AT EAST HORNDON, ESSEX, FEB. 22ND, 1904.



\* The first verse starts here, and repeats the strain from that point. The whole tune does not appear till the second verse. The words are much the same as the first version.

#### THIRD VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

SUNG BY MR. CHILES,  
 AT WILLINGALE-DOE, ESSEX, APRIL 14TH, 1904.





## FOURTH VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,

AT EAST HORNDON, ESSEX, APRIL 21st, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



Mrs. Hill learned her delightful song when a child from an old cook in Lincolnshire, who danced as she sang it, beating time on the stone kitchen-floor with her iron pattens. I noted only the first verse of the words, as Mrs. Hill followed the ballad-sheet version printed by Such, which is here given. Barrett quotes a Cheshire tune to the same words, in four-time, which is that usually known as "The White Còckade" (see *English Folk-Songs*). In *Sussex Songs* there is yet another version, with the title "Gipsy Song." This has a good major time in three-four time. The words of the "Gipsy Song" were noted before 1840 by the Rev. John Broadwood, and differ considerably from Such's. In the first verse we learn

'Tis of a young damsel that was left all alone,  
 For the sake of her parents she sadly did moan;  
 She had but one uncle, two trustees beside,  
 That were left all alone for this young lady's guide.

The young squire finds his love ultimately in Flanders, and prudently marries her before returning to rescue the uncle from the high gallows-tree.

The words are also on ballad-sheets by Brock of Bristol.

The tune has some likeness to certain Dorian versions of "Green Bushes," noted by Mr. Sharp in Somerset and Dr. Vaughan Williams in Berkshire.

Cf. "The Shepherd Boy" tune in *Sussex Songs* with version two. Dr. Vaughan Williams' three variants were sung to much the same words as those of the ballad-sheet here quoted.—L. E. B.

# 18.—THE BASKET OF EGGS.

Tune noted by Annie Webb.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE (AGED 77).  
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

In Sun-batch field, as two sail - lers were walk - ing,  
With their two pock - ets well lined with gold, And as they both stood to -  
ge - ther talk - ing, A pret - ty young wo-man they did be - hold.

## SECOND VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW, OF HORSHAM, DEC. 7TH, 1903.  
(See *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, part 4, Preface.)

(a) Down in Sand bank (?) fields two sail - ors they were walk - ing, Their pock - ets were both  
(b) lined with gold And as to - geth - er they were talk - ing a fair maid there they  
did be - hold. With a lit - tle bas - ket stand - ing by her  
As she sat down to take her ease, To car - ry it for her  
(c) one of them of - fered, The an - swer was "Sir if you please."

## Variants.

(a) (b) (c)

### THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON (FISHERMAN),  
AT KINGS LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN. 9TH, 1905.

It's of two sai - lors as they was walk - ing, Their pockets be - ing lined with  
gold, As they was a - walk - ing and fond - ly talk - ing, A fair maid here they did be - hold.

For the words of this song see "Eggs in her Basket," *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 2, p. 46. Mr. Colcombe's do not differ materially; they were noted and communicated by Mrs. Leather.

The tune of the first version has some resemblance to tunes noted by me at King's Lynn, Norfolk, January, 1905, and sung to the words "The Captain's Apprentice," and "In Oxford City."

The words of the second and third versions are much the same as in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 2, p. 46. The third has an interesting last verse:

We will go down to yonder valley,  
Where bands of wedlock we will tie,  
We'll set bells ringing, sailors singing,  
You'll enjoy your sweet, happy bride.

R. V. W.

### 19.—HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

Tune noted by Stanley Parson, Mus. Bac.

SUNG BY MR. BURNS (AGED 61),  
AT LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL, APRIL, 1905.

Come gen - tle - men of high re - nown, Of high and low de - gree, True  
'light - ers all in fox - hunt - ing, Come list - en un - to me : A  
sto - ry true I'll tell to you, Con - cern - ing of old Fox, The  
hunts - man rode up to his co - vert, Bold \*Run - ner for to try.

\*?Reynard.

\* All verses after the first begin here

The huntsman rode up to his covert,  
 With horse and hounds so strong;  
 He smacks his whip, and winds his horn,  
 Crying, "The old fox is gone!"

We hunted him o'er hedges high,  
 Through valleys, hills, and rocks;  
 We hunted him sixteen hours, full cry,  
 Through parishes thirteen.

We hunted him sixteen hours, full cry,  
 Through parishes thirteen;  
 We caught him on his native den,  
 It was on Manfell (?) Green.

He said, "Huntsman and hounds, spare me my life,  
 I'll promise and fulfil,  
 I'll touch no dogs or featherèd fowls,  
 Or lambs on yonder hill."

Mr. Burns is an employé of the Urban Council of Launceston. Dr. George Gardiner communicates the song.

#### SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams,  
 MIXOLYDIAN.*

SUNG BY MR. STEPHEN POLL,  
 TILNEY ST. LAWRENCE, NORFOLK, JAN. 7TH, 1905.



The words of version two are practically the same as those of version one, except that the name of the "green" becomes "Parkworth."—R. V. W.

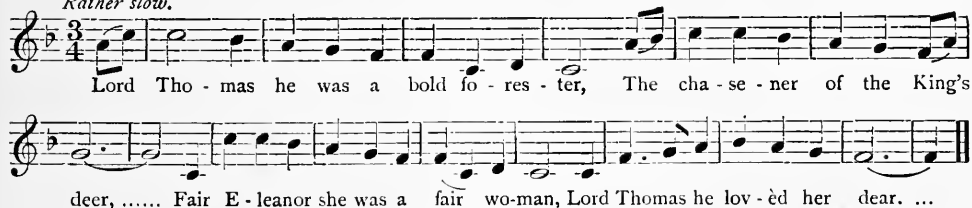
## BALLADS.

### 20.—LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELEANOR.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond, May, 1905.*

SUNG BY MRS. MARY ROWSELL (AGED 80),  
OF GREENWAY ROAD, TAUNTON, SOMERSET.

*Rather slow.*



"O riddle, O riddle, dear mother," he said,  
"O riddle it both as one,  
Whether I shall marry fair Ellen, or not,  
And leave the brown girl alone."

"The brown girl, she've a-got houses and land,  
Fair Ellen, she've a-got none;  
Therefore I charge thee to my blessing,  
The brown girl bring safe t' home."

Lord Thomas, he went to fair Eleanor's bower,  
He knocked so loud on the ring;  
There is none so ready as fair Eleanor's self  
To let Lord Thomas in.

"What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said,  
"What news has thou brought unto me?"  
"I'm come to invite thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad news for thee."

"O, God forbid, Lord Thomas," she cried,  
"That any such thing should be done!  
I thought to have been the bride myself,  
And you to have been the bride-groom!"

"O riddle, O riddle, dear mother," she said,  
"O riddle it both as one,  
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wedding,  
Or whether I tarry at home?"

"There's many that are thy friends, daughter,  
And many that are thy foe;  
Betide thy life, or betide thy death,  
To Lord Thomas' wedding don't go."

" There's many that are my friends, mother,  
 And many more are my foe ;  
 Betide my life, or betide my death,  
 To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go ! "

She dressed herself all in her 'tire,  
 And merry men all in green ;  
 And every town that she went through,  
 They took her to be some queen.

O, when she came to Lord Thomas' tower,  
 She knocked so loud on the ring,  
 There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself,  
 To let the fair Eleanor in.

The brown girl, she had a little pen-knife,  
 Which was both long and sharp ;  
 Between the long ribs and the short  
 She pricked fair Eleanor's heart.

And so the three lovers did meet together,  
 And asunder they did part.

The ballad is certainly old. Ritson speaks of it as a minstrel song. Versions are to be found in many ballad-books, including *Old Ballads*, 1723, and it is found on broadsides of early and of late date.

Compare the tune here given with "To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day," in Chappell's edition.—F. K.

#### SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

SUNG BY MRS. CHIDELL,  
 AT BOURNEMOUTH, 1902.



The above tune was noted from the singing of Mrs. Chidell, lately deceased, at an advanced age. Her sister, Miss Thrupp, writes as follows: "We learnt this ballad and others ("Long Lankin, etc."), words and music, from hearing Mrs. H. Waring sing them at Lyme Regis. I believe she came from Somersetshire, but it does not necessarily follow that they were obtained from Somersetshire people."

# THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by Annie Webb.

SUNG BY MR. F. WHEELER (GROOM),  
NEAR WEGBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

Lord Thomas, he was a bold fo - res - ter, A - keep - ing of the King's deer. Fair

El - i - nor she was the fair - est wo - man, Lord Thomas he lov - ed her dear.

*Last Verse.*

And ev - er so soon they part, ..... "Oh, you who dig my

grave, Pray dig it both wide and deep, ..... And bu - ry fair E - li - nor

at my right hand, And the lit - tle brown girl at my feet ..... That if

ev - er my moth - er she do pass by, She may sit down and weep." ...

# FOURTH VERSION.

Tune noted by Cecil J. Sharp.

SUNG BY MRS. COCKRAM,  
AT MESHAW, N. DEVON, JAN. 9TH, 1904.

*Moderato.*

Lord Tho - mas he was..... a for - est - er bold, And

keep - er of our King's deer ..... Fair El - ean - our she was the

fair - est young la - dy, Lord Tho - mas he loved her dear.....

Mrs. Cockram's version of the words is nearly identical with Mrs. Rowsell's up to the eleventh verse. The last lines of verse five runs however :

" I'm come to bid thee to my wedding,  
Beneath the sycamore tree."

After the eleventh verse Mrs. Cockram sang as follows :

He taketh her by the lily-white hand,  
And led her through the hall,  
And sat her in the noblest chair,  
Amongst the ladies all.

" Is this your bride, Lord Thomas ? " she said,  
" Methinks she looks wonderfully brown ;  
When you used to have the fairest young lady  
That ever the sun shone on."

" Despise her not," Lord Thomas then said,  
" Despise her not unto me ;  
For more do I love thy little finger  
Than all her whole body."

The brown girl had a little pen-knife,  
Which was both long and sharp ;  
'Twixt the small ribs and the short, she pricked  
Fair Eleanor to the heart.

" O, what is the matter ? " Lord Thomas then said,  
" O, can you not very well see ?  
O, can you not see my own heart's blood  
Come trickling down my knee ? "

Lord Thomas, he had a sword by his side,  
As he walked through the hall ;  
He cut his own bride's head off her shoulders,  
And threw it against the wall.

He put the handle to the ground,  
The sword into his heart.  
No sooner did three lovers meet,  
No sooner did they part.

(*Spoken.*) " Make me a grave, both long and wide,  
And lay fair Eleanor by my side,  
And the brown girl at my feet."

(*Sung.*) Lord Thomas was buried in the church,  
Fair Eleanor in the choir ;  
And out from her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of Lord Thomas the briar.

It grew till it reached the church tip top,  
Where it could grow no higher ;  
And then it entwined like a true lover's knot,  
For all true loves to admire.



## TO COLLECTORS AND CONTRIBUTORS OF FOLK-SONGS.

COLLECTORS are reminded that the Society's leaflet, *Hints to Collectors*, has proved useful to beginners, and may be had at three half-pence the copy from the Hon. Secretary.

It will greatly facilitate the work of the Hon. Secretary if contributors of Folk-Songs to the Society will observe the following rules when preparing their MSS.

1.—WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE SHEET OF PAPER, whether words or music.

It is of the greatest importance that TUNES should be written with *unmistakable clearness in the first instance*. NAMES and ADDRESSES should be unmistakable to the reader not familiar with them.

2.—In the case of TUNES, write the title of the song to which it belongs *above the tune, in the middle of the sheet*. On the *right side* of the tune, and above it, write :

“*Sung by* [Mr., Mrs. or Miss —] *at* [King's Lynn, Norfolk.]

*Noted by* [John or Edith ———] *Date* [Sept., 1905.]”

On the *left side* of the tune write the *tempo* or *mode* of the air, if wished.

3.—In the case of WORDS, the song should have its title written above it, and the verses should be properly divided. Notes on the words should be marked with an asterisk, etc., and written at the foot of the sheet.

4.—All DETAILS concerning age, occupation of the singer, the source of the song, and so forth, are of interest and importance. But they should be written *on a separate sheet of paper* headed with the name of the song to which they refer, together with any general remarks that the contributor wishes to make on the song itself.

5.—Each TUNE should be firmly attached to its own WORDS, and sheet with DETAILS.

6.—Contributors should keep copies of their MSS.

7.—All communications should be initialled on the envelope “F. S. S.”



# FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

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DECEMBER, 1905.

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## RULES.

I.—The Society shall be entitled “The Folk-Song Society.”

II.—The Society shall have for its primary object the collection and preservation of Folk-Songs, Ballads, and Tunes, and the publication of such of these as may be deemed advisable.

III.—The Society shall consist of Members approved by the Committee, who subscribe to its funds the sum of 10s. 6d. annually, such subscription being payable on the 1st of June in each year.

IV.—The affairs of the Society shall be managed by a President, Vice-President, and a Committee of not more than twelve Members, together with a Treasurer and Secretary. The Committee shall have power to fill up occasional vacancies in their number. Four members form a quorum; the Chairman *pro tem.* shall have a casting vote.

V.—An Annual General Meeting shall be held at such time and place as the Committee may appoint. No Member whose subscription is in arrear shall be entitled to vote or take part in the proceedings of the General Meeting.

VI.—At each General Meeting half of the Members of the Committee shall retire from office, but shall be eligible for re-election.

VII.—The account of the receipts and expenditure of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, to be elected at the General Meeting.

VIII.—Any Member whose subscription shall be one year in arrear shall cease to be a Member of the Society.

IX.—Every Member whose subscription is not in arrear shall be entitled to a copy of the ordinary publications of the Society.

X.—The Committee shall have power to elect a limited number of Honorary Members from among distinguished foreign authorities on the subject of Folk-Music.

XI.—Meetings shall be held from time to time, as may be appointed by the Committee, at which vocal and instrumental illustrations of Folk-Songs, Ballads, and Tunes shall be given, and papers written on the subject read and discussed.

XII.—All contributions of Members and others, whether literary or musical, accepted by the Society shall be considered, as far as any other publication than in the Society's Journal is considered, the property of the contributor, and the Society shall not reprint such contribution without his consent.

XIII.—The selection of the words and tunes to be published by the Society shall be decided upon by a sub-Committee appointed by the Committee of Management.

XIV.—No alterations shall be made in these rules except at a Special General Meeting of the Society, and upon the requisition of at least twelve Members, nor then unless one month's notice shall have been given in writing of the proposed change to the Secretary. The proposed alterations to be approved of by at least three-fourths of the Members present at such meeting.

## REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

HELD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TENTERDEN STREET, W.

*By kind permission of Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, Mus. Doc.*

THE Annual Report of the Committee which had been previously circulated in print amongst all the Members having by consent been taken as read, its adoption was moved by the Chairman, seconded by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, and carried unanimously.

Mr. T. Lea Southgate moved, and Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner seconded, the re-election of the five Members of the Committee (Sir Ernest Clarke, Mrs. F. W. Gibson, Mr. F. Kidson, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, Dr. John Todhunter) who retired at this meeting by rotation under Rule VI. Dr. Vaughan Williams suggested the addition to the Committee of Mr. A. Kalisch, who was resigning the post of Honorary Treasurer; and this rider to the original motion having been accepted by the mover and seconder, it was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

Mr. A. Kalisch presented his accounts as Honorary Treasurer for the year ended the 31st December, 1904, and at the same time announced his desire to be relieved, in consequence of the increasing demands upon his time, of the duties of Honorary Treasurer.

On the motion of the Chairman, the Honorary Treasurer's accounts were approved by the meeting, and a cordial vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Mr. Kalisch for his valuable services as Honorary Treasurer from the original foundation of the Society up to the present time.

The Chairman suggested that it might be an advantage if in future the Society's accounts were made up to the 31st May, in view of the Members' subscriptions falling due on the 1st June of each year, and if the Annual General Meeting of Members were held in the autumn. Mr. Kalisch concurring in this view, moved—

“That the Accounts be made up in future to the 31st May of each year, and that the Annual General Meeting of Members be held in the month of October or November.”

This Resolution was seconded by Major-Gen. Bedford, R.E., and carried unanimously.

It being necessary to provide for the duties of Honorary Treasurer, it was moved by Mr. Kalisch, seconded by Mrs. Gibson, and carried unanimously, that Mrs. Alice B. Gomme, of 24, Dorset Square, be asked to accept the post of Honorary Treasurer of the Society as from the 31st May last.

On the motion of General Bedford, seconded by Mr. T. L. Southgate, Messrs. T. D. Hawkin and Co., of 426 Strand, W.C., were appointed Auditors of the Society for the ensuing year under Rule VII, with an honorarium of £2 2s. for their services.

The Chairman having invited any observations from Members with regard to the Society or its affairs, Mr. T. L. Southgate suggested that the facilities of the Musical Association should be utilised for making better known the work and objects of the Folk-Song Society. This suggestion was adopted; and a short discussion subsequently took place as to the advisability of noting with absolute fidelity tunes sung by country singers.

A cordial vote of thanks having been passed to the authorities of the Royal Academy of Music for the use of the Concert Hall for the purposes of the Meeting, the proceedings terminated.

# FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

*Balance Sheet, January 1st, 1905, to May 31st, 1905.*

<i>Dr.</i>				<i>Cr.</i>			
1905, Jan. 1st.	£	s.	d.	1905, May 31st.	£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward :				*By Printing of Journals ...	57	9	7
In Treasurer's hands ...	63	1	8	„ Postage, Stationery and			
In Hon. Secretary's hands	18	1	7	Carriage ...	7	14	6
			81 3 3				65 4 1
				„ Balance carried forward :			
				In Hon. Treasurer's			
				hands ...	13	19	9
1905, May 31st.				In Hon. Secretary's			
To Subscriptions received ...		30	19 6	hands ...	52	3	9
„ Sales of Journals and Leaflets		19	4 10				66 3 6
			£131 7 7				£131 7 7

I have examined the above Account with the Books and Vouchers, and certify the same to be correct.

THOMAS D. HAWKIN,

426, Strand, W.C., October 19th, 1905.

\* This includes reprint of No. 2, and Journal-printing expenses for the year.





## FIFTH VERSION.

Tune noted by Cecil J. Sharp.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. POND,  
AT SHEPTON BEAUCHAMP, SOM., SEPT. 3RD, 1904.

"A hun - dred of thy friends dear child, A  
hun - dred of thy foes, ... .. Be - fore I beg thee with  
all my bless - ing For Lord Thom - as his wedd - ing don't go!" .. ..

Mrs. Pond's words consisted of nine verses only, for the most part like the corresponding verses in the previous version. Verses seventeen and eighteen were given by Mrs. Pond as follows :

Lord Thomas, he walked up and down in the room,  
With his sword hung by his side;  
He took off the brown girl's head from her shoulders,  
And flung it against the wall.

"There's one towards the brown girl," he cried,  
"There's another towards my heart ;"  
There is never three lovers should meet together  
Whatever shall soon depart.

C. J. S.

Cf. "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor, or The Nutbrown Bride," and "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" in Percy's *Reliques*, and the many versions with notes thereon, in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*.

The words given above follow very closely the broadside version (Catnach). For other, and quite distinct, tunes, see *English County Songs*, and "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. Also Sandy's *Christmas Carols* (1833), Chappell's *Popular Music*, Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (see "Sweet Willie and Annie, or the Nut Brown Bride," and "Fair Annet.")—L. E. B.

## 21.—THE CRUEL MOTHER.

Tune noted by Miss Esther White, New Jersey, U.S.A.

SUNG BY MRS. A. R. MARTIN,  
OF ANCORAGE, KENTUCKY, U.S.A.

"My dear lit - tle child - ren, if you were mine, All a - lone, and a - lo - ney O ! I'd  
dress you up in silk so fine, Down by the green - wood - y si - dey, O !"

In Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* there are many versions of this ballad. The plot is that of a young woman who stabs and buries her twin infants. She one day sees two children playing near her father's castle, and addresses them in the words here given. The children say that they are hers, upbraid her for her cruelty, and tell her that they are preparing a place in hell for her. A Danish ballad on the same subject is curiously like the Scottish and English versions, and "a ballad spread all over Germany is probably a variation of 'The Cruel Mother,' though the resemblance is rather in the general character than in the details" (Child).

Miss Esther White, who communicates this song, writes that Mrs. A. R. Martin learned it as a child from the singing of her great-aunt, and that "lately she heard it again, sung by a poor 'mountain white' child in the North Carolina Mountains." Mrs. Martin was unable to send more than the verse here printed. It corresponds most closely with one in a version quoted by Child from the "Motherwell MS." and which Motherwell "noted from Agnes Laird, Kilbarchan, in 1825."

Mrs. Martin's tune should be compared with that of "Brave Earl Brand" in Reay and Stokoe's *Songs of Northern England*, and "Hynde Horne" in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. In the later collection there is a version of the "Cruel Mother" words, with a different refrain however. For other tunes with words see "Fine Flowers of the Valley" in Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, and "The Cruel Mother" in Child's *Ballads and Shropshire Folk-Lore*.—L. E. B.

## 22.—GIL MORICE.

*Learned as a child, and noted by her grandson,  
the late Alfred J. Hipkins, F.S.A.*

SUNG BY MRS. GRANT.  
(1770-1838.)

*Very slow.*

Gil Mo - rice sat in good green-wood, he whist - led and he sung "Oh,  
what means all these peo - ple com-ing? My mo - ther tar - ries long—"

For versions of the words of this ballad see Percy's *Reliques*, and the collections of Motherwell, Jamieson and many others, under the title of "Gill Morice," "Childe Maurice," "Child Norice," "Bob (Babe) Norice," etc. Consult also Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* for full information as to its history. In Johnson's *Museum*, Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, and Christie's

*Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, tunes are given to this ballad, but they have no likeness to the air here printed.

Of the latter, the late Mr. Hipkins wrote: "This is not the recorded 'Gil Morice.' I believe it was sung to this pathetic air by my great grandmother, Mary Fraser, and if so it will be of Scottish origin, from Inverness, or Edinburgh possibly."

The story is of a jealous husband called "Lord Barnard, Bernard or Barnet" (which, as Aytoun points out, is a name quite foreign to Scotland), or, in one version "John Steward." Lord Barnard, learning that his wife has planned a meeting with Gil Morice in the greenwood, dresses himself in her clothes and rides thither. He stabs Gil Morice whilst the youth is lifting him from horseback, cuts off his head, and returning home, flings it with taunting words into Lady Barnard's lap, to learn with horror that he has murdered his wife's son. The verse given by Mr. Hipkins describes Gil Morice waiting for his mother.—L. E. B.

Judged by the first phrase the above tune is in the Phrygian mode; but this impression is destroyed by the E natural in the cadence, which suggests a tune in the Æolian mode. The Phrygian mode is exceedingly rare in British folk-song. For a note on this subject see "The trees they do grow high," *first* version, No. 15, in this journal.—R. V. W.

### 23.—LONG LANKIN; OR, YOUNG LAMBKIN.

SUNG BY MRS. CHIDELL,  
AT BOURNEMOUTH, 1902.

*Tune noted by Miss Chidell, and R. Vaughan Williams.*

Said my Lord to my La - dy, as he mount - ed his  
horse "Be - ware of Long Lan - kin that lives in the moss!"

*Variant of first phrase.*

Said my Lord unto my Lady, as he went away,  
"Beware of Long Lankin that lives in the clay!  
Let the doors be all bolted, the windows all pinned,  
And leave not a loop-hole for Long Lankin to creep in!"  
So he mounted his horse, and he rode away,  
And he was in London before the break of day.

And the doors were all bolted, the windows all pinned,  
 All but one little loophole, where Long Lankin crept in.  
 "Where is the Lord of this house?" said Long Lankin.  
 "He's away in fair London," said the false nurse to him.  
 "Where is the Lady of this house?" said Long Lankin.  
 "She's up in her chamber," said the false nurse to him.  
 "Where is the little Lord of this house?" said Long Lankin.  
 "He's asleep in this cradle," said the false nurse to him.  
 "Then we'll prick him all over and over with a pin,  
 And we'll make my Lady to come down to him!"  
 So they pricked him all over and over with a pin,  
 And the nurse held the bason for the blood to flow in.  
 "Oh, nurse, how you slumber! oh, nurse, how you sleep!  
 You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to weep!"  
 "Oh, nurse! how you slumber! oh, nurse! how you snore  
 You leave my little son Johnson to cry and to roar!"  
 "I've tried him with milk, and I've tried him with pap,  
 Come down, my fair Lady, and nurse him in your lap."  
 "I've tried him with onions, I've tried him with pears,  
 Come down, my fair lady, and nurse him in your chairs."  
 "How can I come down? 'tis so late in the night,  
 There's no candle burning, nor moon to give light."  
 "You have three silver mantles, as light as the sun,  
 Come down, my fair Lady, all by the light of one!"  
 So my lady came down the stairs, fearing no harm,  
 Long Lankin stood ready, to catch her in his arm.  
 "Oh, spare me, Long Lankin! Oh, spare me till twelve o'clock!  
 You shall have as much gold as you can carry on your back!"  
 "Oh, spare me, Long Lankin! Oh, spare me one hour!  
 You shall have my daughter Betsy, she is a fair flower!"  
 "Where is your daughter Betsy? She may do some good;  
 She can hold the bason to catch your life's blood."

\* \* \* \*

Lady Betsy sat up at her window so high,  
 She saw her dear father from London riding by.  
 "Oh, father! oh, father! don't lay the blame on me!  
 'Twas the false nurse and Lankin that killed your fair Lady!"

\* \* \* \*

So Long Lankin was hung on a gibbet so high,  
 The false nurse was burnt at a stake close by.

The singer altered the above tune occasionally, when introducing some of the speakers in the ballad, but owing to her advanced age and delicate health her voice tired, and I was unable to note the variants accurately enough to give. For the source of Mrs. Chidell's ballads see note to "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor," *second* version, in this Journal.—R. V. W.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,

AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

Tune noted by A. Webb.



Said the lord to the la - dy "I'm go - ing from home,  
Be - ware of false Lamb - kin When I am far gone."

"Oh, what care I for Lamb - kin, Or an - y of his men? When the  
doors are fast bolt - ed, And the win - dows panned in."

For three different tunes, all distinct from the airs here given, and different versions of the words, see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 212 ("Bold Lankon"), Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*.

The words here printed follow fairly closely those reprinted in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, from *Notes and Queries*, 1856, which are there stated to have been "sung by a nurse nearly a century ago in Northumberland."

There is still a tradition in Northumberland that Lankin and his tower were of that county, but the ballad is widely-spread, and many neighbourhoods claim to own the only true and original site of the tragedy.

The Surrey version (see *Folk-Song Journal*) is, as far as I know, the only one recorded which attributes Lankin's conduct to his suit for Betsy having been discouraged by the Lord her father.—L. E. B.

## 24.—THE YARMOUTH TRAGEDY; OR, NANCY OF YARMOUTH.

Noted by Mrs. Grahame, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, April, 1904.



Lo - vers I pray lend an ear to my sto - ry,  
Take an ex - am - ple by this con - stant pair, How a young maid - en was  
blast in her glo - ry, Beau - ti - ful Nan - cy of Yar - mouth, we hear.

She was her father's only daughter,  
 Heiress to fifteen hundred a year;  
 A young man courted her, to be his jewel,  
 Son to a farmer who lived quite near.  
 Seven long years he courted this jewel,  
 For, when in infancy, they had agreed,  
 And when of age the fair couple arrived,  
 Cupid betwixt them an arrow displayed.  
 Her father bade him give o'er his intentions,  
 For if against his consent she should wed,  
 For evermore he resolved to disown her,  
 Should she wed with one that was meanly bred.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Grahame writes "This is all that I have ever heard. There is, I believe, a good deal more of it. I learned it from the singing of a Kentish squire's daughters, the last of whom died at a great age in 1865."

The above fragment of ballad is part of one printed on a broadside by W. Wright of Lichfield and Birmingham. It has forty-six verses and is called "Nancy of Yarmouth."—L. E. B.

This story appears also as "Jemmy and Nancy of Yarmouth" on an early broadside and in a "garland;" and as "The Yarmouth Tragedy or the Constant Lovers" on a ballad-sheet by John Evans, *circa* 1795. It seems to have been a favourite (in spite of its usual form of forty-six stanzas) in the 18th, and early years of the 19th, century. After the verses supplied by Mrs. Grahame, the rest of the ballad may be thus epitomized:

The parents object to Jemmy's suit. Nancy, however, is true to her lover, and the father ultimately promises that if this young man will go on a voyage he shall, on his return, have the lady. Then follows much poetic language as to her crystal tears and the constancy of her lover. He sails in the famed "Mary Galley" for Barbadoes where, on arrival, his manly charms attract a young lady of wealth who offers him "robes of gold, pearls and jewels," besides a hundred slaves.

He replies that he is already "vow'd to a lady," and the Barbadoes lady after raving at her ill-fortune gives him a jewel, and stabs herself.

Jemmy now sets sail for England, and Nancy's father having written a letter to the boatswain of the vessel offering a handsome reward if Jemmy is murdered, the deed is at once done by his being thrown overboard. On that same night Jemmy's ghost appears to Nancy, and without knowing that he is dead she agrees to meet him at the seaside. She goes, with her two maids, and embraces him, saying he is "cold as clay." The ghost reminds her of a promise to follow him anywhere, dead or alive, and she accordingly plunges into the water with him. The two bodies floating together are seen by the boatswain, who confesses his crime and is hanged at the yard-arm. The ballad concludes with a moral hope "that cruel parents will not do the same."

A tune for this ballad is printed in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. ii, p. 282. Christie noted it down in Buchan, but does not give the ballad itself.—F. K.

## CAROLS.

### 25.—COME ALL YE FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

SUNG BY MRS. WHEELER (AGED ABOUT 70), CHARWOMAN,  
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

*Tune noted by Annie Webb.*

Come all ye faith - ful Christ - i - ans, That dwell with - in this land, That  
pass your time in ri - ot - ing, Re - mem - ber you are but man. Be  
watch - ful of your lat - ter end, Be read - y when you're called, There's  
man - y a chang - es in this world, Some ri - ses, and some falls.

Remember Job, the patient man,  
The wise man of the East ;  
He was brought down to poverty,  
His sorrows did increase.  
He bore them all most patiently,  
And never did repine,  
And always trusted in the Lord,  
And soon got rich again.

Come all ye worthy Christians,  
That are so very poor,  
Remember how poor Lazarus  
Stood at the rich man's door,  
A-begging for the crumbs of bread  
That from his table fell ;  
The Scriptures doth inform us  
He now in Heaven do dwell.

Now poor, we are contented,  
Nor riches do we crave ;  
Riches is all vanity  
On this side of the grave.  
Although there's many rolls in riches,  
Your glasses will run out ;  
No riches we brought in this world,  
Nor none we can take out.

# COME ALL YE WORTHY CHRISTIAN MEN.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. G. RADFORD,

AT WASHFIELD, NEAR TIVERTON, DEVON.

*Tune noted by H. Pinkney.*

Come all you wor - thy Chris - tian men That dwell in fair Eng -  
land, In ri - ot do not time ex - pend But in your du - ty  
stand. Be watch - ful for your lat - ter hour, Be read - y at the  
call, There's ma - ny chaug - es in the world, Some rise and oth - ers fall.

Remember Job, a patient man,  
So wealthy in the East;  
He was reduced to poverty,  
His sorrows sore increased.  
But he bore all right honestly,  
And did from wrath refrain;  
And, as he trusted in the Lord,  
He soon grew rich again.

Tho' poor I be, I'm well content,  
For riches do not crave;  
For earthly wealth is vanity  
On this side of the grave.  
Tho' many roll in riches great,  
They think their fate to flout;  
We nothing brought into this world,  
And nothing carry out.

Come all ye worthy Christian men  
That hunger and are poor,  
Remember needy Lazarus  
Lay at the rich man's door,  
A-begging for the crumbs of bread  
That from his table fell.  
A little while, and all is changed;  
He now in heaven doth dwell.

Come all ye worthy Christian men  
That wander thro' the towns,  
That ask a lodging where to lie,  
That often sleep on downs;  
The time will very shortly come  
When wand'ring will be o'er,  
The gates of Heaven, they will unfold,  
And we shall rove no more.

The time is speeding on so fast  
When parted we must be;  
The only distance that remains  
Is joy or misery.  
And we must give a strict account,  
The big as well as small;  
Then recollect, ye Christian men,  
One God will judge us all.

The above tune and words are contributed by the Rev. S. Baring Gould.



# COME ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIANS.

## THIRD VERSION.

*Tune noted by Cecil J. Sharp.*  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN DINGLE, LABOURER,  
AT LEW TRENCHARD, AUGUST 12TH, 1904.

Come all you wor - thy Chris - tians That dwell with - in this land, Don't  
spend your time in ri - ot - ing, Re - col - lect you are but a man. Be  
watch - ful of your lat - ter end, Be rea - dy when you're called, There's  
ma - ny chang - es in this world, Some rise and some do fall.

## FOURTH VERSION.

*Tune noted by Cecil J. Sharp.*  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HOSKYNs,  
AT ROCKENFORD, N. DEVON, SEPT. 13TH, 1905.

Come all you worth - y Christ - ian friends That dwells up - on our land, Don't  
spend your time in ri - o - ting, Re - mem - ber you're but men. Be  
watch - ful for your lat - ter end, Be rea - dy when you're called; There are  
ma - ny chang - es in this world, Some rise and some do fall.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould tells me that the second version was acquired in 1820 by Mr. George Radford, a labourer, from an old fiddler, at Tiverton. Mr. Baring Gould heard him sing it, but Mr. H. Pinkney, gardener, of Washfield, noted it down.

The words belonging to the third version are substantially the same as the Washfield set, except for some slight verbal differences, and the omission of one verse. Mrs. Hoskyns could only remember the first and second verses of her words.—C. J. S.

# COME ALL YE FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

*Variants of the Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

## I.—“THE RED BARN;” OR, “MURDER OF MARIA MARTIN.”

ÆOLIAN

SUNG BY MR. J. WHITEY (SEXTON),  
TILNEY ALL SAINTS, NORFOLK, JAN. 7TH, 1905.



## II.

DORIAN?

SUNG BY MR. J. WHITEY.



## III.—“MARIA MARTIN.”\*

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. VERRALL,  
AT MONK'S GATE, NEAR HORSHAM, SUSSEX, OCT. 5TH, 1904.



This tune was used by another singer for the words "Come all ye faithful Christians."—R. V. W.

# IV.—MARIA MARTIN."

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BOOKER,  
AT THE "WHEATSHEAF," KINGSFOLD, SUSSEX, DEC. 23RD, 1904.



The Mixolydian and Æolian or Dorian tunes to these words are really variants of the same tune, being almost identical in outline, except for the major third in the Mixolydian tune, and the minor in the Dorian and Æolian.

There seems to be some subtle connection between the words of "Maria Martin" and "Come all you worthy Christians," as they are so often sung to variants of the same tune.—R. V. W.

As a specimen of the way in which the memory of real events is perpetuated by the art of the doggerel bard, the words of Such's ballad-sheet are given at page 122. They are printed on brilliant magenta paper, and the ballad is headed by a woodcut of a neatly-thatched and comfortable looking cottage, with a man apparently feeding his pigs in the foreground. This engraving the printer doubtless chose as being the nearest likeness to the red barn that he happened to have in stock.

For other variants of this fine tune see "Lazarus," "The Thresher and the Squire," and "Cold blows the Wind," with notes thereon, in *English County Songs*. See also "Our General bold Captain" in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 3, p. 136, where one verse ends "My love is on the raging seas, bound for Americay."

A tune which has a great likeness to these appears, as far as is traceable, for the first time in print, and so badly barred as to make nonsense, in "D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy" (1719), to the ballad "Gilderoy." It appears next in the very rare *Musick for Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs* (circa 1726), under the title of "Gilderoy," but without words. Mr. Kidson has a manuscript copy of this work, of which no perfect copy is known, and supplies the air here printed.

GILDEROY.

FROM *Musick for Allan Ramsay's Collection of Scots Songs.*



After this, it is found in many Scotch Song-books of the early 18th century onwards; sometimes set to the ballad "Gilderoy," and at other times to the words "Ah, Chloris, could I now but sit," directed to be sung "to the tune of 'Gilderoy,'" as in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany* (1724), Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1733), Barsanti's *Collection of old Scots Tunes* (1742), etc. In all these collections the tune varies much, being not only ornamented with passing and grace-notes according to the fancy of the editor, but also undergoing radical changes in the melody itself. The following, as reprinted in *Songs of Scotland* (Boosey and Co.), is a good example of the tune in its most usual, and simpler, 18th century form.

GILDEROY.

FROM *Songs of Scotland* (BOOSEY AND CO.)



The fact that the air of "Gilderoy" at its earliest appearances varies so greatly, argues in favour of its being a traditional tune of earlier date. Its character is essen-

tially English, and it was doubtless imported into Scotland, and assimilated gradually as Scotch, in the same way as was the old English tune "Cold and raw" (or "Up in the Morning so early.")

Gilderoy, a notorious Perthshire freebooter, was hanged in 1638. The words of the ballads about him vary exceedingly (see "D'Urfey's Pills," Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, Percy's *Reliques*, *Scottish Airs*, harmonised by Haydn, 1804, Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Song*, etc.) All have been polished and made "elegant." Some versions are to be found on black-letter broadsides at least as old as 1650. I have a traditional copy of "Gilderoy," written for me by Mr. Burstow, bell-ringer of Horsham (see Preface to *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4), which is unlike any that I have seen in print in many respects; it is probable that his version is the oldest original, which even 17th and 18th century poets and musicians thought it well to prune and re-write. Mr. Burstow's tune is distinctly Scotch in character, but has nothing whatever in common with the air here under discussion.

The traditional tune, of which so many variants are given in this Journal under the title of "Come all ye faithful Christians," may or may not share a common ancestor with the Gilderoy tune, but it is certainly a great favourite amongst country singers, and seems to be almost as widely known as that of "The Banks of Sweet Dundee." Chappell gives a version, noted by himself in London streets (see "We are poor frozen-out Gardeners" in *Popular Music*), and says "If the reader should meet any half-a-dozen men perambulating the streets of London together, and singing, the probabilities are great that they sing this tune." The tune, in practically the same form as the "Lazarus" version in *English County Songs*, appears in a little shilling book of fiddle-tunes called Kerr's *Collection of Merry Melodies* (J. S. Kerr, Glasgow). It is there called "The Shores of Amerikay." Now, "Our Generald bold Captain," sung to this air by an old Sussex farmer to Mr. W. P. Merrick, is a sea-ballad referring to "Americay." Mrs. Milligan Fox, secretary of the *Irish Folk-Song Society*, noted the second half only of this same tune in Ireland, with part of the words of a ballad, not the same as Mr. Merrick's at all, but which appears on a broadside by Such, under the title of "My Love Nell." Mrs. Fox has published her version with an accompaniment by herself, thus reviving the song, though unfortunately in an incomplete form. Such's ballad begins:

Come all ye boys, both far and near,  
And, acushla, listen unto me.

The chorus is:

For my love, Nell, was an Irish girl,  
From the County Down came she;  
Ah! I weeped and I wailed, when the good ship sailed  
To the shores of Amerikee.

Mr. Kidson knows another version, which runs :

My love, Dan, was an Irishman,  
From County Clare was he.

In the *Petrie Collection of Ancient Irish Music* (1789-1866), lately edited by C. V. Stanford (Boosey and Co., 3 parts), there are some very interesting variants of the air. (See Part i, no. 188, an unnamed tune, Part i, no. 469, "Oh, love it is a killing thing," communicated by Mr. Joyce; and Part ii, no. 863, "When first I left old Ireland;" learnt "from a mason in Belfast, P.Mc.D.") No. 863 is especially noteworthy, as, from its title, it is probable that it deals with the same subject as "The Shores of Amerikay" or "My Love Nell," and as it has eight extra bars marked "Caoine" ("Keen," or lamentation), this may well represent "the weeping and the wailing" mentioned in the broadside, which calls to mind the melancholy *keening* still set up by Irish peasants when bidding farewell to a ship-load of emigrants. This last Petrie tune has several characteristics peculiar to "The Thresher" version in *English County Songs*. Christie gives a fine variant to a sea-song, "The Minerva." He noted it in Buchan, and states that the tune is widely sung by tramps in Scotland. The beautiful variant called "Lazarus," in *English County Songs*, was noted by the late Mr. A. J. Hipkins, in the streets of Westminster and the Earl's Court neighbourhood, but unfortunately without words beyond the title of "Lazarus." Later enquiries in Westminster having established the fact that many people there knew the tune to have been sung by street beggars "to a carol about the rich man and Lazarus," I ventured to associate it in *English County Songs* with the old carol-words of "Dives and Lazarus," which exactly fitted the tune. However, in the face of recent collecting, I have now little doubt that the proper words should be those of "Come all you faithful Christians." For a further reference to these, see "Come all you worthy Christians" in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 3, p. 74.—L. E. B.

## MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN BY W. CORDER

IN THE RED BARN, MAY 18TH, 1824.

Come, all you thoughtless young men, a warning take by me,  
And think of my unhappy fate to be hanged upon a tree.

My name is William Corder, to you I do declare,  
I courted Maria Martin, most beautiful and fair.

I promised I would marry her upon a certain day,  
Instead of that I was resolved to take her life away.

I went unto her father's house the 18th day of May.

O come, my dear Maria, and let us fix the day.

If you will meet me at the Red Barn, as sure as I have life,

I will take you to Ipswich town and there make you my wife.

I straight went home and fetched my gun, my pickaxe and my spade,

I went into the Red Barn, and there I dug her grave.

With heart so light, she thought no harm, to meet me she did go.  
 She murdered her all in the barn, and laid her body low.  
 The horrid deed that he had done, she lay bleeding in her gore,  
 Her bleeding and mangled body he threw on the Red Barn floor.

Now, all things being silent, she could not take no rest,  
 She appeared in her mother's house, who suckled her at her breast.  
 For many a long month or more, her mind being sorely oppressed,  
 Neither night nor day she could take no rest.  
 Her mother's night being so disturbed she dream't three nights o'er,  
 Her daughter she lay murdered all on the Red Barn floor.  
 She sent her father to the barn, when in the ground he thrust,  
 And there he found his daughter, mingling with the dust.

My trial is hard, I could not stand, most woeful was the sight,  
 When her jaw-bone was brought to prove, which pierced me to the heart,  
 His aged mother standing by, likewise his loving wife,  
 And with her grief her hair she tore, she scarcely could keep life.  
 Adieu, adieu, my loving friends, my glass is almost run,  
 On Monday next, will be my last, when I am to be hung.  
 So you young men that do pass by, with pity look on me,  
 For murdering Maria Martin I was hanged upon a tree.

## 26.—COME ALL YE FAITHFUL CHRISTIANS.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

SUNG BY MR. GALLETT,

AT LEIGH LINTON, WORCESTERSHIRE, JAN. 23RD, 1902.

*Tune noted by Miss Norbury.*



Come, all ye faith - ful Christ - i - ans, That dwell up - on the earth,  
 Come, ce - le - brate the morn - ing Of our dear Saviour's birth. This

is the hap - py morn - ing, This is the hap - py morn, Where -

- on to save our ru - ined race The Son of God was born.

Behold the Angel Gabriel,  
 In scripture it is said,  
 Did with his holy message  
 Come to the Virgin Maid.  
 "Hail blest among all women!"  
 He thus did greet her then,  
 "Lo! thou shalt be the mother  
 Of the Saviour of all men."

Oh! then replied the Virgin,  
 "These things I know full well,  
 That there are no such wonders,  
 No, not in Israel!  
 That I should be a mother,  
 How could it be? or can?  
 For me to conceive a Saviour,  
 That never knew a man?"

Oh ! then replied the Angel,  
" These things shall surely be,  
The powers of the Almighty  
Shall overshadow thee.  
Rejoice at these glad-tidings,  
That come forth from the Lord."  
" Be it unto thy handmaiden  
According to thy word."

Her time, it being accomplished,  
She came to Bethlehem,  
And there she was delivered  
Of the Saviour of all men.  
No princely pomp attended Him,  
His honours were but small ;  
A manger, was His cradle,  
His bed an ox's stall.

At twelve years old they found Him  
Within the Temple sit  
Among the learned Doctors,  
The most renowned for wit :  
Hearing and asking questions,  
At which they wondered all,  
For, full well, they knew that  
His learning was but small.

Then He did many wonders,  
Likewise from time to time  
He turned the purest water  
Into the best of wine ;  
He cured the bloody issue,  
He made the lame to walk ;  
The blind had sight restored them,  
Likewise the dumb to talk.

Then He did many wonders,  
Likewise from day to day,  
Until the traitor, Judas,  
He did our Lord betray  
Into the hand of sinners,  
The evil-minded Jews,  
And they with many torments  
Did basely Him abuse.

They brought Him before Pilate,  
Who Governor was then,  
And had sentence passed upon Him,  
The vilest of all men.  
Though innocence pretending,  
They did Him crucify.  
Thus by the hand of sinners  
The Lamb of God did die.

While on the cross was suffering,  
To His Father He did call,  
" They know not what they are doing,  
So pray forgive them all,"  
For the space of six hours  
Was darkness o'er the earth,  
While the whole creation  
Was trembling at His death.

The rocks were burst asunder,  
The Temple rent in twain,  
The graves they did open,  
The Lamb of God was slain ;  
Each thing was struck with horror  
At this most dismal sight ;  
Then spake the bold Centurion,  
" This was the God of might !"

Then Joseph came to Pilate  
And did His body crave,  
And did His body bury  
Within a new-made grave.  
The third day, when He had passéd  
The regions of the dead,  
He arose, and then by Angels  
To heaven He was led.

Now up to Him ascended  
Then let your praises be,  
That we His steps might follow,  
And He our pattern be.  
That when our lives are ended  
May hear the blessed call,  
" Come, souls, receive the Kingdom  
Prepared for you all."

Mr. Gallett learned this carol at Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, more than sixty years ago.



# 27.—DIVES AND LAZARUS.

SUNG BY MRS. HARRIS,

Tune noted by E. Andrews.

OF EARDISLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

As it fell out on a ... \* { light dul - ly day, } When Di - ve - rus made a ...

feast ; And he in - vi - ted all his friends, And grand gent - ry of the best.

Then Lazarus laid himself down and down

Under Dives' wall :

"Some meat ! some drink ! brother Diverus ?

For hunger, starve I shall !"

"Thou wert none of my brethren as I tell thee,

Lie begging at my wall ;

No meat nor drink will I give thee,

For hunger, starve thou shall !"

Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs

To worry poor Lazarus away.

They hadn't the power to bite one bite,

But they licked his sores away.

Then Lazarus, he laid himself down and down,

And down at Diverus' gate :

"Some meat ! some drink ! brother Diverus,

For Jesus Christ His sake."

Then Diverus sent to his merry men

To worry poor Lazarus away.

They'd not the power to strike one stroke,

But they flung their whips† away.

As it fell out, on a light dully\* day,

When Lazarus sickened and died ;

There came two Angels out of heaven,

His soul for to guide.

"Arise ! arise ! brother Lazarus,

And come along with we ;

There's a place provided in heaven,

(For) To sit on an Angel's knee."

As it fell on a dark dully† day,

When Dives sickened and died ;

There came two serpents out of hell,

His soul for to guide

"Arise ! arise ! brother Diverus,

And come along with we ;

There is a place provided in hell,

For to sit on a serpent's knee !

There is a place provided in hell

For wicked men, like thee ;

\* . . . . . ;  
† . . . . . ;

"Who had they as many days to live

As there is blades of grass,

I would be good unto the poor

As long as life would last !"

This carol was noted for Mrs. Leather of Weobley, Herefordshire, by her friends Miss Andrews and Dr. Quinten Darling of Eardisley. Mrs. Harris, the singer, is aged eighty. She is the widow of a mole-catcher, and learned this carol from her father who was a noted singer. These details are interesting, as there is a traditional version of this carol, with a tune that has many points of likeness to the one here given, in Bramley and Stainer's *Christmas Carols Old and New*. Had the singer been young, one might have supposed that the carol had been recently learned in school or choir-practice. Mrs. Harris' words differ but little from the traditional

\* (?) Bright holiday.

† Pronounced "weeps."

‡ (?) Dark holiday.

Worcestershire version used in *English County Songs* (see "Lazarus"), excepting that she gives six additional lines. She adhered to the old form of the name, for "Dives" always saying "Diverus."

In *Songs of the Nativity* Husk quotes the same carol, printed from a Worcester ballad-sheet of the 18th century. He gives three verses after the angels' summons to Diverus, which run as follows:

Then Dives, lifting his eyes to heaven,  
And seeing poor Lazarus blest:  
"Give me a drop of water, brother Lazarus,  
To quench my flaming thirst!" (? breast)

"Oh! had I as many years to abide  
As there are blades of grass, [day]  
Then there would be an ending day, (? unending  
But in hell I must ever last!"

"Oh! was I now but alive again  
For the space of one half-hour,  
I would make my will, and then secure  
That the devil should have no power."

In Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (1639) he uses the form "Diverus," and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour* "Dives" is spoken of as one of the ballads hanging at church corners.—L. E. B.

## 28.—ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT THE JOY-BELLS RING.

(CAROL.)

Tune noted by James C. Culwick, Mus. Doc.

SUNG BY COLLIERIES  
IN SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

On Christmas night... the joy - bells ring, ... To tell what news... the an - gels

bring, News of great glad - ness, news of great mirth, News of the bless - ed Sa - viour's birth.


Dr. Culwick, who communicated this carol in 1904, writes from Dublin as follows: "I have certainly not heard this for the past forty years. I have written it from memory of my mother's singing. She said when she learned it the recital lasted nearly an hour. There were about ninety verses sung, slowly, by a man with a strong, rough and deep bass voice."

In Bramley and Stainer's *Christmas Carols* there are three verses of words beginning with the fragment here given, but set to modern music, and apparently "arranged" from some traditional source such as that from which the following Surrey version came.—L. E. B.

# 29.—ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT ALL CHRISTIANS SING.

SUNG BY MR. GRANTHAM (CARTER),  
HOLMWOOD, SURREY, FEB., 1892.

*Tune noted by Lucy Broadwood.*



On Christmas night all Christians sing To hear what news our angels bring, News of great joy, and  
news of mirth, News of ..... News of our mer - ci - ful King's birth.

The King of Kings, of earth and heaven,  
The King of angels and of men!  
Angels and men, rejoice and sing!  
All for to see our new-born King.

Why on earth can man be sad?  
Redeemer is come for to make us glad;  
From sin and death hath set us free,  
For He has brought us liberty.

Angels and men, sing in the air,  
Which (? For) Christ man's ruin may repair,  
When prisoners in their chains rejoice  
To hear the echo of His voice.

From out of darkness we have light,  
Which makes all angels sing this night,  
"Glory to God, and peace to men,  
Both now and for evermore. Amen."

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL, MONKS GATE,  
NEAR HORSHAM, SUSSEX, MAY 24TH, 1904.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Mus. Doc.*



See "On Christmas night the Joy-bells ring" (No. 28.) Mrs. Verrall sang almost exactly the same words as Mr. Grantham, though fewer verses. Compare the tunes with "Hark, hark the news" in W. Sandys *Christmas Carols*, 1833. The words of both these were still being annually printed up to 1823 on ballad-sheets. (See Hone's *Ancient Mysteries*, 1823).—L. E. B.

### 30.—CHRISTMAS MUMMERS' CAROL.

*Tune noted at Lyne, near Horsham, Sussex, by L. E. Broadwood, 1880 and 1881.*

*Slow.*

Oh, right - eous Jo - seph wed - ded was Un - to a Vir - gin ..

maid—..... The glo - rious an - gels from hea - ven came, Un -

- to this Vir - gin said,..... un - to ..... this Vir - gin said : ...

Oh! blessed Mary, full of truth,  
And happy now shall be;  
She will conceive and bear a Son,  
Our Saviour for to be.

No mortal man can remember so well  
When Christ, our Saviour, was born;  
He was crucified between two thieves,  
And crownèd with the thorns.

No mortal man can remember so well  
When Christ died on the tree;  
He died, for our sins and wickedness  
Christ shed His precious blood.

God bless the master of this house  
With a gold chain round his waist;  
It's whether he walks, or whether he rides,  
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house  
With a gold chain round her waist;  
It's whether she sleeps, or whether she wakes,  
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless your house, your children too,  
Your cattle and your store;  
The Lord will increase you day by day,  
And send you more and more.

From Mr. A. Glaysher, Cumber's Farm, Trotton, Rogate, Sussex, who heard it sung "over forty years ago," and in writing says that it is called "Richous Joes."

#### SECOND VERSION.

It was righteous Joseph wedded was  
Unto a virtuous maid;  
Two glorious Angels from heaven came  
Unto that virtuous maid.

Ye mortal man remembers well  
When Christ our Saviour was born;  
He was crucified betwixt two thieves,  
And crownèd with the thorn.

Ye mortal man remembers well  
When Christ our Saviour died;  
He was buried in some sepulchre  
Where no man ever laid.

Ye mortal man remembers well  
When Christ died on the cross.  
It was for we and our wickedness  
His precious blood was lost.

God bless the mistress of this house  
With gold all round her breast;  
Where'er her body sleeps or wakes,  
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless the master of this house  
With happiness beside;  
Where'r his body rides or walks,  
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless your house, and cattle too,  
Your children and your store;  
The Lord increase you day by day,  
And send you more and more.

The above is from Mrs. Small of Smith's Brook, Lodsworth, near Petworth, Sussex. She has known the carol from childhood, and is now sixty-two years old.

### THIRD VERSION.

Righteous Joseph wedded was  
Unto some Virgin pure;  
Some glorious Angel from heaven came  
Unto this Virgin pure.

"God bless Saint Mary," then said he,  
"Thou shalt conceive and bear,  
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son,  
Our Saviour for to be."

No mortal man remember well  
When Christ our Saviour was born;  
He was crucified betwixt two thieves,  
And crown'd with a thorn.

No mortal man remember well  
When Christ died on the rood;  
'Twas for we and our wickedness  
Christ shed His precious blood.

No mortal man remember well  
When Christ was wrapped in clay  
He was laid in a new sepulchre,  
Where never no man lay.

God bless the master of this house  
With happiness beside;  
Wherever he walks, or where he rides  
Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house  
With a gold chain round her breast;  
Wherever she weeps, or where she sleeps,  
Lord, send her soul to rest.

God bless your house, your children too,  
Your cattle, and your store;  
The Lord increase you day by day,  
And send you more and more.

The above was sent by Mr. E. T. Hedgecocks, of Strettington, in Sussex, who learned it orally more than fifty years ago as a schoolboy, but has not heard it sung for many years.

### FOURTH VERSION.

This begins:

Joseph and his wedded wife  
Together as they met,  
Betwixt them both they never shall part,  
How happy they may be.

The verses begin "No mortal man can remember well;" there are seven in all, with but slight variations from the foregoing. The words are supplied by Mr. Alfred Hunt, now living in Wimbledon, whose home is in West Sussex. Mr. Hunt sings them to the tune "Our ship she lies in Harbour," noted by me in Surrey. See *Folk-Song Journal*, vol. i, 196.

### FIFTH VERSION.

This begins:

Oh! mortal man doth remember well  
When Christ our Lord was born.

and is much like the above versions. Mr. H. Steer of Petworth, Sussex, sent the words.

The very beautiful tune here given was sung by illiterate Mummers, also called "Tipteers" or "Tipteerers," in Sussex. They clustered together at the close of their play of "St. George, the Turk, and the seven Champions of Christendom," and sang it, unconscious of the extraordinary contrast between the solemn music and words and their fantastic dresses of coloured calico, shreds of ribbons and gaudy paper fringes, together with old "high" hats bedecked with odd ornaments.

I was able to note only exceedingly corrupted fragments of the words, and after 1881 the Mummers appeared no more. Two copies sent me by two of the actors (of the name of Hampshire) scarcely helped me. The word "sepulchre" was sung, and written, "*music-port!*" However, I patched together all the fragments, for the sake of including the carol in *Sussex Songs*. This year, in answer to an appeal of mine in the *West Sussex Gazette* I received five sets of words, here given. From a farmer near Battle I learned that he also used to sing the carol as a child. He could not "put together the words" unfortunately, but said that the verses should begin "Oh, mortal man, remember well," which certainly seems the most likely form of words. The Tipteers sang "No mortal man remember well."

I have been unable to find tune or words in print. Davies Gilbert's tune (collected in the West of England before 1823) to "The Lord at first had Adam made," has a very faint likeness in one or two bars, and the first verse of this Mummers' carol has some likeness to the first verse of Gilbert's traditional "When righteous Joseph," but beyond that all likeness ceases.—L. E. B.

## CHRISTMAS MUMMERS' CAROL.

### SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. Balfour Gardiner

SUNG BY MR. JOHN CARTER,  
AT TWYFORD, HANTS, 1905.

God bless the mas - ter..... of this house, And send him long to

reign; Where ev - er he walks, Where ev - er he rides, Lord

Je - sus be his guide, Lord Je - sus be his

guide, Lord..... Je - - sus be his..... guide.

God bless the mistress of this house,  
With a gold chain round her breast  
Amongst her friends and kindered,  
God send her soul to rest.

Good man, good man, remember thou  
When first our Christ was born;  
He was crucified between two thieves,  
And crowned with the thorn.

Good man, good man, remember thou,  
 When Christ laid on the rood ;  
 'Twas for our sins and wickedness  
 Christ shed His precious blood.

Good man, good man, remember thou,  
 When Christ was wrapped in clay ;  
 He was put in some sepulchre,  
 Where never no man lay.

God bless the ruler of this house,  
 And send him long to reign ;  
 And many a merry Christmas  
 We may live to see again.

Dr. George B. Gardiner communicates the above Hampshire version. The tune has a certain likeness to that noted in Sussex. It is worth mentioning that amongst the Sussex Mummers were two brothers with the surname of Hampshire, and from them I got the fragmentary words printed in *Sussex Songs*. From a Hampshire correspondent I learnt that he had often heard a similar carol in that county.—L. E. B.

### 31—THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,  
 HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

Tune noted by Miss A. M. Webb.

The musical notation is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second staff continues the melody and lyrics.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light, A lit - tle be - fore it was  
 day. The Lord our God He call-ed on us, And bid us a-wake and pray.

Awake, awake, good people all ;  
 Awake, and you shall hear,  
 Our Lord our God died on the cross,  
 For you He loved so dear.

There is six days in every week  
 Is for the labouring man ;  
 And on the seventh you must serve the Lord,  
 The Father and the Son.

And when you goes into the Church,  
 Down on your two knees fall,  
 And pray unto the living Lord  
 For the saving of your souls.

And for the saving of your souls  
 Christ died upon the cross ;  
 We never shall do for Jesus Christ  
 As He has done for us.

And for the saving of your souls  
 Christ died upon the tree ;  
 We rever shall do for Jesus Christ  
 As He has done for we.

Bring up your children well, dear man,  
 They have but little thought ;  
 It's better for them to be unborn,  
 Than them to be untaught.

To-day a man's alive, dear man,  
 With many a hundred pound ;  
 To-morrow morn he may be dead,  
 And his corpse be underground.

With one turf at your head, dear man,  
 And another at your feet ;  
 Then your good deeds and bad ones  
 Before the Lord shall meet.

And when you are dead and in your grave,  
 And covered over with clay ;  
 The worms shall eat your flesh, dear man,  
 And your bones shall mould away.

Versions, tunes and words widely differing, of this very popular carol are to be found in nearly every carol-book or collection of traditional songs, from Sandy's *Christmas Carols* (1833) onwards; amongst others, in C. Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, *English County Songs*, *Sussex Songs*, *Songs of the West*, Rimbault's *Carols* (Chappell and Co.), Bramley and Stainer's *Carols*, and *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4. It is sung, with appropriate adaptations, either at Christmas time or on May day. Hone states, in 1823, that it was one of the carols still annually printed on ballad-sheets. Cf. "May Day Carol," (i and ii) on the following pages of this Journal.—L. E. B.

### 32.—MAY DAY CAROL.

SUNG BY FIVE CHILDREN ON MAY DAY, 1905.

Tune noted by J. E. Smith, Organist of Rushden Parish Church.

AT RUSHDEN, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



The hedg - es and the trees Are all ve - ry green, As  
green as an y leeks; Our Heav'n - ly..... Fa - ther  
wa - ters ... them with the dew of Heav'n so sweet.

The verse here printed, and the only one noted by Mr. Smith, is the usual third verse of "The moon shines bright." It does not appear in the version of it given in this Journal however.—L. E. B.

### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLES BALDOCK, AS HEARD

Tune noted by Arthur Foxton Ferguson, 1905.

AT SOUTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE, CIRCA 1860, ETC.



Mr. Charles Baldock states that the above was commonly sung in the "sixties" of the last century about Southill and Warden. The Mayers, who had the night



before left big bunches of May at the doors of the houses to be visited, came there on May Day morning, bearing garlanded poles. Two of the men amongst them were *dressed in rags*, and *carried besoms* (a significant fact for folk-lorists, and one too important to be dealt with in this Journal). They sang this tune to well-known words, of which a version is given on page 131 (see "The moon shines bright.")

Cf. this Bedfordshire air with one noted in Hertfordshire (*English County Songs*, note to "The moon shines bright.")

For much interesting information on May Day carols, Sweeps Festivals on May Day, etc., see Hone's *Every-Day Book*, 1838 (now reprinted).—L. E. B.

### 33.—THE FOUNTAIN OF CHRIST'S BLOOD.

Tune noted by Annie Webb.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,  
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.

There is a foun - tain of Christ's blood, Wide o - pen stretch'd for to drown our sins; Where

Je - sus stands with o - pen arms ... ot mer - cy to ..... in - vite us in.

Here you may see His bleeding wounds,  
And hear Him breathe His dying groans.  
He shed His rich, redeeming blood,  
Only to do poor sinners good.

His crown of thorns spit on with scorn,  
He sold His pain, His fleshly store.  
With ragged nails, through hands and feet,  
They nailed our rich Redeemer sweet.

With bloody spear they pierced His heart,  
And bruised His bleeding body sore.  
From every wound the blood ran down,  
The spring of life could bleed no more.

When all His precious blood was spent,  
The thunder roared, the rocks did rent;  
The earth did quake, the clouds did rumble,  
Which made hell shake and devils tremble.

The sun and moon a-mourning went,  
The seas did roar and the temples rent;  
And the richness of Christ's precious blood  
Did open graves and raise the dead.

With glass\* and looks the spirits stood,  
The Jews did tremble then with fear;  
The Jews did tremble then with fear,  
And said it was the Son of God.

Now we have crucified our King,  
The true blood, royal spring of life;  
Whose precious blood, we can farther tell,  
Has power to quench the flames of hell.

† Now let us stand beneath the cross;  
So may the blood from out His side  
Fall gently on us, drop by drop;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

"Here is a fountain of Christ's Blood" is mentioned by Hone in his *Ancient Mysteries* (1823) as a carol still annually printed on ballad-sheets. It has nothing in common with Cowper's hymn which begins "There is a fountain filled with blood." Compare the tune with that of "Christmas now is drawing near," "Have you not heard," "The Iron Peel" and "Death and the Lady" in this Journal.—L. E. B.

\* (?) Glassy

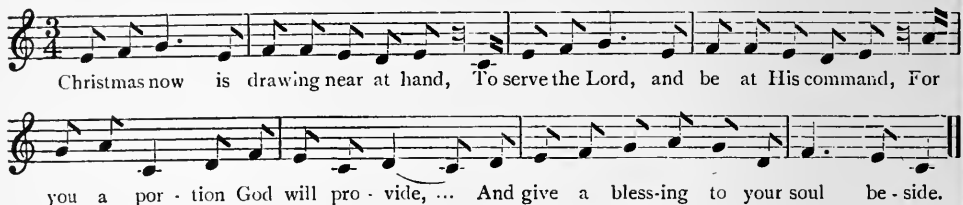
† See *Hymns A. and M.*, "O, come and mourn with me awhile."

# 34.—CHRISTMAS NOW IS DRAWING NEAR AT HAND.

(CAROL.)

Tune noted by Annie Webb.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS COLCOMBE,  
AT WEOBLEY, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1904.



Christmas now is drawing near at hand, To serve the Lord, and be at His command, For  
you a por · tion God will pro · vide, ... And give a bless-ing to your soul be · side.

Oh,\* remember, man, that thou art made of clay,  
And in this world thou hast not long to stay.  
Oh, this wicked world will never be content  
With all the gifts that our great God hath sent.

How proud and lofty do the people go,  
Dressing themselves, like lawyers in a show!  
They patch and paint, and dress with idle stuff,  
As if God had not made them fine enough.

Down in the garden, where flowers grow in ranks,  
Down on your knees and give the Lord thanks.  
Down on your knees, and pray both night and day;  
Leave off your sins, and praise the Lord alway.

But, remember, man, that thou art born to die,  
And to the judgment-seat thy soul must fly.  
So let your sins be ever so great or small,  
They must appear before the God of all.

So now sing praises to our God and King,  
That did on earth this great salvation bring;  
Who laid down His life upon the cursed tree,  
And died a cruel death upon Mount Calvary.

Compare this tune and the words with a version in *Shropshire Folk-Lore* (by Charlotte Burne), which was noted from the singing of gipsies habitually wandering through Shropshire and Staffordshire. Mrs. Leather, who communicates these words, has also collected near Weobley the words of the carol "The Black Decree," sung to a variant of this widely-spread air. See "The Black Decree" in Stainer's *Christmas Carols* (Novello) where this tune is associated with the words, and both are called "traditional." Compare the tune with that to "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Have you not heard," "The Iron Peel," and "Death and the Lady" in this Journal.—L. E. B.

\* Mrs. Leather, who kindly contributes this from her collection, writes that Mr. Colcombe puts in "Oh" when he has more notes than words.

# 35.—HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF OUR DEAR SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM PHILLIPS AND FAMILY,  
AT LEIGH, WORCESTERSHIRE, JANUARY 11TH, 1899.

Tune noted by Miss Norbury.

Have you not heard of our dear Sa-viour's love? And how he  
suf-fered like a harm-less dove? But if we in our wick-ed-  
ness re-main,..... Christ will not shed his blood for us a-gain.

If you were going to be put to death,  
It would be hard to find a friend on earth  
Who would lay down his life to set you free,  
Yet Christ with patience shed His blood for me.

Consider what our Lord did undergo,  
For to preserve us from the gulf of woe;  
Repent in time, your wickedness remain,  
Christ will not shed His blood for us again.

To love each other, as we ought to do,  
Is God's command, although it's kept by few;  
For little love can in this world be found,  
Nothing but spite and malice doth abound.

There is a thing which Scripture plainly shows:  
To pray for them which are our greatest foes;  
And if you ever wish to enter heaven,  
You must forgive as you would be forgiven.

'Tis very apt in some to curse and swear,  
But let us now persuade you to forbear,  
And do no more abuse the name of God,  
Lest He should smite you with His heavy rod.

The sin of drunkenness leave off in time,  
For that's another sad, notorious crime.  
Lead sober lives, and lay that sin aside;  
Nay, likewise too, that odious sin of pride.

Some make their riches as their god, I know,  
And on the poor they nothing will bestow.  
'Tis good to help the poor in their distress,  
Relieve the widow and the fatherless.

Attend thy church, the Sabbath don't neglect;  
All\* work by Scriptures well thy path direct,  
And ever let it be thy constant care  
To serve the Lord by daily fervent prayer.

Some do by gaining lose their whole estate,  
And then are sorry, when it is too late.  
'Tis better to live in darkness here on earth,  
Than lose the light of heaven after death.

Now, one thing more I to you wish to say:  
Your tender parents honour and obey.  
'Tis they took care to bring you up, indeed,  
You ought to help them in their time of need.

So now I will conclude, and make an end,  
† For these few lines which are sincerely penned;  
Now buy the book, the price is very small;  
God grant it may be for the good of all.

Compare this tune with "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Christmas now is drawing near," "The Iron Peel," and "Death and the Lady" in this Journal.—  
L. E. B.

\* (?) Alway by.

† (?) Of.

# 36.—OH, HAVE YOU HEARD AND SEEN OUR SAVIOUR'S LOVE?

(CAROL.)

SUNG BY MRS. CAROLINE BRIDGES,  
AT PEMBRIDGE, HEREFORDSHIRE, 1905.

Tune noted by William T. B. Burnett, Pembridge.

*Adagio.*

Oh, have you heard and seen our Sa - viour's love? And  
how he suf - fered like a harm - less..... dove, And if we in our  
wick - ed - ness re - main, We cru - ci - fy our bless - ed Lord a - gain.

Mrs. Leather, who communicates this tune, describes the fine effect produced by Mrs. Bridges' beautiful deep voice. The words are practically the same as those of the preceding carol, "Have you not heard," and are on a penny sheet of Christmas Carols printed by H. Elliott, 99, East Street, Hereford.—L. E. B.

# 37.—THE IRON PEEL.\*

Tune noted by Mrs. Grahame, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, April, 1904.

Good Chris - tian peo - ple, pray now lend an ear, And  
you a dread - ful sto - ry soon shall hear, A sto - ry strange, but  
cer - tain true in - deed, E - nough to make a heart of stone to bleed.

In Kent there lived a labouring man of late,  
Whose family, indeed, was very great;  
Provisions dear, his children being small,  
And nought had he to keep his babes withal.

Now this poor man, quite overwhelmed with grief,  
Took to his bed; for there was no relief.  
In ten days' time he did resign his breath,  
His wife and children now all being left.

\* An instrument used for putting bread into the oven.

One morn his widow left her babes in bed :  
 "Stay, dears," says she, "while I go get you bread."  
 Unto her brother's house direct she went,  
 Who a baker was, and lived four miles from Kent.

This weeping widow found to her dismay  
 That she had come upon the market day.  
 He was forced to go, because he couldn't stay ;  
 So he called unto his wife, and thus did say :

"Here is my sister ; she's in want, I know ;  
 Give her a loaf of bread, with cheese also,  
 That her dear infants may not starve and die  
 In such a time of woe and misery."

The baker's wife did then begin to fume,  
 Bidding the weeping widow quit the room.  
 "Out of my house, unto your brats," said she ;  
 "You shall have neither loaf nor cheese of me !"

Now this poor widow, overwhelmed with grief,  
 Found for her babes she could get no relief ;  
 And when she saw them in their chamber lay,  
 She cut their throats ; sure 'twas a bloody fray !

As they lay bleeding in their purple gore,  
 She quickly rose, and closed the door.  
 A rope unto the bedstead she then tied,  
 And hanged herself quite close to their bedside.

And when the baker, he came home at night,  
 He said, "My dear, my joy, my heart's delight !  
 Have you relieved my sister dear this day  
 In what I ordered ? Tell me, love, I pray."

"It is in vain to flatter you," said she ;  
 "Your sister's had no loaf or cheese of me !  
 Indeed, we may give all we have away,  
 And come to want ourselves another day."

And then the baker, overwhelmed with grief,  
 Straight to his sister's house he took relief ;  
 And never could his horror all be told,  
 At the most dismal sight he did behold.

No mortal man could e'er be more concerned  
 Than her dear brother ; and he home returned.

(He quarrels with his wife.)

As in this angry passion he did stand,  
 He chanced to have his *iron pecl* in hand,  
 With which he hit her an unlucky blow,  
 Which split her head, and soon did lay her low.

He tore his hair, to see what he had done,  
 And upstairs in a frenzy he did run.  
 A loaded pistol in his chamber lay,  
 He shot himself ! Sure, 'twas a bloody day !"

MORAL.

Ye covetous people, whom God has blessed with store,  
 Remember this, and give unto the poor ;  
 For God, you know has promised a reward,  
 "What's given the poor is lent unto the Lord."

This was sung by the daughters of a Kentish squire, the last of whom died at a very advanced age in 1865. Compare the tune with the airs of "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Christmas now is drawing near," "Have you not heard," and "Death and the Lady."—L. E. B.

### 38.—DEATH AND THE LADY.

Tune noted by her niece, Mrs. Launcelet Kennedy.

SUNG BY MISS MARY OULTON,  
 OF ANTRIM (AGED 73), 1892.

Death.] "Fair la - dy, lay those cost - ly robes a - side ; No long - er.....  
 may you glo - ry in your pride ; Take . leave of all your  
 car - nal vain de - light, I come to sum - mon you a - way this night.

- Lady.* "What bold attempt is this? Pray let me know  
From whence you come, and whither must I go?  
Shall I, a high-born lady, stoop or bow  
To such a pale-faced visage? 'Who art thou?'"
- Death.* "Do you not know me. I will tell you then;  
I'm he that conquers all the sons of men.  
No rank or beauty from my dart is free;  
My name is Death. Have you not heard of me?"
- Lady.* "Yes! I have heard of you, time after time;  
But, being in the glory of my prime,  
I did not think that thou would'st call so soon.  
Oh! must my morning's sun go down at noon?"
- Death.* "Talk not of noon; you may as well be mute;  
This is no time, or subject for dispute.  
Your jewels, gems, your gold, and garments all,  
You must resign to me, where'er I call."

This is one of our extremely early moral ballads. It is very frequently alluded to in 18th century literature.

Henry Carey used the old tune for a sort of burlesque cantata, called "A New Year's Ode," and it is included in his *Musical Century*, most of the plates of which are dated 1740. Carey heads the tune with the following quaint acknowledgment: "The Melody stolen from an old ballad called 'Death and the Lady.'"

#### CAREY'S VERSION.



For very interesting remarks on this tune and kindred airs see Chappell's *Popular Music*. The subject of "Death and the Lady" seems to have been a favourite for very many centuries; Chappell mentions a woodcut called by that name on a ballad of the 16th century, and there are many 17th century black-letter broadside versions of the dialogue, in the *Roxburghe* and *Donce Collections*, etc. The old tune "Fortune my Foe" has a likeness to the air in some of its forms (see Chappell's *National English Airs*, 1840). A Sussex traditional version is given in *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, where it is compared with the tune to "Stinson the Deserter." The Rev. S. Baring Gould's song, called "Death and the Lady" in *Songs of the West*, has nothing in common with tunes or words here mentioned. Compare "The Messenger of Mortality" in Dixon and Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, for an early broadside version.

The following tunes given in this Journal testify to the great popularity of this type of ballad-air, to which we may for convenience give the name of "Death and the Lady." They are "The Fountain of Christ's Blood," "Christmas now is drawing near," "Have you not heard," and "The Iron Peel." The Sussex bell-ringer, Mr. Burstow, however, despised the ballad of "Death and the Lady," and would hardly be persuaded to sing it to me, complaining that "it wasn't much of a tune, being almost all on one note."—L. E. B.

SAMUEL REAY, MUS. BAC.

IT is with much regret that we record the death of Mr. SAMUEL REAY which took place on July 21st, at Newark.

Born at Hexham in 1822, and the son of an accomplished organist there, he became a chorister at Durham Cathedral at the age of eight. Very early in life he became noted as an organist and sound musician, and held several important posts as such. In 1864 he became organist of the Parish Church at Newark, and succeeded Dr. Dearle there in the ancient and important office of Song-Schoolmaster under the Magnus Charity. He was also conductor of the Newark Philharmonic Society. As a composer of part-songs and hymns he was well-known and successful, his musical aims being always high and his taste refined.

He was a pioneer in many ways, for as early as in 1849 he delivered interesting courses of lectures with musical selections from old composers, on Ancient Keyed Instruments, Old English Ballad Music, etc. He was an authority on the Northumbrian pipes and lectured on them and also on his favourite subject, Folk-Song. Mr. Reay was the first person to produce Bach's comic *Coffee* Cantata and *Peasant* Cantata in England. The performance of these took place under his direction in 1879, at the Bow and Bromley Institute, Mr. Reay and Mrs. Newton supplying an English text to the cantatas. In conjunction with the chief collector, Mr. John Stokoe, Mr. Reay noted, edited and harmonized the valuable collection of traditional *Songs and Ballads of Northern England*. He became a member of the Folk-Song Society only two months before his decease, but notwithstanding his eighty-three years, and infirm health, took the liveliest interest in its work, sending letters of appreciation and encouragement on the subject till within a few weeks of his death.



# Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 8

Being the Third Part of Vol. II.

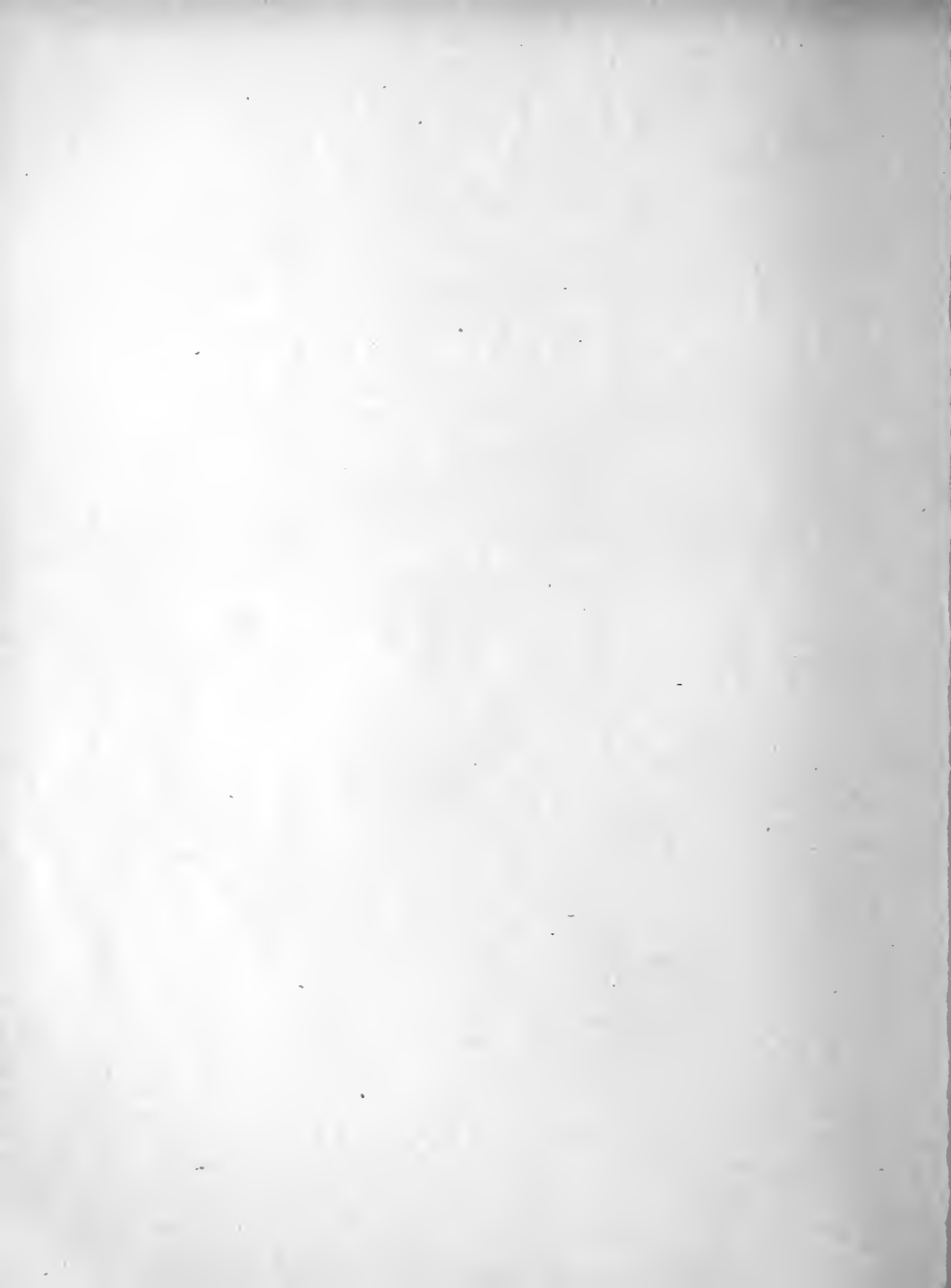
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1906.



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MAY, 1906.

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## PREFACE.

THE following collection of folk-tunes differs from most of those hitherto printed in the *Folk-Song Journal* in that, while former collections have been gathered from one county, the present tunes represent no less than seven—namely Essex, Norfolk, Sussex, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Kent, and even London. It is not suggested that the tunes grouped under the counties are their exclusive property—indeed the more wonderful fact elicited from the search for folk-songs is that the same tune may be heard, with hardly any variation, in Norfolk, Sussex or Yorkshire. This proves more than anything the fundamental character of the genuine Folk-song. It will be noticed that a large proportion of the tunes in this collection are modal in character—Dorian, Æolian or Mixolydian. I suggest that the Mixolydian and Dorian tunes are more characteristic of agricultural districts, while Æolian tunes belong more to towns, and trades such as fishing and cobbling—but this suggestion is merely empirical and founded on very partial evidence.

Although the field covered by the tunes in this journal is in one sense very large, in another it is very small—since it is only a small part of each county which I have searched for songs, and the time spent has been of necessity very short.

What results might be obtained from a systematic and sympathetic search through all the villages and towns of England! And yet this precious heritage of beautiful melody is being allowed to slip through our hands through mere ignorance or apathy.

I could imagine a much less profitable way of spending a long winter evening than in the parlour of a country inn taking one's turn at the mug of "four-ale"—(surely the most innocuous of all beverages), in the rare company of minds imbued with that fine sense which comes from advancing years and a life-long communion with nature—and with the ever-present chance of picking up some rare old ballad or an exquisitely beautiful melody, worthy, within its smaller compass, of a place beside the finest compositions of the greatest composers.

My heartiest thanks are due first to the singers of the following songs, who have always been most anxious to give me of their best and have often themselves written

out the words of the ballads for me. Among these I would especially mention Mr. H. Burstow, of Horsham (*see* Vol. i, p. 139, of the *Folk-Song Journal*), Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. Pottipher, shepherd, and Mr. Broomfield, woodman, all three of Ingrave (Essex) and the neighbourhood; Mr. and Mrs. Verrall, formerly of Monks-gate, Sussex, now living in Horsham. Mrs. Verrall obtained the prize given in 1905 by the *West Sussex Gazette* for the best Sussex tune; the tunes being "Covent Garden" and "Salisbury Plain," both in this Journal. Messrs. Carter and Anderson, fishermen of King's Lynn, both of them probably with Norse blood in their veins; since the fishing colony of King's Lynn are a distinct race and still talk of the rest of the town as "foreigners."

Secondly I must thank those who have so kindly helped me by finding out singers and helping to note both tunes and words—especially the Misses Heatley of Ingrave Rectory, Essex; the Rev. A. Huddle of King's Lynn, and Mr. Ansfield, gamekeeper, of Telscombe, Sussex.

And thirdly the members of the editing committee who have added valuable expert notes to this collection—namely Miss Lucy E. Broadwood (L. E. B.), Messrs. F. Kidson (F. K.), J. A. Fuller-Maitland (J. A. F. M.), and C. J. Sharp (C. J. S.)

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

13, CHEYNE WALK, S.W.

March 25th, 1906.

# SONGS COLLECTED FROM ESSEX.

## 1.—BUSHES AND BRIARS.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

*ÆOLIAN.*

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER,  
AT INGRAVE (NEAR BRENTWOOD), DEC. 4TH, 1903

Through bush-es and through bri - ars, Of late I took my way ; All  
for to hear the small birds sing, And the  
lambs to..... skip and play. All for to hear the  
small birds sing, And the lambs to..... skip and play.

I overheard my own true-love,  
Her voice it was so clear,  
"Long time I have been waiting  
For the coming of my dear."

I drew myself unto a tree,  
A tree that did look green,  
Where the leaves shaded over us,  
We scarcely could be seen,

I sat myself down by my love,  
Till she began to mourn,  
"I'm of this opinion,  
That my heart is not my own.

Sometimes I am uneasy,  
And troubled in my mind,  
Sometimes I'll think I'll go to my love  
And tell to him my mind;  
And if I should go to my love,  
My love he will say nay,  
I show to him my boldness,  
He'd ne'er love me again.

I cannot think the reason,  
Young women love young men,  
For they are so false-hearted,  
Young women to trepan,  
For they are so false-hearted,  
Young women to trepan,  
So the green grave shall see me,  
For I can't love that man."

Words completed from a Fortey ballad sheet.

It is impossible to reproduce the free rhythm and subtle portamento effects of this beautiful tune in ordinary notation.

Mr. Pottipher sang the same tune to "Willy of the Wagon Train," the words of which are to be found in Fortey's ballad sheets. I asked Mr. Pottipher if he could tell me anything about the origin of this and other of his tunes, his answer was "If you can get the words the Almighty will send you the tune;" an æsthetic principle which lies at the base of all the great song-writers work.—R. V. W.

The word "Bushes" probably suggested to Mr. Pottipher the opening phrase of this tune, which is identical with that of the air associated most often with the broadside version of "Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

The likeness to "Green Bushes" does not extend beyond the first two bars. There are certain initial phrases that are used by the folk-singer in much the same way as the words "As I went a walking" are employed by the ballad maker. The opening bars of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" are met with in many folk tunes.

*Cf.* the first phrase of the tune to "Bold Princess Royal" in the present volume.  
—C. J. S.



The tune is decidedly a version of one of "The Green Bushes" airs (*see* Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*). The words of the ballad were as early as Catnach's time, being merely reprinted by Fortey. In the earlier version the line, last but one, runs:—

"So the green grave shall *case* me,"

The air seems to have been popular, for songs on other ballad sheets are directed to be sung to "Bushes and Briars," "Young Edwin and the Lowlands Low" being one of these.—F. K.

## 2.—THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER,  
DEC. 4TH, 1903.

(? ?)

The four - teenth day of Febru - ary we sailed from the bay, In the  
bold Prin - cess Roy - al bound for New-found - land; With her  
for - ty bold sea - men, for her ship's com - pa - ny..... So  
bold - ly from the east - ward to the west - ward sailed we.

The rest of the words are to be found in the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, pp. 62 and 103), with the exception of the following verse.

I'll not haul down my topsail, nor heave my ship to,  
Reef my top gallant sail and royal, boys, and from them we'll go;  
They fired shots after us but they could not prevail,  
When the bold "Princess Royal" soon shewed them her tail.

R. V. W.

*Cf.* this tune with "Sheepcrock and Black Dog" in *English County Songs*.—L. E. B.

I have twice taken down this ballad in Somerset—tunes in each case quite different from the above.

*Cf. Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 103.

The third is often flattened in Mixolydian tunes. In this case, if it were not for the sharpened 7th in the first bar, the tune would be Dorian rather than Mixolydian.

—C. J. S.

I have noted down two copies of this song in North Yorkshire, both different in tune from the above (one is printed in the *Folk-Song Journal* as referred to). The words are on ballad sheets of the Catnach period. One bears a Bristol imprint, and another is issued by H. Such. On these copies there are identical eight verses.—F. K.

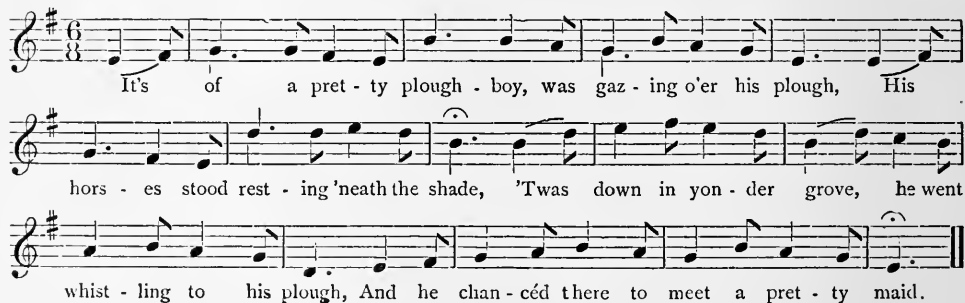
### 3.—THE PRETTY PLOUGH-BOY.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. POTTIPHER,

FEB. 2ND, 1904.



It's of a pret - ty plough - boy, was gaz - ing o'er his plough, His  
hors - es stood rest - ing 'neath the shade, 'Twas down in yon - der grove, he went  
whist - ling to his plough, And he chan - céd there to meet a pret - ty maid.

For the rest of the words see the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 132.—R. V. W.

A version of this was noted down last year at Brigg. The words are found on Fortey ballad sheets, and a set of words of an earlier date, "printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great Andrew St.," circa 1800, having considerable difference, is here appended.

#### THE PRETTY PLOUGH-BOY.

A pretty little plough-boy a-driving of his team  
And his horses stood under the shade,  
" 'Tis all for your sweet sake I come this way  
And so I'm rewarded for my pains."

The tears ran down her cheeks from her sloe-black eyes,  
She was drest like some goddess I vow,  
"You had better keep at home," says he, "my pretty maid,"  
And away he went singing to his plough.

He finished his song as he walked along,  
And thus to himself he did say,  
"If I should have you, pretty maid,  
The next day I shall be sent to sea."

Soon as his parents came to know  
As he was ploughing on a hill,  
A press gang came and pressed him away,  
And sent him to the wars to be slain.

She dressed herself in man's attire,  
And her pockets were lined with gold,  
She went to the seas in hopes to find ease,  
And she met with a sailor bold.

"I'm come to sea, young sailor," said she,  
"Did you meet with a little plough boy?  
He's gone across the deep, I'm going to the fleet,  
So pray young man let me ride."

She got into the boat and sailed along  
Till she came to the Spanish shore,  
Oh! how she sigh'd and cried for her little plough boy  
When she heard the loud cannons roar.

The ballad printer has here abruptly ended "for lack of space."—F. K.

The last four bars are nearly identical with the corresponding bars of a version of "The Keys of Heaven" which I recently noted in Somerset.

I have taken down "The Pretty Plough-boy" three times in the West of England. All my tunes are Mixolydian and they all bear some relation to the Essex version.

For a very interesting form of this Ballad see "The Simple Plough-boy" in *Songs of the West*, No. 59.—C. J. S.

#### 4.—NEW GARDEN FIELDS.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams*  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,  
AT EAST HORNDON, APRIL 22ND, 1904.

First version of the song, sung by Mr. Broomfield. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Come all you pret - ty fair maids, I pray you now at -  
- tend, Un - to these few lines I am go - ing to  
pen, Un - to these few lines I am just go - ing to  
write, She is my whole stu - dy and my dreams all the night."

#### SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams*

SUNG BY MR. J. PUNT,  
AT EAST HORNDON, APRIL 23RD, 1904.

Second version of the song, sung by Mr. J. Punt. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots, followed by a second staff that continues the melody.

On the 17th of August the 8th month of the year,  
Down the new garden fields where I first met my dear,  
She appeared like some goddess or some young divine,  
And come like a torment to torture my mind.

"No, I am no torment young man" she did say,  
"I am pulling these flowers so fresh and so gay,  
I am pulling these flowers which nature doth yield,  
And I take great delight in the new garden fields."

And I said "Lovely Nancy, dare I make so bold  
Your lily white hand one minute to hold,  
It will give me more pleasure than all earthly store,  
So grant me this favour and I'll ask you no more."

And she turnèd and said " Young man I fear you must jest,  
If I thought you were earnest I would think myself blest,  
But my father is coming there now," did she say,  
" So fare you well young man, it's I must away."

So now she's gone and left me all in the bonds of love,  
Kind Cupid, protect me, and you powers above,  
Kind Cupid, protect me, and pray take my part,  
For she's guilty of murder and quite broke my heart.

She turned and said " Young man, I pity your moan,  
I'll leave you no longer to sigh alone :  
I will go along with you to some foreign part,  
You are the first young man that has won my heart.

We'll go to church on Sunday and married we'll be,  
We'll join hands in wedlock and sweet unity,  
We'll join hands in wedlock and vow to be true,  
To father and mother we will bid adieu. '

Words completed from a Such ballad sheet.—R. V. W.

For another tune see Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*.—L. E. B.

This tune is a striking example of a structure not common in *English Folk-Songs*, in which the first and fourth lines of the verse are identical, and the second and third are identical. Among Celtic tunes the melodic pattern is far more usual.

Compare the tune in Bunting's collection for which Mr. A. P. Graves wrote the words " My Love's an Arbutus " in Sir C. V. Stanford's *Songs of Old Ireland*.—  
J. A. F. M.

The ballad sheet by Such is identical with one printed by Catnach. I have noted an air similar to Barrett's, sung to the ballad " The Deserter."—F. K.

# 5.—THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,  
FEB. 22ND, 1904.

(a)

When first in this coun - try a..... stran - ger,..... Cur -  
os - i - ty ... caused me to roam; Ov - er Eur - ope I re -  
solved to be a ran - ger, When I left Phil - a - del - phia my home.

*Variant.*

(a)

We quickly sailed over to England,  
Where forms of great beauty do shine.  
Till at length I beheld a fair damsel,  
And I wish'd in my heart she was mine.

One morning I careless did ramble,  
Where the winds and sweet breezes did blow,  
It was down by a clear crystal river,  
Where the sweet purling waters did flow;—

'Twas there I espied a fair creature,  
Some goddess appearing to be,  
As she rose from the reeds by the water,  
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I stopt up and wished her good morning,  
When her fair cheeks did blush like the rose,  
Said I, "The green meadows are charming,  
Your guardian I'll be if you choose."

She said "Sir, I ne'er want a guardian,  
Young man you are a stranger to me,  
And yonder my father is coming,  
O'er the green mossy banks of the Lea."

I waited till up came her father,  
And plucked up my spirits once more,  
I said "If this is your fair daughter,  
That beautiful girl I adore.—

Ten thousand a year is my fortune,  
And a lady your daughter shall be,  
She shall ride with her chariot and horses,"  
O'er the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Then they welcomed me home to their cottage,  
Soon after in wedlock to join,  
And there I erected a castle,  
In grandeur and splendour to shine.

And now the American stranger,  
All pleasure and pastime can see,  
With adorable gentle Matilda  
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

So it's all pretty maidens attention,  
No matter how poor you may be,  
There is many a poor girl as handsome  
As those with a large property.

By flattery let no one deceive you,  
Who knows but your fortune may be  
Like that young gentle Matilda  
On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Words completed from a Such ballad sheet.—R. V. W.

*Cf.* this tune with "The pretty girl milking the Cow" in Bunting's first edition of Irish airs.

The words are astonishingly popular amongst country singers.—L. E. B.

The words of this ballad are common on broadsides by all printers. I have copies from the presses of Walker, Durham; Barr, Leeds; Taylor, Fortey, and Such; the first named is the earliest, *circa* 1850. They are all practically the same verbally except the Durham issue, more correctly printed:—

"When I left dear Ireland my home," instead of "Philadelphia my home."

The tune is certainly akin to "The pretty girl milking the cow," first printed by Bunting in 1796.—F. K.

I recently noted down this ballad, under the title "An American Stranger," from a Minehead singer. My tune is in the Dorian mode and is a variant of that given above, but more elaborate in structure. The words are substantially the same, but the Minehead singer omitted the last verse.—C. J. S.

## 6.—AS I WALKED OUT.

Tune noted R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,  
OCT. 6TH, 1904.

As I walked out ... one May morn - ing, So.....  
ear - ly..... in the spring; I placed my back a - gainst the  
old gar - den gate, And I heard my true love sing.

To hear my true love sing, my boys,  
To hear what she had for to say,  
" 'Tis now very near three quarters of a year,  
Since you and I together did stay."

" Come now, my love, and sit down by me,  
Beneath this green lofty oak where the leaves are springing green,  
It's now very near three quarters of a year,  
Since you and I together have been."

" I will not come and sit down by you,  
Nor no other young man;  
Since you have been courting some other young girl,  
Your heart is no longer mine."

This tune is a good example of the extraordinary breadth and melodic sweep which is to be found in English Folk-Song.—R. V. W.

Some versions of "The Seeds of Love" are very like this tune, and the third line is almost identical with that given in *English County Songs*, with the single exception that the characteristic drop of two thirds (at the words "garden gate") is here one note lower than in the version referred to.—J. A. F. M.



## 7.—TARRY TROUSERS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HUMPHREYS,  
FORMERLY OF LAINDON, NOW OF INGRAVE.

*Subsequent verses start here.*



As I walked out one fine sum - mer's morn - ing, The  
morn - ing be - ing both fine and clear, There I..... heard a  
ten - der moth - er Talk - ing to her daught - er dear.

"Daughter, daughter, I'd have you to marry,  
Live no longer a single life;"  
But she says "Mother, I'd rather tarry,  
I'd rather wait for my sailor bold."

"Sailors they are given to roving,  
Into foreign parts they do go,  
Then they will leave you broken-hearted,  
And then they'll prove your overthrow.

Don't you hear the great guns rattle  
And the small ones make a noise?  
When he's in the height of battle,  
How can he attend to you, my dear?"

My mother wants me to wed with a tailor,  
And not give me my heart's delight,  
But give me the man with the tarry trousers  
That shines to me like diamonds bright.

Mr. Sharp prints a version of this in his second series of *Folk-Songs from Somerset*. The words are on broadsides by J. Catnach, and Mr. Vaughan Williams' informant has not quite remembered them if he has taken them from a ballad-sheet copy. There are eight verses in the original, and the fifth runs:—

"I know you would have me wed a farmer,  
And not give me my heart's delight,  
Give me the lad whose tarry trousers  
Shines to me like diamonds bright."

The last two lines, which give the title to the song, Dickensians will remember are quoted by Captain Cuttle in one of his poetic flights.

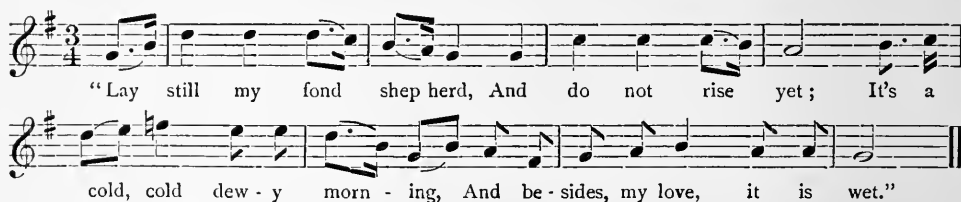
The ballad was known in Yorkshire, but I have never been able to get a tune to it.  
—F. K.

I have taken down this ballad twice in Somerset. One version, in the major key, is printed in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 41. The other, which was sung to me by a Mendip singer, is in the Dorian mode, and is very nearly identical with the Essex tune.—C. J. S.

### 8.—LAY STILL, MY FOND SHEPHERD.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. KEMP,  
HERONGATE, OCT. 26TH, 1904.



“Lay still my fond shep herd, And do not rise yet ; It’s a  
cold, cold dew - y morn - ing, And be - sides, my love, it is wet.”

“Let it be wet my love,  
Never so cold ;  
I must arise, my fond Floro,  
And away to my fold.”

“No, no, bright Floro,  
It is no such thing ;  
It’s a bright sun shining,  
And the lark’s on the wing.

When the lark rises in the morning  
She does whistle and sing ;  
And at night she does return  
To her own nest again.

And when the plough-boy has done  
All he’s got for to do ;  
He trips down the meadows  
All the milkmaids to view.

And when the plough-boy has done  
All he’s got for to do,  
He trips down to the meadows  
Where the grass is all cut down.”

There are points of resemblance in these words to those of “The Lark in the Morn” (Baring Gould’s *A Garland of Country Song*), and “The Pretty Plough-boy” (Kidson’s *Traditional Tunes*).—L. E. B.

## 9.—A BOLD YOUNG FARMER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DENNY,

AT THE BILLERICAY UNION, APRIL 25TH, 1904.

A bold young farmer he courted me, He gained my heart and my lib - er - ty, He has gained my heart with a free good will, And I must con-fess that I love him still.

For the rest of the words see "There's an Alehouse." *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 252.—R. V. W.

This should be compared with "Died for Love" and "In Jessie's City," both in this collection.—L. E. B.

## 10.—ROBING WOOD (ROBIN HOOD) AND THE PEDLAR.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

PENTATONIC.

SUNG BY MR. DENNY,

APRIL 25TH, 1904.

It's of a ped - lar, ped - lar bold, a ped - lar bold, so bold was he; He takes his pack all on his back And mer - ri - ly trudged o'er the lea.

For the rest of the words see *Folk-Song Journal*, No. 4, p. 144.

A close variant of this tune, to the words "It was one morning in the Spring I went on board to serve the King," was sung to me by Mr. Stacey of Hollycombe, Sussex.—R. V. W.

The words of this ballad are on broadsides printed by Catnach and by Such. I have not found them in any of the regular Robin Hood collections or garlands. Both words and tune are undoubtedly old.—F. K.

This tune is a modified version of the tune in *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 144.—F. K.

The tune is a variant of a melody which, in some form or other, is constantly recurring in English Folk-Song. It is usually in the Mixolydian mode. For an example in the major key see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 99.—C. J. S.

# SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. VERRALL,  
OF HORSHAM, SUSSEX, MARCH 17TH, 1906.

Just as this goes to press, and without the possibility of annotation by the editing committee, I have noted in Sussex a very beautiful variant of this tune. Rather than omit it altogether I introduce it here out of its proper place.—R. V. W.

## 11.—THE COBBLER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,  
OF EAST HORNDON, APRIL 21ST, 1904.

O, a sto - ry, a sto - ry to you I will tell, Con - cern - ing a but - cher in  
Lon - don he did dwell, The but - cher was pos - sessed of a beau - ti - ful  
wife, And the cob - bler he loved her as dear as his  
REFRAIN.  
life to my wack - fol - de - li - do - dood - le - all - the - day.

The rest of the words are not suitable for publication and have little interest except, perhaps, in giving a modern example of the kind of rough fun which we find in Chaucer's "Clerk of Oxenforde."

The words are evidently modern, or modernized, since a policeman is one of the characters introduced.—R. V. W.

The words under the heading "The Cunning Cobbler" are to be seen in broadsides printed by H. Such. The melody appears to be one formerly adapted to narrative ballads of similar nature.—F. K.

*Cf.* the tune to "The Irish Bull," *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 48.—C. J. S.

## 12.—NEWPORT STREET.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,  
APRIL 23RD, 1904.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*



In... Newport Street it was re - port - ed, A come-ly dam - sel there did dwell; And  
by a ser - vant man was cour - ted, Who lov - ed her ex - ceed-ing well.

He says, "My dear let us get married,  
Oh, dearest love, don't dislike me,  
For I'll work for you both late and early,  
If you my wedded wife will be."

She says, "Let us consider,  
We are both yet too young to wed,  
O, when we are married we are bound together,  
Let us live single another year."

Then he saw her dancing with some other,  
A jealous thought run into his mind  
And for to destroy his own true lovier,  
He gave her poison in a glass of wine.

She drunked the wine and then she halted,  
"O dearest love, O pray take me,  
For the glass of wine you just now gave me,  
Makes me as ill as ill can be."

And as they were walking home together,  
 These very words to her did say,  
 "That is a glass of poison I just now gave you,  
 It will soon take your sweet life away.

And I myself I'll take another."  
 And what a silly young man was he,—  
 And in each other's arms they died,  
 Therefore young men don't jealous be.

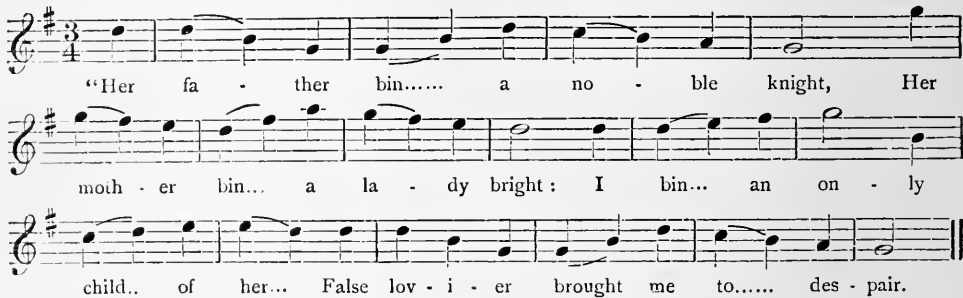
This is a very popular ballad in Somerset. I have noted it down four times. The words—except for the first two verses—are substantially the same as the Essex set. The Somerset tune is generally a variant of "The Virgin's Wreath" in *A Garland of Country Song*, p. 62.

The words are on a broadside by Catnach, under the heading "Oxford City."—  
 C. J. S.

### 13.—DIED FOR LOVE.

SUNG BY MR. PUNT,  
 APRIL 23RD, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



"Her fa - ther bin..... a no - ble knight, Her  
 moth - er bin... a la - dy bright: I bin... an on - ly  
 child.. of her... False lov - i - er brought me to..... des - pair.

### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. BROOMFIELD,  
 FEB. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams



"Her fa - ther bin..... a no - ble knight, Her  
 moth - er bin... a la - dy bright: I bin... an on - ly  
 child.. of her... False lov - i - er brought me to..... des - pair.

There is a flower some people say,  
 Will give ease by night and day ;  
 But if I could that flower find  
 'Twould ease my heart and cheer my mind."

Then in her father's fields she run,  
 Gathering flowers one by one :  
 Then some she plucked and some she pulled,  
 Until she gathered her apron full.

Then unto her father's house she run,  
 Told them over one by one,  
 But (of) all the flowers she could not find  
 Would ease her heart and cheer her mind.

" O yonder he stands on yonder hill,  
 He's got a heart as hard as steel,  
 He's gained two hearts in the room of one  
 And he'll be a true lovier when I am gone.

Then dig my grave both long and deep,  
 Put a marble stone at my head and feet,  
 And in the middle a turtle dove  
 To let the world know I died for love."

The first tune given reminds one slightly of the fourth version of " My true love once he courted Me," printed in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, and the song is much of the same theme.—F. K.

I have taken this down once in Somerset. Tune quite different—words much the same.—C. T. S.

#### 14.—IN JESSIE'S CITY.

SUNG BY A MAID AT INGRAVE RECTORY,  
 (FORMERLY OF CHIGWELL).

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

In Jes - sie's ci-ty, oh there did dwell, A post - man boy I loved so well, 'Twas  
 he... that stole my heart a - way, And now with me he will... not stay.

There is an inn in this same town,  
Which my love goes and sits himself down,  
And takes a strange girl on his knee,  
He tells her what he doesn't tell me.

It's grief to me I'll tell you for why,  
Because she has more gold than I,  
But needed time her gold shall fly,  
And she shall be as poor as I.

I went upstairs to make my bed,  
And nothing to my mother said,  
"O daughter, O daughter, what is the matter  
O daughter what is the matter with thee?"

"O mother, mother, you do not know  
What grief and sorrow comes from joy,  
Go get a chair and set me down,  
And pen and ink to write it down,"

Her father he came home at night,  
Saying "Where has my daughter gone?"  
He went upstairs, the door he broke,  
And found her hanging on a rope.

He took his knife and cut her down,  
Within her breast these lines were found;  
"O what a foolish maid was I  
To hang myself for a postman boy."

"Go dig my grave both long, wide and deep,  
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,  
And on my breast a turtle dove  
To show the wide world I died for love."

There is a close resemblance between both words and tune of this song and those of the previous one.—"Died for Love."—R. V. W.

Cf. "A bold young Farmer" and "Died for Love" in this collection, and interesting variants, words and tunes, under the title "My true Love once he courted Me" in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*. All versions of the words have parts of the songs "Deep in Love" and "There is an Ale-house" (or "Tavern") strangely mixed.—L. E. B.



## SONGS COLLECTED FROM NORFOLK.

### 15.—THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CARTER,  
AT KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK, JAN. 9TH, 1905

One day this poor boy to me was bound apprentice, Be - cause of his... be-ing  
fa - therless; I took him out of St. Jame - s' workhouse, His mother being in deep distress.  
Variants. (a) (b) or

One day this poor boy unto me offended,  
But nothing to him I did say,  
Up to the main mast shroud I sent him  
And there I kept him all that long day.

All with my garling-spikk I misused him  
So shamefully I can't deny,  
All with my marling-spike I gagged him,  
Because I could not bear his cry.

His face and his hands to me expanded,  
His legs and his thighs to me likewise,  
And by my barbarous cruel entreatment  
This very next day this poor boy died.

You captains all throughout the nation,  
Hear a voice and a warning take by me,  
Take special care of your apprentice  
While you are on the raging sea.

Mr. Carter belongs to the colony of fishermen who inhabit the "North End" at King's Lynn. They possibly have a Norse ancestry—the wild character of this remarkable tune points to such a stock.

This song was also sung to me by Mr. Bayley, also a fisherman, who substituted "gasket" for "garling-spikk" in verse 2. The words are evidently local. "St. James' Workhouse" is the King's Lynn Union.

The following variant of the tune was sung to me by Mr. Harper, also of North End, to the words of "Oxford City."—R. V. W.

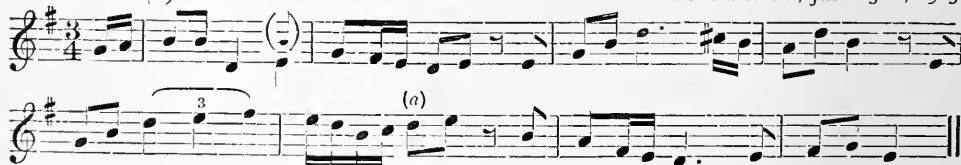
# OXFORD CITY.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

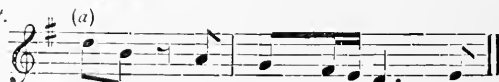
*DORIAN (?)*

SUNG BY MR. HARPER,

KING'S LYNN, JAN. 13TH, 1905.



*Variant.*



"Garling-spikk" is most likely "Marling-spike,"\* a small pointed steel instrument for unpicking rope. The ballad was probably called forth by a particularly brutal case of ill-treatment, similar to that narrated in it, which occurred some twenty or thirty years ago.

The ballad "Oxford City," to which this air evidently belongs, is found on broad-sides of the Catnach period.—F. K.

As "marling-spike" occurs two lines afterward, I am inclined to think that the real word has been forgotten, all but its initial letter, and "garling-spikk" coined so as to "rhyme" with "marling-spike." The original word is very likely "gasket" which means a rope's end used for flogging.—J. A. F. M.

\* Marline-spike is the correct form of spelling.

# 16.—WARD THE PIRATE.

SUNG BY MR. CARTER,

JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

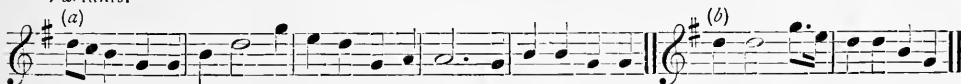
(a)



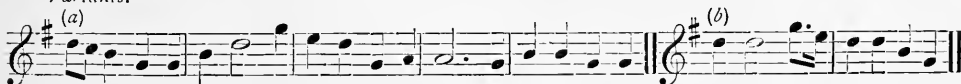
Come, all you gal-lant sea-men bold, all you that march to drum, Let's  
go and look for Cap-tain Ward, far on the sea he roams, He  
is the big-gest rob-ber that ev-er you did hear, There's  
not been such a rob-ber found for a-bove this hun-dred year.

Variants.

(a)



(b)



A ship was sailing from the east and going to the west,  
Loaded with silks and satins and velvets of the best,  
But meeting there with Captain Ward it proved hard to maintain,  
He robbed them of all their wealth and bid them tell their King.

Captain Ward wrote a letter to our king on the 14th day of February,  
To know of him if he might come in and all his company,  
To know of him if he might come in old England to behold,  
And for his pardon he would give five hundred tons of gold.

O then the king provided a ship of noble fame,  
She's called the *Royal Rainbow*, perhaps you've heard her name,  
She was as well provided for as any ship can be,  
Full thirteen-hundred men on board to bear her company.

O then this gallant *Rainbow* came crossing o'er the main,  
Saying, "Yonder lies bold Captain Ward and here we must remain,"  
"I'm here, I'm here," cried Captain Ward, "my name I'll not deny,  
But if you are one of the king's fine ships you are welcome to pass by."

"O no," says gallant *Rainbow*, "it grieves our king full sore,  
That her rich merchant ships can't pass as they have done before;"  
"Come on, come on," cries Captian Ward, "I value you not a pin,  
For if you've got brass for an outward show, I've got steel within."

O, then the gallant *Rainbow* she fired, she fired in vain,  
Till six-and-thirty of their men all on the deck were slain,  
"Fight on, fight on," says Captain Ward, "this sport well pleases me,  
For if you fight this month and more your master I will be."

It was eight o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,  
And so they did continue there till nine o'clock at night :  
"Go home, go home," says Captain Ward, "and tell your king from me,  
If he reigns king on all the land, Ward will reign king on sea."

This song was also sung by Mr. Bayley, who described it as a "Master-song."  
(Cf. "Lausch, Kind! Das ist ein Meisterlied."—*Wagner*, "*Die Meistersinger*."  
*Act III.*)

Mr. Bayley had gained a prize for singing this song at a cheap-jack's singing match.—R. V. W.

This is one of our very old naval ballads. A copy of the words was printed as early as the middle of the seventeenth century by William Onley, and it has survived on ballad sheets, and by tradition, to late times. Pitts, Catnach, and Such all print versions. For very full notes on "Captain Ward and his ship the *Rainbow*" see Halliwell's volume of the Percy Society, *Early Naval Ballads*, 1841. It is also reprinted in *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, 1868, in *Real Sailor Songs*, and elsewhere.

The event occurred in the reign of James I. The old version began :—

Strike up ye lusty gallants  
With musick and sound of drum,  
For we have descryed a rover  
Upon the sea is come, etc.

Mr. Baring Gould has noted down a version of the tune (yet in MS.) and there is a copy in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*.—F. K.

## 17.—THE BOLD ROBBER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,  
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

O come you good peo - ple that go out a - tippl - ing, I  
pray give at - ten - tion and list'n to my song, I'll  
sing you a dit - ty of a jol - ly bold rob - ber, Stood  
sev - en feet high in pre - por - tion quite strong.

He robbed lawyer Morgans and lady of Dorgans, (?)  
Five hundred bright guineas from each one of them,  
Till he was a-walking he met a young sailor  
And bold as a lion he stepped up to him.

"Deliver your money, my jolly young sailor,  
You have plenty of bulk in your pocket I see,"  
"But then (aye?)" says the sailor, "I have plenty of money,  
But while I have life I have got none for thee.

I have just left my shipping and taken my money,  
I'm bound for old England my friends for to see,  
I've ninety bright guineas my friends to make merry,  
So I pray, jolly robber, don't you take it from me."

Then the saucy bold robber struck the jolly young sailor,  
Such a blow on the head which brought him to the ground,  
"But aye (?) " says the sailor, "you have struck me quite heavy  
But I must endeavour to return it again."

O then they did strippèd like lambkins they skippèd  
They went life for life like to soldiers in field,  
And the ninety-eighth meeting it was a completement  
And this jolly young sailor the robber then killed.

Says the jolly young sailor to the bold saucy robber,  
"I hope you won't lay any blame on to me,  
If I'd been a robber of ten hundred guineas  
I never would have stoppèd a poor sailor like me."

I have never come across this ballad on a broadside or elsewhere. The tune is decidedly old and the song is one of the many narrative lyrics of highwayman exploits which formerly must have been sung around the firesides of most country inns.—F. K.

## 18.—YOUNG HENRY THE POACHER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,  
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Come all you wild and wick - ed youths wher - ev - er you may  
be, I pray you give at - ten - tion and lis - ten un - to me, The  
fate of us poor trans - ports as you shall un - der - stand, The  
hard - ships that we un - der - go, up - on Van Die - men's land.

The complete words, which are of no great interest, are on a Such ballad sheet.

The words of "The Gallant poachers" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 142) have much in common with these.—R. V. W.

The words of this ballad seem to have been very commonly known in country districts where poaching is a strong reality; it has been much printed on broadsides. I have copies by Such, Fortey, and Bebbington of Manchester, in which last it is called "Young Henry's Downfall."

To complete the song the burden—

"Young men all now beware  
Lest you're drawn into a snare"

is to be appended to each verse and this is given with all printed copies.

To fill local requirements the birthplace of Young Henry is varied. The Manchester version, 2nd verse, is:—

“ My parents rear'd me tenderly, good learning gave to me,  
Till with bad men I was beguil'd which proved my destiny.  
I was brought up in Lancashire, near Bolton town did dwell,  
My name it is Young Henry, in Chorley known full well.”

The Fortey copy gives Warwickshire as the county and Southam and Harbourn as the other place-names. It is not so long ago that poaching had the penalty of seven and fourteen years transportation attached. The ballad is in date about 1835-40 I should say.—F. K.

The tune seems nearly akin to “ The Noble Lord ” (*Sussex Songs*), and others.—  
J. A. F. M.

## 19.—ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,

JAN. 9TH, 1905.

When I was young and in my prime, my age just twenty one, Then  
I be-came a ser-vant un-to a gen-tle-man; I  
served him true and hon-est and that is ver-y well known, But  
cru-el-ly he ban-ish'd me from E-rin's love-ly home.

## SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CHESSON,  
IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

(a)

1st.

2nd.

(b)

Vars. (a) (b)

For complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 117.—R. V. W.

For other versions see *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 38; *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, p. 117; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, p. 11.

A large number of English Folk-tunes are modelled on the same pattern, and conform in general melodic outline to "Erin's Lovely Home," e.g. Nos. 18, 21, 28, and 33 in this collection of Norfolk airs.—C. J. S.

## 20.—A BOLD YOUNG SAILOR.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,  
JAN. 10TH, 1905.

A bold young sail - or court - ed me, And stole a -

- way ... my lib - er - ty; He stole my heart with my

free good - will, I must con - fess ... I love... him still.

(a) or



For the rest of the words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 252.—R. V. W.

For other airs to this ballad see Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 44. Other versions commence "A brisk young cropper" and "A rich young farmer," according to district. A cropper is an obsolete term for a workman formerly employed in cloth finishing.—F. K.

## 21.—THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,  
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

(a)

I... was brought up in Shef - field, but not of high de - gree, My pa - rents do - ted  
on me, hav - ing no child but me; I roved a - bout for plea - sure wher -  
e'er my fan - cy led, Till I was bound ap - pren - tice, then all my joys were fled.

Varsiants.

(a) (b) (c) (d)

## SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HOWARD,  
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

(a)

I was brought up in Shef - field, but not of high de - gree, My pa rents do - ted  
on me, hav - ing no child but me. I roved a - bout for plea - sure, wher -  
e'er my fan - cy led, Till I was bound ap - pren - tice, then all my joys were fled.

Variant.



For complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 200.—R. V. W.

The words are frequent on broadsides. A copy of the song with a tune is given in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. ii, p. 66 as noted down in the North of Scotland.—F. K.

I have noted down this ballad twice in Somerset. One of my versions is sung to the tune of "Erin's lovely home," with which both of Mr. Vaughan Williams' tunes have some affinity.—C. J. S.

## 22.—THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,  
JAN. 13TH, 1905.

On the four - tenth of Feb - ru - a - ry we sailed from the  
land, In the Bold Prin - cess Roy - al bound for New - found -  
- land. We had for - ty bright sea - men for our ship's com - pan -  
- y, and bold - ly from the east - ward, to the west - ward bore we.

For the complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 62.—R. V. W.

I have noted down two versions of this song in Yorkshire, and the ballad itself is to be found on broadsides of sixty or seventy years ago.—F. K.

Cf. the tune of "Sheepcrook and Black Dog" in *English County Songs*. The air is much like one often used to the words "Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

### 23.—GLENCOE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DONGER,  
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 13TH, 1905.



The words to this fine tune were unfortunately not noted.—R. V. W.

The title of the ballad, which is to be found on Catnach and other broadsides, is "Donald's return to Glencoe."

There is a version of the tune, No. 677, in *The Complete Petrie Collection*, and I have noted down versions both in Yorkshire and Scotland.—F. K.

### 24.—COME ALL YOU YOUNG SAILORS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DONGER,  
JAN. 13TH, 1905.



The words of this song were not noted.—R. V. W.

A characteristic “narrative” ballad tune with, I should say, a “Derry Down” refrain.—F. K.

*Cf.* the tune “The Shepherd Boy” in *Sussex Songs*.—L. E. B.

This is the tune to which “Henry Martin” is usually sung in the West of England. *Cf.* *Songs of the West*, No. 53 and *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 30.—C. J. S.

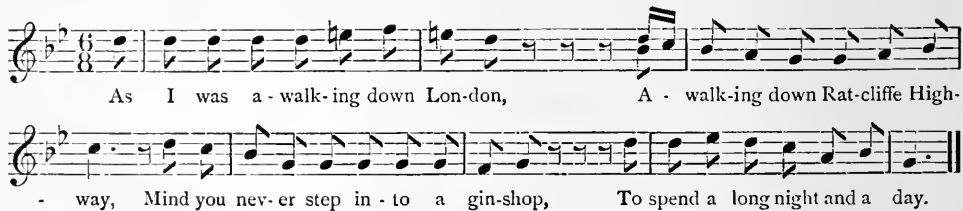
## 25.—RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HOWARD,

AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 10TH, 1905.



As I was a - walk - ing down Lon - don, A - walk - ing down Rat - cliffe High -  
- way, Mind you nev - er step in - to a gin - shop, To spend a long night and a day.

Old Dosy (?) came rolling up to me  
As I had the money to sport.  
A bottle of wine changed a guinea  
She quickly replied “That’s your sort.”

A bottle of wine being finished  
I called for glasses coming on (?)  
I (?) take change of a guinea  
She tipped (me) the voice of a song.

The night being right in our favour  
So on board I quietly (?) crept,  
I found a boat bound for Bedford,  
I got upon board of a ship.

It was impossible to take down the words of this song at all accurately, and at the best they are fragmentary.—R. V. W.

The full words (scarcely suitable for reproduction) are on a broadside by Catnach entitled “Rolling down Wapping.”—F. K.

# 26.—JUST AS THE TIDE WAS FLOWING.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HARPER,  
AT KING'S LYNN, JAN. 14TH, 1905.



Fragments of words.

O being weary we both sat down, underneath a tree where branches hung (?) around  
And what was done shall ne'er be known, just when the tide was flowing.  
O there its we walked and there we talked as we ganged down together,  
The little lambs did skip and play and pleasant was the weather.

O its to some public-house we'll go where ale and wine and brandy flow.  
Success to the girl that will do so, just when the tide was flowing.  
O she says, "I've twenty pound in store, meet me here when you will have more  
My jolly sailor I adore," all when the tide was flowing.

I was only able to obtain fragments of these words.—R. V. W.

The words are on ballad sheets by Barr of Leeds, Hodges of London, and other printers. They are printed with an air in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, as well as in Mr. Cecil Sharp's second collection of *Folk-Songs from Somerset*.—F. K.

# 27.—THE LINCOLNSHIRE (OR YORKSHIRE) FARMER.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. WHITBY,  
TILNEY-ALL-SAINTS, NORFOLK, JAN. 8TH, 1905.

Good peo - ple at - tend and soon you shall hear, It's  
of an old farm - er lived in Lin - coln shire, A York - shire boy he  
kept for his man, For to do his business as you shall un - der - stand.

## SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,  
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

fol - de - lol, etc.

Early one morning he called for his man  
For to go to the fair as you shall understand,  
Saying, " Boy, the cow's in good order and her I can spare,"  
Saying, " Boy, the old cow you shall take to the fair."

Away the boy went with the cow in a band,  
To go to the fair as you shall understand,  
As he was a-going he met with three men,  
And he sold his old cow for six pound ten.

Away they went to the alehouse to drink,  
Where the men paid the boy down his chink,  
There sat the old highwayman drinking of wine,  
Said he to himself, " All that money is mine."

The boy unto the landlady did say,  
"What am I to do with my money I pray?"  
"Sew it up in your coat-lining," the landlady did say,  
"For fear you should be robbed upon the highway."

Now as John he was a-walking home,  
This highwayman he followed him quite soon,  
"O how far are you going?" the highwayman said.  
"Four miles and further," the poor boy replied.

. . . . .  
"Four miles and further the odds I don't know"  
So its jump up behind and away they did go.

Then they rode till they came to a green shaded lane,  
"O now my little boy I must tell you it plain,  
Deliver up your money, without any strife  
Or else this very minute I'll make an end of your life."

When he found he had no time to dispute

(1 line missing)

From the lining of his coat he tore the money out,  
And amongst the long grass he scattered it about.

This highwayman he jumped from his horse,  
And little he thought it was to his loss,  
For while he was gathering the money from the grass,  
To make him amends he rode off with his horse.

O he holloed and he shouted and bid him to stand,  
The boy would not hear him but still galloped on.

(2 lines missing)

Now as John as he was riding home  
The servant was standing all in the front room,  
She runs to her master, says she "Here's a loss,"  
Says she "The old cow has turned into a hoss"

When the saddle bag was opened within was a hole,  
They took sixty pounds in silver and gold.  
Says the boy to his master "I hope you'll allow  
That master, dear master, I've well sold your cow."

These words are those of the first version completed from the second.—R. V. W.

The usual title of this song is "The Crafty Ploughboy, or The Highwayman Outwitted," and under this title the words are found on a Pitt's broadside with the earlier address, 14, Great St. Andrew St. They are also on later ballad sheets and are included in the *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, 1868.

I have found in an old 18th century magazine, *The Universal Museum* for February, 1766, a prose account of the circumstances as having just happened. It is quite possible, however, that the editor has for lack of copy dished up an old tale into a circumstantial account.

The name of the Shire varies in most copies, but the Yorkshire lad's sharpness is always given as credit to his county.—F. K.

This ballad has been sung to me in Somerset as "The Herefordshire Lad," which is in accordance with the Pitt's broadside above mentioned.—C. J. S.

## 28.—ON BOARD A NINETY-EIGHT.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. LEATHERDAY,  
IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 9TH, 1905.

When I was young and scarce eighteen, I drove a roar-ing trade, And  
many a sly trick I have play'd With many a pret-ty maid, My...  
par-ents found that would not do, I... soon would spend their store, So...  
they re-solv'd that I... should go, On... board a Man of War.  
Variants. (a) (b)

A bold press gang surrounded me,  
Their warrant they did show,  
And swore that I should go to sea,  
And face the daring foe,  
So they lugg'd me to the boat,  
Oh how I cursed my fate,  
'Twas then I found that I must float  
On board of a ninety-eight.



When first I put my foot on board,  
How I began to stare,  
Our Admiral he gave the word,  
There is no time to spare.  
They weighed their anchor, shook out sail,  
And off they bore me straight,  
To watch the foe in storm and gale  
On board of a ninety-eight.

Before we reached America,  
They gave me many a drill,  
They soon learnt me a nimble way  
To handle an iron pill.  
In course of time a fight began,  
When bold Jack Tars laid straight.  
What would I give if I could run  
From on board of the ninety-eight.

But as time fled I bolder grew,  
And hardened was to war,  
I'd run aloft with my ship's crew  
And valued not a scar.  
So well I did my duty do,  
Till I got boatswain's mate  
And, damme, soon got boatswain too,  
On board of a ninety-eight.

So years rolled by at Trafalgar,  
Brave Nelson fought and fell;  
As they capsized that hardy tar  
I caught a rap as well.  
To Greenwich college I came back,  
Because I saved my pate,  
They only knocked one wing off Jack,  
On board of a ninety-eight.

So now my cocoa I can take,  
My pouch with baccho stored,  
With my blue clothes and three cocked hat  
I am happy as a lord.  
I've done my duty, served my king,  
And now I bless my fate,  
But, damme, I'm too old to sing  
I'm nearly ninety-eight.

This tune has an affinity to, "The gallant poachers," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i,  
p. 142.  
The words are completed from a ballad-sheet printed by F. Paul, Spitalfields.—  
R. V. W.

The above words verbatim are also on a broadside by Ryle and Co., who were successors to Catnach, Anne Ryle being the latter's sister. F. Paul was at one time manager to Anne Ryle, so there is every probability that the ballad might have been issued by Catnach.—F. K.

## 29.—SPURN POINT.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. LEATHERDAY,  
JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Come all good peo - ple... and list'n a - while, A..... dread-ful stor - y..... to  
you I'll tell, Of a ves - sel called the..... In - dus - try, Was lost all on the  
ra - ging sea.

*Variant.* (a)

For the complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 228.—R. V. W.

I have noted down the tune and words from a young sailor. The words are on a Hull broadside printed by W. Forth.—F. K.

This tune appears in many collections of Irish music. For examples see "The Robber, or Charley Reilly" (Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1840), and "The Rambling Boy" (S. Holden's *Irish Tunes*, 1800.) It is a favourite air amongst country singers, and is met with in England and Scotland very often, not only in connection with the broadside of "Charles Reilly" but many other ballads. For a Scotch version see "The Lion's Den" (Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*). For a Yorkshire variant see "All on Spurn Point" (*English County Songs*).—L. E. B.

### 30.—THE SPANISH LADIES

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. LEATHERDAY,  
JAN. 11TH, 1905.

Fare you well and a - dieu to you Span - ish  
la - dies, Fare you well and a - dieu to you la - dies of  
Spain, For we've re - ceived or - ders to sail for old  
Eng - land; And I hope in a short time to see you a - gain.

Then we'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,  
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt sea;  
Until we arrive at the channel of old England,  
And from Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, all for to get sounded,  
We hove our ship to, and soundings took we,  
We had forty fathoms and a bright sandy bottom  
And we squared our mainyard and up channel stood we.

The first land we made was called the Dead Man,

We passed by Beachy and by Dungeness and Fairley  
Till [at length] we arrived at North Foreland light.

These words are very fragmentary. The song was described by its singer as "A Royal Navy song."—R. V. W.

Captain Marryat first quoted the words in his Novel "Poor Jack," and William Chappell in *Popular Music*, 1856-9, gave an air under the title "Farewell and Adieu," which has been frequently reprinted. The present air is a variant of it. The words are on ballad sheets of the Catnach period. The song may be most aptly described as "Sailing directions for the English channel," as almost every notable point from Ushant to the North Foreland is mentioned.—F. K.

A version of this beautiful ballad was given me by Mr. R. R. Terry and is printed in *A Book of British Song*, No. 15. I have also an unpublished variant that was sung to me by an old Bridgwater sailor.

For other versions, see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 736; Tozer's *Sailors' Songs and Chanties*, p. 736; and Mr. Baring Gould's *English Minstrelsie*, iv, p. 56 (and note). Mr. Vaughan Williams' version is the only one that I have seen in which the leading note is flattened throughout.—C. J. S.

### 31.—JOHN RAE BURN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CRIST,  
IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

My..... name it is John Rae - burn, In..... Glas - gow I was  
born,..... The place all of my res - i - dence I'm forced to leave in  
(a) scorn,..... The place all of my res - i - dence, I'm forced to gang a -  
(b) - wa' To leave the [love - ly] hills and dales of Cal - e - do - ni - a.  
Variants.  
(a) (b)

My character soon taken was and I was sent to gaol,  
My friends stood all around me, there was none that could me bail.  
And then my old mother her gray old locks did tear,  
Saying, "O son, what have you done to be sent so far awa'?"

When we reached the gangway leading to the ship,  
The guard stood all around me for fear I'd make a break,  
The guard stood all around me for fear I'd break awa',  
And try to regain the hills and dales of Caledonia.

There is a girl in Glasgow town, a girl I love so well,  
 And if ever I do return again with her I'll dwell,  
 I'll quit all my night walking and shun bad company,  
 And farewell to the hills and dales of Caledonia.

According to Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, vol. ii, 1901, the hero of the ballad was one James Raeburn, a baker, who was transported for theft (though innocent) some sixty years ago.

As "The Hills of Caledonia Oh" I have the words on several broadsides, the name being as Ford has it, "Jamie Raeburn"; there are six verses.—F. K.

### 32.—IT'S OF AN OLD LORD.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ELMER,  
 IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 10TH, 1905.

It's of an old Lord who in Lon - don did dwell, He

(a) had but one daugh - ter whom a sail - or loved well; There was

(b) many came to see her, But she re - fused them all, And

(c) for that young sail - or who was pro - per and tall.

Variants. (a) (b) (c)

Her father went to her one day with a frown,  
 Saying, "Is there a lord or duke in this town  
 But he can enjoy your sweet lovely face,  
 For to marry this young man your friends to disgrace."

Now her father was grieved, but not to the heart,  
 To think he should force this young couple to part.  
 "It would cost me ten hundred bright guineas," said he,  
 "I'll send for the press gang and I'll send him to sea."

They went to get married, got to the church door,  
They met with the press gang, about half a score,  
They pressed her own true love on to the salt sea  
And instead of being married brought sorrowful day.

Now soon you shall hear how it fell to her lot,  
To be a true lover's messmate though he knew it not ;  
It was every morning this young couple arose,  
They got up together and slipped on their clothes.

(Some verses evidently missing here).

Saying, " I once had a true love in London," says he,  
" But her cruel father forced me to sea ;  
Come tell unto me the day of your birth,  
Tell unto me with a good deal of truth.

For I am your true love and you are my joy,  
And if I can't have you my life I'll destroy,"  
" Now we'll send for the parson, the parson with speed,  
Now we'll send for the parson and married we'll be."  
" If ever I'm married it shall be to you,  
Here's adieu to my father and all he can do."

### 33.—NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams,  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WOODS,  
IN THE KING'S LYNN UNION, JAN. 9TH, 1905.

Fare - well ye splen - did cit - a - del, met - ro - po - lis called Par - is, Where  
Phoe - bus ev - 'ry morn - ing shoots forth re - ful - gent beams, Where  
Flor - a's bright au - ror - a ad - vanc - ing from the O - ri - ent, With ra - diant light a -  
dorn - ing the pure shin - ing streams. At eve when Cen - ture does re - tire,  
While the o - cean glides like fire, And the u - ni - verse ad - mires our mer - chandise and  
store: Com - mand - ing Flor - a's fra - grance, the fer - tile fields to  
de - cor - ate To il - lu - min - ate the Cor - si - can a - gain on the French shore.

For complete words see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 14.—R. V. W.

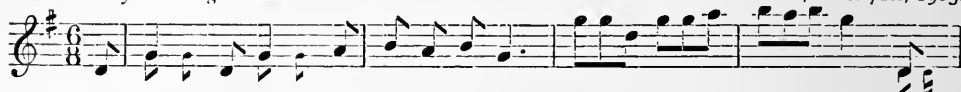
The words are on a ballad sheet by Taylor, London.—F. K.

# SONGS COLLECTED FROM SUSSEX.

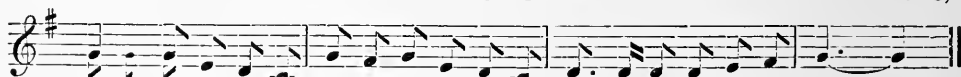
## 34.—THE DEVIL AND THE PLOUGHMAN.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW,  
OF HORSHAM, DEC. 7TH, 1903.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*



The De - vil he came to an old man at plough, (*Whistle.*)..... Saying,



"One of your fam - i - ly I must have now to my fal - de - ral lit - tle - law - day.. .."

It is not you nor yet your son,  
But your bad scolding wife that you have got at home,  
To my fal, etc."

"O take her, O take her with all my heart,  
And I wish she and you may never more part.  
To my fal, etc."

The devil he took her upon his back,  
And like a bold Scotchman he carried his pack.  
To my fal, etc.

The devil he took her upon his prong,  
And into hell he put her headlong.  
To my fal, etc.

There was two young devils in chains, in chains,  
She took off her pattens and knocked out their brains.  
To my fal, etc.

Two more young devils jumped over the wall,  
Saying "Turn her out, father, or she will kill us all."  
To my fal, etc.

Now to conclude and make an end,  
You see the women is worse than the men,  
If they get sent to Hell, they get kicked back again,  
To my fal, etc.



A version of the words of this song is given in Child's Ballads, with a note that it used to be sung in Sussex with a whistling chorus.

For an account of Mr. Burstow and his songs see the preface to Part iv (Vol. i, p. 139) of the *Folk-Song Journal*.—R. V. W.

A version of the words of this Sussex Whistling Song was first printed as such by Mr. J. H. Dixon in a volume of *Traditional English Song* which he contributed to the Percy Society, in 1846. This collection is now best known by its reprinted edition *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* . . . edited by Robert Bell, 1857, and later editions. Dixon's version differs from the above and is said to have been sung to the air "Lilliburlero." The song must have been current all over the country and no doubt, in sundry forms, has been a very old joke.

In Scotland it got permanently fixed in print as "Kellyburn Braes" in the fourth volume of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, 1792. It was contributed by Robert Burns and is generally said to have been written by him. This, of course, is quite improbable, though he may have touched it here and there. Another version of "Kellyburn Braes," strikingly like Mr. Burstow's words, occurs in Cromeck's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, 1810.

The tune printed in Johnson's *Museum* has no resemblance to the Sussex one.—F. K.

In *Sussex Songs and Music*, a paper contributed to the British Archæological Association in 1886 by the late F. E. Sawyer, Esq., F.S.A., a version of this song is given, called "The Sussex Farmer's Old Wife." The first verse runs

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,  
(whistle)  
And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.  
(whistle).

Mr. Sawyer states that the tune of "Lilliburlero" was used for his words, which differ a good deal in phraseology from those here printed. Burns merely founded his "Carle of Killyburn Braes" upon the older song; Mrs. Burns, when informing Cromeck of the alterations that her husband made on old songs, said of it "Robert gae this ane a terrible brushing."

The tune given in Johnson's *Museum* is very much like that of "T'owd yowe wi' one horn" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 79), and I trace a certain likeness in both to the tune here printed.—L. E. B.

See also *The Songs of Robert Burns* by James C. Dick, No. 331 and note. It is there stated that "another and a different version by Burns is in *Aitken's*, edit. 1893." Mr. Dick also says that "Cromeck printed a version in *Nithsdale's and Galloway Songs*, 1810-83, differing materially from Burns and represented to be the Burns original, which I do not believe."—C. J. S.

# 35.—THE DEEDS OF NAPOLEON.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,

DEC. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams

You he - roes of the day that are live - ly brave and  
 gay, On - ly think of for - mer cham - pi - ons by land and  
 sea, Midst the bat - tle's fire a - ray, when the can - non loud do  
 play, Like hearts of oak they smiled on their en - 'mies.

*Variants.*

Words as given on a ballad-sheet by R. Barr, of Leeds (c. 1850).

You heroes of the day, that are lively, brave, and gay,  
 Only think of former champions by land and sea,  
 'Midst the battle's fierce array, when cannons loud did play,  
 Like hearts of oak they smil'd and met their enemy.

The total pride of France, with his eagles did advance.  
 That hero came from Corsica, and prov'd himself a don,  
 Tho' Kings he did dethrone, and some thousands caus'd to groan,  
 Yet we miss the long lost Emperor Napoleon.

Duncan, Jarvis, and Lord Howe, long the ocean they did plough,  
 They fought the French, the Spaniards, and the Danish fleet;  
 When the crimson gore did flow, then true courage they did show,  
 They fought with desperation, and never was beat.  
 The French did cry "Mon Dieu!" while their decks to pieces flew,

The Spaniards did surrender, the Danish fleet was quite undone,  
 Bold Boney fought on land, like an Emperor so grand,  
 And his soldiers cried, "Long life to Napoleon."

Then the Norfolk hero bold, he was never brib'd by gold,  
Great honour to Lord Nelson, now a long time dead,  
To Copenhagen, and the Nile, he led them rank and file,  
But alas ! at Trafalgar he fell and bled !

When Captain Hardy he, did his duty so free,  
And Collinwood he acted like a true Britannia's son,  
He made a dreadful crash, and there enemies did thrash,  
But now I must tell the deeds of bold Napoleon.

Then Boney in a rage did his enemies engage,  
And 'twas on the Peninsula he declared a war,  
He manœuvered his men, like the council of ten,  
When he went to Valenciennes and Vittoria.

Then at Bazacco hill, where the blood would turn a mill,  
From whence to Egypt he did go, but soon away did run,  
To France he went again, and rose a powerful train,  
Now, " come on my lads to Moscow " cried Napoleon.

'Twas over the Alps so wild, he led his men and smil'd,  
Over hills and lofty mountains, and a barren plain,  
When Moscow was in view, they their trumpets loudly blew,  
But soon it turned their joy to grief and pain.

For Boney in amaze, beheld old Moscow in a blaze,  
Then his gallant army vanish'd like snow before the sun,  
To France he went near craz'd, and another army rais'd,  
Now, " come on to death or glory," cried Napoleon,

Then he away from France, with his army did advance,  
He made the Dutch and Germans before him fly,  
And then at Quatre Bras, he let loose the dogs of war,  
Where many thousand Prussians did fall and die.

And then at Waterloo, many thousands he slew,  
Causing many a mother to weep for her son,—  
Many a maid to shed a tear, for her lover so dear,  
Who died in the battles of Napoleon.

Tho' so bravely he fought, he at Waterloo was bought,  
He was took to St. Helena where he pin'd away and died,  
Long time he there did lay, till Soult did come this way,  
To beg the bones of Bonaparte ! the Frenchman's pride.

Oh ! bring him back again, it will ease the Frenchman's pain,  
And in a tomb of marble we will lay him with his son ;  
We will decorate his tomb, with the glories he has won,  
And in letters of bright gold inscribe " Napoleon."

The middle cadence of this tune is distinctly Æolian in character.—R. V. W.

The words of this ballad must have been written before the second funeral of Napoleon.

I suspect all these ballads having Napoleon for their hero, (in both senses of the word,) have emanated from an Irish source, or from that large party of Englishmen who, originally holding the opinions of Thomas Paine, drifted, themselves and their successors into chartists. The ballad with its tune is known in Leeds, but I have never been able to hear it sung.—F. K.

### 36—GRAND CONVERSATION ON NAPOLEON.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,  
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

'Twas o - ver that wild beat - ing track, a friend of [the] bold  
 "Ha! hush, rude winds," the stran - ger cried, "While I [do] range this  
 Bon - a - parte, Did pace the sands and loft - y rocks of  
 drear - y spot, Wherea - las this gal - lant he - ro his  
 Saint Hel - e - na shore; The wind blew in an  
 hea - vy (?) eyes... did close; But, while his va - liant  
 hur - ri - cane, the light - 'ning flash a - round did dart, The  
 limbs do rot, his name sha'l ne - ver be for - got." This  
 sea - gulls were shriek - ing and the waves all round did roar.  
 grand con - ver - sa - tion on Na - po - le - on a - rose.

" Ha, England," he cried, " why did you persecute that hero bold ?  
 Much better had you slain him on the plains of Waterloo.  
 Napoleon was a friend to heroes all, both young and old,  
 He caused the money for to fly wherever he did go.  
 Plans were arranging night and day, this bold commander to betray,  
 He cries " I will go to Moscow and then it will ease my woes,  
 If fortune shine without delay,  
 All the world shall me obey "

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

" Thousands of thousands he then did rise  
 To conquer Moscow by surprise,  
 He led his men across the Alps oppress by frost and snow ;  
 But being near the Russian land  
 He then began to open his eyes,  
 All Moscow was a blazing and his men drove to and fro.  
 Napoleon dauntless viewed the flames  
 And wept in anguish for the same,  
 He cried, " Retreat, my gallant men, for time do swiftly go."  
 What thousands died on that retreat,  
 Some were their horses forced to eat."

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

" At Waterloo his men they fought, commanded by great Bonaparte,  
 Attended by Field-Marshal Ney and he was bribed with gold.  
 When Blucher led the Prussians in it nearly broke Napoleon's heart ;  
 He cried, " My thirty-thousand men are slain and I am sold," [crossed,  
 He viewed the plains and cried, " 'Tis lost," 'twas then his favourite charger  
 The plains were in confusion with blood and dying woes  
 The bunch of roses did advance  
 And boldly entered into France."

This grand conversation on Napoleon arose.

The words of this ballad with a capital tune are included in Dr. Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (1891), see my remarks on the Napoleon ballads under " Deeds of Napoleon." Chappell has " A Grand Conversation under the Rose," p. 730, old edition. There were also issued about 1855-6 ballad sheets, " The Grand Conversation on Sebastopol," and others, all of the same metre and adapted to some particular tune or tunes associated with these " Conversations."

The Napoleon " Conversation " is on a Catnach ballad sheet.—F. K.

# 37.—PRETTY WENCH.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,  
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

It's of a pret-ty wench, That came run-ning 'long a trench, And  
sweet-heart she could not get one, "When there's many a dir-ty sow a  
sweet-heart has got now, And I a pret-ty wench can't get  
one, get one, get one, And I a pret-ty wench can't get one.

A ploughman dresses fine,  
He drinks strong beer, ale and wine,  
And the best of tobacco he do smoke;  
Saying "Pretty maids don't think it amiss  
A ploughman to kiss,  
For his breath smells as sweet as a rose, a rose, a rose,  
His breath smells as sweet as a rose."

A ploughman in his shirt  
He completely does his work,  
And so loudly to the little boy do call,  
Saying "Be nimble and be quick  
By the swishing of your whip,"  
And so merrily he'll rattle them along, along, along,  
And so merrily he'll rattle them along.

When our shears are shod  
To the blacksmith off we wad (?)  
And so loudly to the blacksmith we do call,  
Saying "Be nimble and be quick,  
And throw your blows in thick," [around,  
And so merrily he will swing his hammer round, around,  
And so merrily he'll swing his hammer round.

When our shears are done  
 To the alehouse we do run,  
 And so loudly to the landlord we do call:  
 Saying "Bring to us some beer  
 For while I am here,  
 A ploughman is always a-dry, a-dry, a-dry,  
 A ploughman is always a-dry."

This tune should be compared with "There was a pretty Lass, and a Tenant o my own" in Chappell's *Popular Music*. Chappell states that that air was introduced into very many ballad-operas, and also that the ballad is printed on broadsides with music under the title of "The condescending Lass." It belongs to a type of tune of which "The Cruiskeen Lawn" is an Irish variant. For exhaustive notes see Chappell's *Popular Music* (comparing also "Paul's Steeple" therein) "The Cruiskeen Lawn" in Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, and "John Anderson my Jo" in Wood's *Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland* with notes by G. Farquhar Graham.—L. E. B.

### 38.—THE NORTH FLEET.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
 ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW,  
 Nov., 1905.

(a)

It was one sum - mer's morn - ing, The four - tenth day of  
 May, Our north fleet [it] weighed an - chor, From Spit - head sailed a -  
 way. The sun did shine most glor - ious To Lis - bon we were  
 Variant.  
 bound. The hills and fields were li - néd, With pret - ty girls all round.

There was one lofty damsel just in her blooming years,  
Making woeful lamentation, her eyes were filled with tears,  
It was for her best beloved, as you may understand,  
Who had a great mind to travel into some foreign land.

Little did she think of parting with her own heart's delight,  
Until he came and told her he must go out to fight,  
For to defend the nation and them that dwell therein,  
And as he did salute her these words she did begin—

“ Come marry me, sweet William, come marry me I pray,  
My heart is full of sorrow and well enough it may,  
For the cause of all my grieving for you it is well known,  
So marry me, sweet William, and leave me not alone.”

“ Where the drums and trumpets sounding to drown the dismal cry,  
Poor men they lay bleeding, it is a dismal sight to see,  
So stay at home, dear Polly, and do not go with me.”

“ Talk you not of danger, for, love, I am incline  
To see the line of battle and there to spend my time,  
Along with you I will venture all for old England's pride,  
And never will we part, love, until the day we die.”

This tune has a slight resemblance to that usually associated with “ Erin's lovely Home.”—R. V. W.

*Cf.* “ Lisbon ” *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 22.

The Somerset tune has many points in common with the Sussex version.—  
C. J. S



### 39.—THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BURSTOW,

Nov., 1905.

You peo - ple that live at home eas - y, And free from the ri - ot of  
war, (Two lines missing.)  
Know that long has the scythe of de - struc-tion Been sweeping our na-tion a -  
round; It nev - er yet cut with such keenness As on the great eighteenth of June.

From half past five in the morning, to half past seven at night  
The people of the [ ? ] never before saw such a sight,  
When the thunder of five hundred cannons proclaiming the battle was won,  
The Moon in the night overshone, as recorded the eighteenth of June.

You lasses whose sweethearts were yonder, go gaily and buy a black gown,  
A thousand I will lay to a hundred he fell on the eighteenth of June,  
Sixty thousand stout hearted mortals that fell, made an awful paltune (?)  
Many a sad heart will remember with sorrow the eighteenth of June.

What a sad heart had poor Boney  
To take up instead of a crown  
A canter for Brussels and Paris  
Lamenting the eighteenth of June.

Mr. Burstow learnt this song from a soldier in the Rifle Brigade who fought at Waterloo. Mr. Burstow thinks it was sung by the soldiers during the campaign.

The tune has some resemblance to those of "The green mossy banks of the Lea" in this collection.—R. V. W.

Sir C. V. Stanford had, many years ago, a set of verses on the Crimean war, which was sung to "The Groves of Blarney." Those verses, though comic in their effect, may possibly have had a serious origin, such as would have corresponded closely with these examples of the class.—J. A. F. M.

# 40.—A SAILOR IN THE NORTH COUNTEE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,  
FORMERLY OF MONK'S GATE, NEAR HORSHAM, MAY 24TH, 1904.

A sail- or in the north coun- tree He had a most beau- ti - ful wife, Her  
courage was so great and her temper more than sweet And the sail- or he loved her as his life.

As they were walking out one day,  
They met a noble captain on the way,  
Kind obedience to the maid, but she bowed and nothing said,  
'Twas her beauty did the captain's heart betray.

The captain to his house then he goes,  
And sent for the sailor straight away,  
"My business runs so: to the West Indies you must go,  
In the morning or by the break of day."

"To obey the noble master I will go  
On the seas to venture my life;"  
But a little did he dream the captain's heart was so inflamed,  
On the charms of his most beautiful wife.

The sailor to his wife then he goes,  
And kissed her and called her his dear.  
"Bad news I have to tell you, I must bid you farewell,  
In the morning when daylight does appear."

As soon as she heard him say so,  
She wrung her hands and bitterly did cry,  
She kissed him and said "My dear Jimmy I'm afraid  
You'll be drowned in the raging ocean wide."

The hour and the moment did come,  
The poor sailor no longer could stay,  
To hear his wife lament filled his heart with discontent,  
He kissed her and went weeping away.

He had only been gone two days or three  
On the seas for to venture his life,  
Before the captain came, with his heart in great flame,  
To seize on the poor sailor's wife.

"Your pardon dear lady," he cried,  
 "Pardon dear lady, if you please,  
 Pardon if you please, for 'tis you can give me ease  
 One night to enjoy your sweet charms."

"O, are you any lord, duke, or king,  
 Or are you any ruler of the land?  
 The king shall lose his crown before my feet you shall lie down,  
 Or before I will be at your command."

'Twas only one twelve months ago,  
 That I was made your man Jimmy's bride,  
 The pleasing to my lot the best of husbands I have got,  
 I'll be constant unto him for life."

The opening phrases of this tune have some similarity to those of "Salisbury Plain," in this collection.

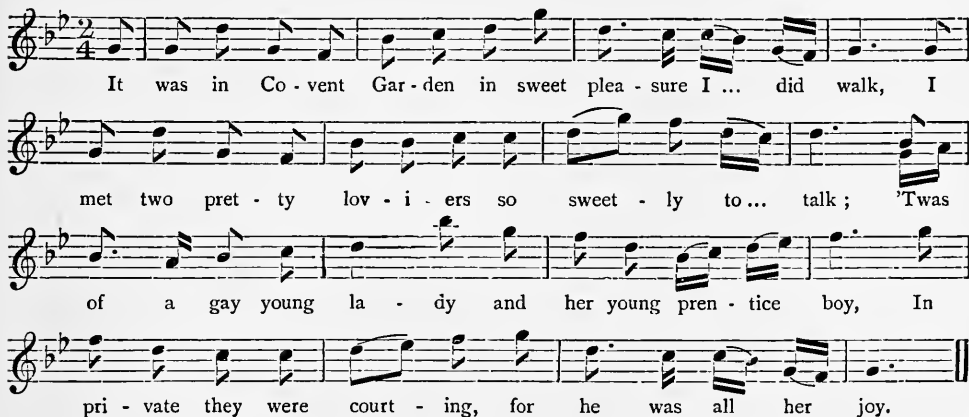
#### 41.—COVENT GARDEN.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

*ÆOLIAN.*

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,

MAY 24TH, 1904.



It was in Co-vent Gar-den in sweet plea-sure I ... did walk, I  
 met two pret-ty lov-i-ers so sweet-ly to... talk; 'Twas  
 of a gay young la-dy and her young pren-tice boy, In  
 pri-vate they were court-ing, for he was all her joy.

He said "Dear honoured lady, I'm your apprentice boy,  
 However could I hope a lady to enjoy?"

"Your cheeks they are like roses, your humours are so free,  
 My dear, if ever I marry it shall be unto thee."

When her own dear parents came to understand,  
 This young man they banished into a foreign land,  
 While she lay broken hearted, lamenting she did cry  
 "For my handsome, charming apprentice a maid I'll live and die."

This young man to a merchant a waiting lad was bound,  
 And by his good behaviour good fortune there he found,  
 He soon became a butler which proved a note of fame,  
 And by his own desire a steward soon he came.

A fortune in the lottery this young man put down  
 There he gained a ticket worth twenty thousand pounds,  
 Then with gold and silver this young man did proceed,  
 And back to England he returned to his true love with speed.

When she beheld his features she flew from his arms,  
 "No lord or duke or nobleman shall ever enjoy my charms;  
 I curse your gold that glitters, your riches I defy,  
 For my handsome, charming apprentice a maid I'll live and die."

He said "Dear honoured lady, you have been in my arms,  
 Here is the ring you gave to me for kissing of your charms,  
 You vowed if ever I married you your charms I should enjoy,  
 Your father did me banish, I'm your apprentice boy."

Then she beheld his features and flew into his arms,  
 With kisses out of measure she enjoyed his charms,  
 'Twas down in Covent Garden their road to church they found,  
 In everlasting comfort these lovers they were bound.

Mrs. Verrall won the prize offered by the *West Sussex Gazette* in 1905 with this beautiful tune.—R. V. W.

#### 42.—SALISBURY PLAIN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
 ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. VERRALL,  
 OCT. 8TH, 1904.

(a)

As I walked o - ver Saliz - bur - y plain O there I met a

(b)

scamp - ing young blade, He kissed me and en - ti - ced me

(c)

so..... Till a - long with him I was forced for to go.

Variants.

(a) (b) (c)

Ear - ly next morn - ing my love he a - rose And so  
nim - bly he put on his clothes, Straight to the high - way he set  
sail,..... And there he robbed the coach called the mail.  
or, he rob - bed all the coaches of the mail.

(These verses are sung as verse one.)

O, it's now my love in Newgate gaol do lie,  
Expecting every moment to die,  
The Lord have mercy on his poor soul,  
For I think I hear the death-bell to toll.

So come you young men, and a warning take by me,  
And never keep those flash girls company,  
For if that you do you will rue,  
And you'll die upon the high-drop at last.

(Several verses have been omitted.)

Another interesting variant of this tune was also sung to me in Sussex, as follows:—

#### SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

SUNG BY MR. T. CHENNEL,  
AT THE "WHEATSHEAF," KINGSFOLD, DEC. 23RD, 1904.

Ear - ly next morn - ing my love he a - rose And so  
nim - bly he put on his clothes, Straight to the high - way he set  
sail,..... And there he robbed the coach called the mail.  
or, he rob - bed all the coaches of the mail.

This tune would certainly be Æolian if it were not for the B♭ in bar five. This, it seems to me, is not a Dorian characteristic but effects that transition to a different

tonal centre which in harmonic music has been developed into modulation. This, it seems to me, is also the case in several so-called Dorian tunes. This is, of course, merely a chance suggestion which I hope will one day be thoroughly discussed by folk-song experts.

Another tune to these words is given in Vol. i, p. 150, of this journal. The two tunes, though superficially quite different, have a curious resemblance of phraseology which points to a common origin.—R. V. W.

I noted the Sussex version of "Salisbury Plain" referred to above (Vol. i, p. 150), at a great disadvantage, as Mr. Burstow would only hum the tune, and got confused, saying that he never could sing without words. His rhythm was impossible to note, but seemed most to fall into  $\frac{3}{4}$ -time. However, Mr. Burstow's tune if it had been sung to words might have taken a more definite shape, and proved to be in the same rhythm as the above.—L. E. B.

The tune, especially the cadence of line two, may be compared with "Bristol Town," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 148.—J. A. F. M.

### 43.—THE JOLLY THRESHERMAN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
MIXOLYDIAN (DORIAN?).

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. VERRALL,  
OCT. 8TH, 1904.

It's of a no - ble - man in the vil - lage of late, It's  
of a jol - ly thresh-er - man whose fam - i - ly was great, He  
had sev - en chil - dren and most of them were small And  
no - thing but his la - bour to main - tain them all.  
with my frail on my shoul-der, and a bot - tle of good beer, I'm as

The nobleman came to him and unto him did say,  
"How do you maintain your wife and family?"  
"Sometimes I reap, sir, and sometimes I mow,  
And other times to hedging or ditching I go.

. . . . .  
Nothing goes amiss with me, the harrow or the plough,  
And so I gain my living by the sweat of my brow.

When I go home at night as tired as I may be,  
I take my youngest child and sit it on my knee,  
The others they come round me with a sweet and prattling joy  
That's all the pleasure that a poor man can enjoy.

My wife she is willing to chirp or cheer,  
We live like two turtle doves with thousands a year,  
With my frail on my shoulder, and a bottle of strong beer,  
I'm as happy as those with ten thousand a year."

I have marked this tune as Mixolydian or Dorian; experts differ as to how tunes of this type should be classed—see below. A version of this tune with the sharp third throughout was sung to me by Mrs. Humphreys of Ingrave, Essex, to the words of "The Golden Glove."—R. V. W.

For full history of the song, and another traditional version see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 79.—F. K.

For other examples of Mixolydian tunes, with occasional flattened thirds, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 5, 16, and 37; and *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, second series, No. 47.

Tunes with this tonal peculiarity, although exceptional, are not therefore uncommon; I have one or more instances among my unpublished tunes.

If the examples, above cited, be carefully studied it will be found that despite the inflection of the third the tunes in every case retain their Mixolydian character; at any rate they are Mixolydian rather than Dorian.

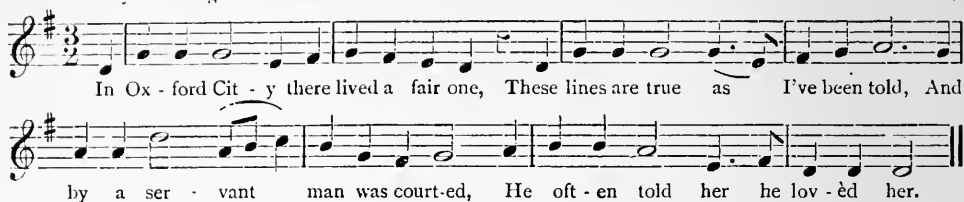
The tonal peculiarity exhibited by these tunes may possibly be traced to the influence of Plain Song. For in the 7th tone of the Church system—which corresponds to the Mixolydian—the 3rd note, B, may be flattened at will.—C. J. S.

The tune seems to me to be Dorian with an *accidental* sharp in the last line.—  
J. A. F. M.

# 44.—OXFORD CITY.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,  
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams



In Ox - ford Cit - y there lived a fair one, These lines are true as I've been told, And  
by a ser - vant man was court-ed, He oft - en told her he lov - ed her.

She loved him too, but at a distance,  
She did not seem to be quite so fond,  
He said "My dear you seem to slight me,  
I'm sure you love some other one."

It was soon after this lovely creature  
Was invited to a dance, you know,  
This jealous young man followed after,  
And soon prepared her overthrow.

As she was dancing with some other,  
His jealousy soon filled his mind;  
To destroy his own true lover  
This jealous young man was inclined.

And then some poison he prepared  
And mixed it in a glass of wine,  
He gave it to his own true love,  
She drank it down so cheerfully.

As soon as she drank the wine she felt it,  
"O take me home my dear," said she,  
"The glass of wine you lately gave me  
Makes me as ill as ill can be."

As they were walking home together,  
This jealous young man to her did say,  
"I gave you poison in your liquor,  
To take your tender sweet life away.

I have dranked of the same, my jewel,  
I soon shall die as well as thee."  
In each other's arms they died,  
So young men beware of jealousy.

For similar words see "In Newport Street" in this collection.—R. V. W.

The words of this song are common on broadsides. I have copies printed by  
Harkness of Preston and Such of London.—F. K.

*Cf.* the tune of Lord Bateman, *Sussex Songs*.—L. E. B.



# 45.—FARE THEE WELL.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,

DEC. 22ND, 1904.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

“ Fare thee well, my dear-est dear, Fare thee well, a - dieu, [For] I must go to  
 sea for the sake of you, love, And a pa - tient heart, and you must bear the  
 [Have?] [for?] smart, Since you and I..... must part... my tur - tle dove.”

Silver and gold, houses and land,  
 What more can you desire, love, don't complain,  
 Jewels you shall have, servants to wait on thee,  
 But you must think of me when I'm gone.”

“ Your gold I'll count like dust when you have fled,  
 Your absence proves me lost, and strikes me dead,  
 When you are from (?) your servants I'll have none,  
 I could rather live alone than company.”

She dressed herself in man's attire,  
 For to go to sea was her heart's desire,  
 She cut her lovely hair, but no mistrust was there  
 That she a maiden were, all at the time.

To Venice we were bound with heart's content,  
 No fear of ship being wrecked away we went,  
 From London in one day our ship was cast away,  
 Which caused our lives to lay in discontent.

Our ship was cast away, misfortune it did frown,  
 I swam to shore but she was drowned,  
 Now she lies in the deep in everlasting sleep  
 Which causes me to weep for evermore.

# 46.—OUR CAPTAIN CALLS.

SUNG BY MRS. VERRALL,  
DEC. 22ND, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

Our cap - tain calls all hands on board to - mor - row  
Leav - ing my dear to... mourn in grief and sor - row  
Dry up those bri - ny... tears and leave off weep - ing  
So hap - py may we be..... at our next meet - ing.

For the rest of the words and a variant of this tune see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 131.—R. V. W.

I have noted down a Somerset version of this song, as irregular in its rhythm as the above, and the tune in the *Journal*.—C. J. S.

# 47.—ALL THINGS ARE QUITE SILENT.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. TED BAINES,  
PLUMMER'S PLAIN, LOWER BEEDING, DEC. 22ND, 1904.

All things are quite si - lent, each mor - tal at rest, When me and my  
love got snug in one nest, When a bold set of ruf - fi'ns they  
en - tered our cave, And they forced my dear jew - el to plough the salt wave.

I begged hard for my sailor, as though I begged for life,  
 They'd not listen to me although a fond wife,  
 Saying, "The king he wants sailors, to the sea, he must go,"  
 And they've left me lamenting in sorrow and woe.

Through green fields and meadow we oft'times did walk,  
 And sweet conversation of love we have talked,  
 With the birds in the woodland so sweetly did sing,  
 And the lovely thrushes' voices made the valleys to ring.

Although my love's gone I will not be cast down,  
 Who knows but my sailor may once more return?  
 And will make me amends for all trouble and strife,  
 And my true love and I might live happy for life.

#### 48.—THE PLOUGHBOY'S DREAM.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

SUNG BY MR. GARMAN,  
 FOREST GREEN, SURREY, DEC. 1903.

I am a plough-boy stout and strong as ev - er drove a team, Now  
 three years since I slept in bed I had an aw - ful dream: Now  
 since the dream has done me good, I'll put it down in rhyme, That  
 oth - er boys might read and sing, When - ev - er they have time.

I dreamt I drove my master's team with Dobbin, Bald and Star,  
 Before a stiff and handy plough, as all my master's are.  
 I found the ground was baked so hard, 'twas more like bricks than clay,  
 I could not cut my furrow through, nor would my beasts obey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Dobbin lay down, both Bald and Star they kicked and snorted sore,  
 The more I lashed and cursed and swore the less my cattle stir.  
 Then lo, above me a bright youth did seem to hang in air,  
 With purple wings and golden hands, as angels painted are.

Mr. Garman, though living now in Surrey, is a native of Sussex; I have therefore included this among Sussex Songs, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 99.

Mr. Garman only remembered fragments of the words.—R. V. W.

Compare tune with "The Country Farmer's Son," *Songs of the West*, No. 69.—  
C. J. S.

#### 49.—HORN FAIR.

SUNG BY MR. TEAL,

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

AT THE "WHEATSHEAF," KINGSFOLD, DEC. 23RD, 1904.

As I..... was a - walk - ing... one morn - ing in spring,  
So soft..... blew the winds and... the leaves grow - ing green,  
I met a pret - ty dam - sel [all ?] on a grey mare, As  
she..... was a ri - - ding on to Horn... Fair.

I asked this pretty damsel for to let me ride  
"O no," then "O no, my mammy would sigh,  
And besides my old daddy would bid me for sure,  
And never let me ride on the grey mare any more."

"O, O my pretty damsel how can you say so,  
Since it is my intention Horn Fair to go?  
We will join the best of company when we do get there,  
With horns on our heads as fine as our hair."

There were the finest horns as ever you did behold,  
There were the finest horns as were gilded with gold,  
And ride merry, merry, merrily Horn Fair we did go,  
Like jolly brisk couples, boys, and all in a row.

This tune is thought worthy of inclusion because of its remarkable similarity to a German *Volk-lied* introduced by Humperdinck into Act II of "Hansel und Gretel."  
—R. V. W.

# 50.—OUR SAVIOUR TARRIED OUT.

(CAROL)

SUNG BY MR. HUNT,

AT WIMBLEDON, SEPT., 1905.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

Our... Sa - viour tar - ried out on a high hol - i - day, Some  
 drops of rain did... fall... did... fall, Our Sa - viour asked leave of his  
 mo-ther Mar - y, Might he go and play... at the ball.

"To play at the ball, my own dearest son,  
 It is time you're going, or gone, or gone,  
 And it's never let me hear of your ill-doing  
 At night when you don't come home."

It was up the hall, it was down the hall,  
 Our Saviour he did run, did run,  
 As our Saviour was a-running for to play at the ball,  
 He met three jolly jolly dons.

"Well met, well met, you three jolly dons,  
 Well met, well met," said he,  
 "And its which of you three jolly, jolly dons,  
 Will play at the ball with me?"

Our Saviour built a bridge by the sunbeams of the sun,  
 And 'twas over the bridge went he, went he,  
 And the dons they went a-following after he,  
 And they got drowned all three.

"O mother, dear mother, don't scold on your son,  
 For 'twas over the bridge went he, went he,  
 And the dons they went a-following after he,  
 And they got drowned all three."

She gathered an armful of small withys  
 And laid him across her knee, her knee,  
 And with that armful of small withys  
 She gave him lashes three.

"O the withy, the withy, the bitter withy,  
 That has caused me to smart, to smart,  
 And the withy it shall be and the very first tree,  
 Shall perish all at the heart."

Mr. Hunt is a native of Sussex and learnt this carol at his home ; I have, therefore, included it among Sussex songs.

Can the verse dealing with the sunbeam-bridge be traced to a Norse origin?—  
R. V. W.

A most extraordinary carol. The words, I should say, are very old. The tune has points of resemblance to some other carol melodies.—F. K.

Mrs. Leather has noted a Herefordshire version of this carol to a different tune. Her singer called it "The Sally Twigs." A modernised arrangement of 'traditional words' to a 'traditional tune' from Derbyshire is in Stainer's *Christmas Carols* where it is called "The Holy Well." The Derbyshire tune is quite unlike that here given.  
—L. E. B.

# 51.—THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BOOKER,  
KINGSFOLD, NOV. 8TH, 1905.

At the age of six - teen he was a mar - ried man, At the  
age of... seven-teen he was fa - ther of a son, At the  
age of... eight-teen his green grave was grow - ing o - ver him, For my  
A very long pause here.  
bon - ny love is young but he's grow - ing.. .....

Mr. Booker only knew this verse. For the rest of the words and a tune with a similar cadence see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 44. See also the exhaustive notes on this ballad given there. For another tune and notes see also *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 214.—R. V. W.

# 52.—THE LONG WHIP.

SUNG BY MR. BACK.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

AT RODMELL, SUSSEX, JAN. 10TH, 1906.

'Twas of an old man who lived in the cit - y, He had a wife who was  
won - der - ful pret - ty, She had a good no - tion of writ - ing a let - ter, Her  
hus - band loved well but a - noth - er one bet - ter. Fol - lol - de - lol - lay.

The rest of the words are not suitable for this journal.—R. V. W.

# 53.—COME ALL YOU JOLLY PLOUGH-MEN.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WOOLER,

TELSCOMBE, JAN. 10TH, 1906.

Come all you jol - ly plough - men and lis - ten to me, I'll  
sing in the praise of you all, For if we don't la - bour how  
shall we get bread? Let's sing and be mer - ry with - al.  
Variants. la - bour how..... shall we get

# COME ALL YOU YOUNG PLOUGH-BOYS.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. VERRALL,

OCT. 8TH, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

Come all you young plough-boys and help me to sing, I will  
sing in the praise of you all, For if we don't la-bour how  
can we get bread? We'll sing and be mer-ry with-al.

Variant. Verse 4.

For the rest of the words and a variant of these two tunes see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 80.

## 54.—AS I WALKED OVER LONDON BRIDGE.

SUNG BY MR. DEADMAN,

AT RODMELL, JAN., 1906.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

As I walked o-ver Lon-don Bridge one mid-summer's morn-ing ear-ly O  
there I spied a fair la-dy la-ment-ing for her Geor-die.

Variants.

For similar tunes and the rest of the words see Vol. i, p. 164 and Vol. ii, p. 27 of this journal. Though this tune has a major cadence the body of it is, in my opinion, characteristic of the Æolian mode, though experts who have seen the tune are inclined to doubt this.—R. V. W.



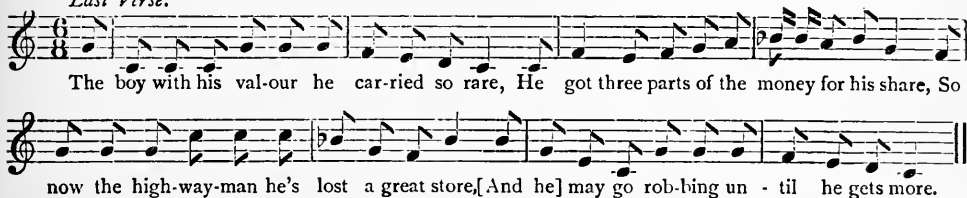
Cf. Buchan's *Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 133; Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads* 187, with tune in appendix; and Mr. Dick's *Songs of Robert Burns*. Mr. Dick states that Burns himself recovered the tune given in the *Scots Musical Museum*, and that the original Broadside was printed by Henry Gosson (c. 1630).—  
C. J. S.

# 55.--IT'S OF AN OLD FARMER.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG IN THE INN AT RODMELL,  
JAN., 1906.

*Last Verse.*



The boy with his val-our he car-ried so rare, He got three parts of the money for his share, So  
now the high-way-man he's lost a great store, [And he] may go rob-bing un - til he gets more.

For the rest of the words and two other tunes see "The Lincolnshire Farmer" in this collection.

For similar tunes see "A bold young farmer" in this collection.  
"There is an alehouse" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 252) and "My true love once" (Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 46).—R. V. W.

## SONGS COLLECTED FROM WILTSHIRE.

### 56.—THE GREEN MOSSY BANKS OF THE LEA.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.*

*DORIAN.*

SUNG BY MR. WOOLFORD,  
RAMSBURY, AUG. 27TH, 1904.

When first in this coun - try a stran - ger, Cur - os - i - ty caused me to  
roam, O - ver Eur - ope I re - solved to be a stran - ger, So I left Phil - a -  
del - phia my home. We quick - ly sailed o - ver to Eng - land.....  
..... Where forms of great beau - ty do shine, Till at length I be -  
held a fair dam - sel, And I wished in my heart she was mine.

For the rest of the words and a variant of this tune, with notes by the editing committee, see the Essex Songs in this collection.—R. V. W.

# 57.—ERIN'S LOVELY HOME.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. SMITH

BRITFORD, NEAR SALISBURY, SEPT. 1ST, 1904.

When I was young and in my prime, my age was twenty one, Then  
I be - came a ser - vant un - to a gen - tle - man; I.....  
served him true and hon - est, and that is ve - ry well known, But of  
cru - el - ty they ban - ished me from Er - in's love - ly home.

## SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WOOLFORD,

RAMSBURY, AUG. 27TH, 1904

(a) Variant (a)

I was introduced to Mr. Smith by the Rev. Geoffry Hill, editor of *Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols*.

For a similar tune to Mr. Smith's and further verses, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 116.—R. V. W.

Cf. the first tune with that of "Brigg Fair" (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 80.) "Brigg Fair" if played in common time has a strong likeness to it, and possibly both

tunes may have a common ancestor with "Lazarus" (*English County Songs*) and "Come all ye faithful Christians," for which, together with notes on the air, see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 115-119.—L. E. B.

# 58.—AN ACRE OF LAND.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. FRANK BAILEY,  
COOMBE BISSET, AUG. 31ST, 1904.

My fa - ther left me an a - cre of land, There goes this i - ver - y. (?) My  
fa - ther left me an a - cre of land, And a bunch of green holly and i - ver - y.

I ploughed it with my ram's horn  
There goes this ivery (?)  
I sowed it with my thimble,  
And a bunch of green holly and ivery.

I harrowed it with my bramble-bush,  
There goes etc.  
I reaped it with my penknife,  
And a etc.

I sent it home in a walnut shell,  
etc.  
I threshed it with my needle and thread,  
etc.

I winnowed it with my handkerchief,  
etc.  
I sent it to mill with a team of great rats,  
etc.

The carter brought a curly whip,  
etc.  
The whip did pop and the waggon did stop,  
etc.

The words are a version of an old nursery rhyme to be found in print in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*. His version commences:—

My father he left me three acres of land,  
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy.

My father he left me three acres of land,  
Sing holly, go whistle and Ivy.

I ploughed it one morning with a ram's horn,  
Sing Ivy, sing Ivy.  
And sowed it all over with one pepper corn,  
Sing holly, go whistle and Ivy.

To this there has been printed the following fine old air, evidently traditional :—



See Moffatt and Kidson's *Children's Songs of Long Ago* (Augener and Co.)—F. K.

A Sussex quarry-man sang me a fragment of this song at Bury, near Amberley, with the refrain of "Sing ivy!" There are several known traditional versions in which plants figure in the burden, including "ivy," but it has been suggested that the latter word may be a corruption of "I-ho!" a favourite refrain in old drinking-songs and ballads [as "Here's a health to jolly Bacchus, I-ho, I-ho, I-ho" and "Blow the Winds, I-ho!"]

The ballad belongs to that large class of Riddle Tales or Songs which, as Professor Child reminds us, have their origin in the remotest antiquity. For his exceedingly interesting notes on the version here printed and on similar songs, see "Riddles wisely expounded" and "The Elfin Knight" in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*.

Other examples of traditional riddle-songs are "Scarborough Fair," "There was a Lady in the West," "I will sing you one, O!" and "Cold Blows the Wind," (last verse only,) in *English County Songs*; "Whittingham Fair" in *Songs of Northern England*, "Scarborough Fair" in Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, "The Dilly Song" in *Songs of the West*, and "A Paradox" in Mason's "Nursery Rhymes."—L. E. B.

See also "The Lover's Tasks" and note thereto in *Songs of the West* No. 48.—

C. J. S.

# SONGS COLLECTED FROM KENT, YORKSHIRE, AND LONDON.

## 59.—JOHN REILLY.

*Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams,  
ÆOLIAN.*

SUNG BY MR. AND MRS. TRUELL,  
GRAVESEND, DEC. 31ST, 1904.

John Reil - ly is my true love's name, He lives down by the quay, He  
is the fi - nest of young men That ev - er my eyes did see, My  
fa - ther he got rich - es great, Young Reil - ly he was poor, Be -  
cause I loved my sail - or bold He could not me en - dure.

For the rest of the words and a version of the second half of the tune, (without, however, the characteristic flat leading note of the above,) see Vol. i, p. 256, of this Journal.—R. V. W.

I have noted down in Yorkshire an air to this ballad very similar to the above. The words are found on broadsides by many printers, as H. Such, W. Forth of Hull, etc., as "John O'Reilly" dated 1859. A version of the air is to be seen in "The Complete Petrie Collection," no. 351. Also in the first number of the Journal

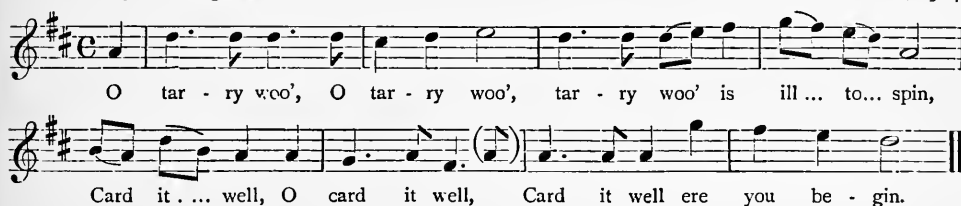
of the *Irish Folk-Song Society* under the title "One Evening Fair." The air and a fragment of the ballad are there contributed by Dr. Joyce.—F. K.

The tune should be compared with "Erin's Lovely Home," collected in North Devonshire by Mr. Cecil Sharp, and contributed by him to the first number of the *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*.—L. E. B.

## 60.—TARRY WOO'.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN MASON,  
DENT, AUG. 10TH, 1904.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.



O tar - ry woo', O tar - ry woo', tar - ry woo' is ill ... to... spin,  
Card it ... well, O card it well, Card it well ere you be - gin.

When it's carded, wove and spun, then your work is nearly done,  
But when it's woven, dressed and clean, it will be clothing for a queen.

Up, you shepherds, dance and skip, o'er the hills and valleys trip,  
Sing of the praise of tarry woo', and of the flock that bears it too.

Poor harmless creatures, without blame they clothe the back and cram the wame,  
Keep us warm and hearty too, weel's on us our tarry woo'.

Sing of my bonny harmless sheep that feed upon yon mountains steep,  
Sweetly bleating as they go, through the weary winter's snow.

Hart and hind and fallow deer not by half so useful are,  
From kings to him that holds the plough, all are obliged to tarry woo'.

How happy is the shepherd's life, far from court and free from strife,  
Whilst his gimmers bleat and bay and the lambkins skip and play.

Who'd be a king, can any tell, when a shepherd lives so well,  
Lives so well and pays his due with a honest heart and tarry woo'?

He lives contented, envies none, e'en not the monarch on his throne,  
Though he the royal sceptre sways he has no sweeter holidays.

And no such music to his ear, of thief or foe he has no fear,  
For steady Kate and Curly too, will defend the tarry woo'.

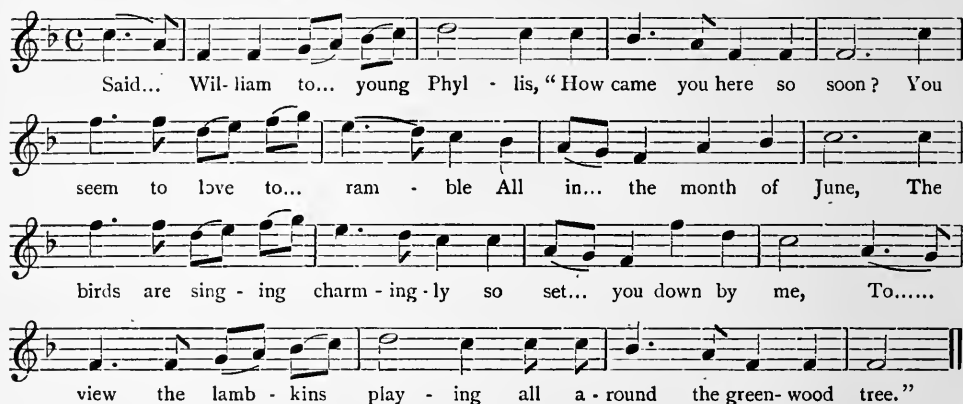
Mr. Mason only knew one verse traditionally, but supplied the rest from a version given in a local newspaper as being locally sung at "sheepshearings."—R. V. W.

This is a version of the old Scottish song "Tarry Woo'" which probably first appeared, so far as the words are concerned, in Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany" vol. iv., *circa* 1740, and the Scottish tune for it in McGibbon's second "Collection," 1746. A North of England version of "Tarry Woo'" was sung a year or two ago at the Westmorland Festival in the *Folk-Song* competition. The song appears to have been popular in such wild sheep rearing districts as the country round Dent in North Yorkshire.—F. K.

## 61.—WILLIAM AND PHYLLIS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY THREE MEN IN THE STREETS  
OF WESTMINSTER, MARCH 24TH, 1904.



Said... Wil- liam to... young Phyl - lis, "How came you here so soon? You  
seem to love to... ram - ble All in... the month of June, The  
birds are sing - ing charm - ing - ly so set... you down by me, To.....  
view the lamb - kins play - ing all a - round the green- wood tree."

She said, "My charming sailor, my parents do me blame,  
They said to wed too early they thought it was a shame,  
My father has declared he'll prove your overthrow,  
Because you are a sailor bold that plough the ocean through.

But I never mind my father although he threatens you,  
For though I am his daughter such usage will not do,  
I will venture with my sailor, no longer will I mourn,  
For you seldom find a better when your old sweetheart is gone."

Said William, "Now the ocean has summoned me away,  
I hope you'll change your notion, and with your parents stay.  
It will hurt your constitution, and your fingers are so small,  
So stay at home and do not roam our cable ropes to haul."



Said Phyllis, " I have clothing all ready for the sea,  
 So we will go together unto America,  
 And then we'll be united and live so happily,  
 And talk about our tales of love, likewise the greenwood tree."

They both did go together to sail the ocean wide,  
 Young Phyllis did her duty, for William was her pride,  
 But mark their desolation, the wind began to blow,  
 The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, in flakes down fell the snow.

For three weeks on the ocean, they were tossed up and down,  
 The ship had lost her anchors the masts away were blown ;  
 When short of provisions and all prepared to die,  
 Young Phyllis hung around her love and bitterly did cry.

Young William let the small boat down, and in it they did go,  
 Poor Phyllis and young William all on the sea did row :  
 Their drink it was salt water and that alone was sweet,  
 They tore their clothing from their backs for they had nought to eat.

With thirst and cold and hunger they on their knees did pray,  
 Midst lightning rain and thunder they passed their time away,  
 At length upon a dismal night they were cast upon a strand  
 On the coast of America, good and friendly land.

They met with kind assistance, it did their health restore,  
 And now they are united all on that fruitful shore,  
 They are happy in America, all in prosperity,  
 Young Phyllis and young William who went away to sea.

This tune is interesting as proving that the Folk-Song survives in London.

I heard this song from my house in Barton Street, Westminster ; it was sung by three men selling ballad sheets. I bought a sheet from which the words above are copied.

The tune is, I think, undoubtedly a folk-tune, though perhaps not one of the most interesting ; it has some resemblance to the universal " Banks of Sweet Dundee " tune.—R. V. W.

It is most interesting to know that the genuine " ballad chanter " yet survives in London streets.

I have copies of the words of this ballad on broadsides. One printed by J. Catnach directs it to be sung to the tune of " William and Harriet," as does a Such broadside. Another copy is printed by Pratt of Birmingham ; they are all identical with each other and with the one here given.

The tune is decidedly a version of " The Banks of Sweet Dundee."—F. K.

Under the title " William and Harriet " I have noted down this ballad twice in Somerset. In both cases the tune was a variant of " The Banks of Sweet Dundee."

—C. J. S.



# Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 9

Being the Fourth Part of Vol. II.

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# PREFACE

TO THE TUNES COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

THE songs and tunes here printed are a small selection from a miscellaneous collection of English and Scottish folk-music taken down, as opportunity offered itself, in various localities during the last eight years, the largest part of these gatherings consisting of traditional singing-games with their tunes—a branch of folk-music in which I have been specially interested. (Of these latter I have noted, chiefly in Lancashire and Westmoreland, about one hundred and twenty-five tunes or variants, a good many of which have never, so far, appeared in print).

The Scottish songs and tunes have been mostly taken down in England from the singing of relatives and friends of Scottish blood. There is reason to believe that a good many beautiful unprinted airs are still current among Scottish folk, and also a considerable number of traditional versions of old tunes which are far superior to the copies printed from the time of the *Orpheus Caledonius* onwards. Scottish folk-songs have, I believe, suffered greatly in times past from being adapted to instrumental performance in violin and other collections of music; and in all probability many of these traditional *sung* versions preserve more of the simplicity and beauty of the originals than the old printed copies. Many old Scottish tunes in printed collections have a second part—often on a higher pitch of melody—which is frequently unmistakably of later date than the first strain, and sometimes upon investigation is seen to be only the first part of the tune repeated and varied an octave higher, as it might be played for the second time on a violin or flute, for the sake of contrast and variety. Moreover, a sad hash was undoubtedly made of Scottish modal tunes towards the close of the eighteenth century, when conscience in literary and musical matters was frequently *nil*, and the existence of “other *modes* than ours” practically unrecognised or ignored. But Scottish people do not as yet realize that it is not to printed collections that they must necessarily look for “correct copies” of the folk-tunes forming their national heritage.

The Sailors’ Songs which follow, though obtained in Southport, are not of course to be considered as belonging in any particular sense to this locality; for the sailor’s

song—whether born on land or sea—finds its true home on shipboard ; it is a citizen of the world of ocean. But the first of the two Lancashire Pace-Egging Songs does belong—I believe exclusively—to Northern England, even if as much may not be claimed for the tune ; and the second has been quaintly localised and adapted as a pace-egging song at a period farther back than any of the village fathers of Overton or Sunderland Point can recall.

Mr. Bolton's *repertoire* of Sailors' Songs, from which a selection of ten is here given, includes some interesting and suggestive examples of the way in which, at times, composed tunes of a century or two centuries ago have become simplified and translated, as it were, into the native musical dialect of the untutored singer. Two instances of this are his versions of Davy's tune, "Will Watch" and of T. Linley's "Sling the Flowing Bowl," as sung in the fore-castle. But such adapted songs are generally easily recognisable—unless, indeed, the transformation has been so complete that the tune has become in the course of time, by continued transmission, a genuine folk-tune, recomposed—not *decomposed*, as some would have us think—by the folk who sing it.

ANNIE GEDDES GILCHRIST.

SOUTHPORT,

*November 12th, 1906.*

# SCOTTISH SONGS

COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

## 1.—QUEEN JEAN.

SUNG BY MRS. ALEX. MUIR, WHO LEARNT IT FROM HER UNCLE,  
MR. ARCHIBALD PRENTICE, ABOUT 1845.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

*Moderato.*

Queen Jean, she was sick and they thocht she wad dee, And they sent for the  
doc - tor to come and see she; { The doc - tor was sent for and im -  
{ O doc - tor, dear doc - tor, if  
- men-jent - ly came And he sat at the bed-side a - long with Queen Jean.  
doc - tor ye be, Oh, send for my mith-er to come and see me !"

Her mith-er was sent for and immenjently came,  
And she sat at the bedside along with Queen Jean;  
"Oh, mith-er, dear mith-er, if mith-er ye be,  
Oh, send for my father to come and see me!"

And so on. The list of relatives sent for—"brither," "sister," etc.—is prolonged *ad lib.*, in fact as long as the patience of singer and listener holds out, there being, according to my aunt's recollection, *no* ending to the song!

Mr. Archibald Prentice of Manchester (of Anti-Corn-Law League fame), my granduncle, was a Lanarkshire man and probably brought the song thence. The interest of this nursery-song of his lies in its evident derivation from a ballad on "The Death of Queen Jane of England" (and the birth of Edward VI), recovered by Jamieson in two fragments—one from Arbroath, another from Edinburgh—and printed in his *Popular Ballads*, 1806 (Vol. i, p. 182).

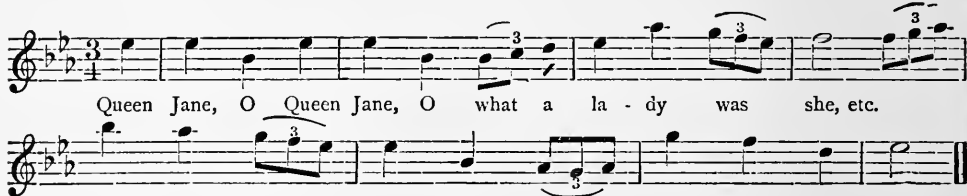
Queen Jeany has travel'd for three days and more,  
Till the ladies were weary and quite gave her o'er;  
"O ladies, O ladies, do this thing for me,  
To send for King Henry to come and see me."

King Henry was sent for, and sat by her bedside ;  
 " Why weep you, Queen Jeany, your eyes are so red ? " \*  
 " O Henry, O Henry, do this thing for me,  
 [Let them take my young life] and save my babie ! " \*

The rest of the ballad may be found in Jamieson. A Kirkcudbrightshire form still more nearly resembling my version is printed in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (Macmath MS.), and in the same collection is given a version obtained on Dartmoor by Mr. Baring Gould, to a "very curious contemporary air," which I am here enabled, by his kindness, to print :

Tune noted by F. W. Bussell.

SUNG BY SAM FONE,  
 DARTMOOR, MARCH, 1893.



The resemblance of the opening phrase of Mr. Baring Gould's tune to the traditional tune of the game of "Green Gravel," is interesting as being also accompanied by a verse structure similar to that of "Queen Jane," in the game-rhyme :

\* \* \* \* \*

" Oh Mary, Oh Mary, your true love is dead,  
 He's sent you a letter to turn back your head."

Which suggests that "Green Gravel" and "Queen Jane" were sung to the same tune, and (without pronouncing upon which came first) that the one song was modelled upon the other.

The fact of the ballad in its original form being unsuited to the nursery is perhaps sufficient to account for its degeneration into a mere nonsense-song. But as regards the original ballad, a similar story of a heroic mother is told with supernatural attendant circumstances (the dead queen being in this case temporarily resuscitated in answer to the fervent prayers of the king—who arrives too late—and the court) in the Danish ballad, "Dronning Dagmar,"† with perhaps no solider

\* " She raised herself upon her bier,  
 Her eyes were bloody-red."—*Queen Dagmar* (*Danish Ballad*).

† The Danish Ballad opens very similarly :  
 " Queen Dagmar lies at Ribe sick,  
 At Ringsted they await her ;  
 Now let all the matrons in Denmark that dwell  
 Hither be brought unto her."



historical basis than in the case of Queen Jane Seymour. From which it seems probable that this exemplification of supreme mother-love in voluntarily sacrificing her own life for that of her child formed a ballad-motif long before the story was attached to either queen (the Queen Dagmar to whom the ballad, I suppose, refers, lived in the thirteenth century); and, as a motif, would appear to have originated in savage and turbulent times when the preservation of the succession was held of greater importance than the life of the royal consort. But such a question may be left to folk-lorists.

The tune appears to be a variant of "The Deserter" or "Bonny Light Horseman." Cf. also with "The Cuckoo" (*Garland of Country Song*).

Mr. Cecil Sharp has recently obtained in Somerset an interesting version of this ballad. There is also in Dixon's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, 1857, one taken down from a gipsy. Miss Strickland, in her *Lives of the Queens of England*, refers to an English ballad being extant, but the line she quotes does not occur in Jamieson. There is, I suppose, no historical evidence as to the death of the queen being due to the cause suggested in the ballad, the writer of which has evidently had the birth of Julius Cæsar in his mind.—F. K.

For many versions of this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*.—L.E.B.

## 2.—THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE.

SUNG BY WILLIAM WELLS, ESQ., R.B.A.,  
SUNDERLAND POINT, AUGUST, 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

*Vivace.*

There was a wee coo-per wha lived in Fife,..... Nick-e-ty, nack-e-ty,  
(♯)  
noo, noo, noo, He took him-self a gen-tle wife, Hey, Wil-lie Wal-lack-y,  
How, John Dou-gal, A-lin-ka-rash-it-y, rue, rue, rue!

\* Sometimes, but not always, sharpened by the singer.

"The Wee Cooper" is printed, with a different tune, in Ford's *Vagabond Songs*. Mr. Wells's words (learnt, with the tune, from his father) followed the version there given. Other versions are in Child under the title "The Wife wrapped in the Wether's Skin." The point of this humorous old ballad is that, not daring to beat

his fine lady wife for fear of her "gentle kin," the husband evades the difficulty by laying his "ain sheep-skin"—which surely he has a right to beat!—upon the wife's back and thrashing *that*—which ingeniously-designed vicarious punishment brings the idle dame to her senses!

Child derives the traditional versions of this song from the 16th Century ballad of the "Wife lapped in Morell's skin for her good behauyour," but in this—a very brutal form of the story—the wife is wrapped in the salted horse-hide *after* the beating, so the point of the tale is altered, if not lost. The following facts may perhaps throw some light on the origin of the story: In the sack of Baghdad by Mongolian hordes in February, 1258, the Caliph was put to death; and according to most Muslim historians the manner of it was that he was *wrapped in a carpet and beaten to death with clubs*, it being against the Mongol practice to shed royal blood. (See Professor E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*). Is it possible that the ballad of the "Wee Cooper" goes back to some such early prohibition, and that the wife wrapped in the wether's skin was in the original story not only of "gentle" but of royal kin?\*

There seems to be a connection between the "Wee Cooper" and "Robin-a-thrush," but the latter is apparently a nonsensical nursery version of the story in which the incident of the sheep-skin has dropped out, and the slovenly ways of the wife have been seized upon and developed by some rustic humorist. "Robin-a-thrush" may be a corruption of the refrain:

"Robin he thrashes her, now, now, now."

(This refrain is given in the *Besom Maker* version). Jamieson (*Popular Ballads*) gives the "Wee Cooper" ballad under the title "Sweet Robin," and quotes an old Morayshire refrain in the following verse:

She wadna bake, she wadna brew,  
(Hollin, green hollin,)   
For spoiling o' her comely hue,  
(Bend your bow, Robin).

In another fragment, quoted from Herd ("Robin's Courtship") the "ill wife," as "naething wad her mend," is taken to the forest and there beaten with "green hollin"—an incident perhaps suggested by this evidently *older* refrain. Another version of the "Wee Cooper" given by Jamieson has the "Robin-a-thrush" refrain:

There lived a laudart laird in Fife,  
(Riftly, raftly, now, now, now,)   
And he has married a dandily wife,  
(Hey Jock Simpleton, Jenny's white petticoat,  
Robin a rashes, now, now, now).

A. G. G.

\* For other instances of the diffusion of the "common rule that royal blood must not be shed upon the ground," see Frazer's *Golden Bough* (Vol. i, pp. 179-181).

### 3.—MY BROTHER ROBERT HAS GOTTEN A WIFE.

*Lively.*

My bro - ther Robert has got - ten a wife, A son - sy hiz - zie, a  
come - ly dame, She lies in her bed till e - lev'n o' clock, An' I think she'll prove a  
thrif - ty ane. CHO. Sing hea - ther a - vo, a co - gin O, hea - ther a - vo, a  
co - gin O, Hea - ther a - vo, hea - ther a - vo, Ki - la ma keigh, a co - gin O.

This is a Scotch version of the old English folk-song of "Robin-a-thrush" or "The Tidy One." The verse given appeared in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* a few months ago, and in answer to my enquiry for the tune to which it was sung, I obtained the air given above, which was contributed (in sol-fa) in the issue of March 3rd, 1906, by the editor, who had heard his mother sing it fifty years ago, in Perthshire, and by whose kind permission it is printed here. Like the English tunes to this song, it is strongly suggestive of an old country-dance. (See my note on the "Wee Cooper o' Fife," *ante*, as to the connection between these two songs.)—

A. G. G.

The song is current in many forms, and under different titles. As "Hobblety, Bobblety," it is in Heywood Summer's *Besom Maker*, 1888, with an air attached. A version is in Robert Chambers' *Scottish Songs*, 1829, Vol. ii, p. 404; Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*, etc., and I have also a copy in an old song-book (reference misplaced) as "sung by Mr. Grimaldi;" this would be about 1805.—F. K.

For other versions of words and tune see "Robertin Tush" in Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, "Robin-a-thrush" in Baring-Gould and Sharp's *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, and in *English County Songs*. In the British Museum (G 809 c 1-76) is "A Glee for three voices" printed for G. Walker, London, in the 18th Century. It is called "Robin he married a wife," and has a tune similar to that in *English County Songs*, therefore quite distinct from Miss Gilchrist's Scotch air. There are nine verses, with the burden "Robin he thrashes her."—L. E. B.

#### 4.—CUDDY ALONE.

Noted by A. G. Gilchrist.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. ALEX. MUIR,  
1902.

*Vivace.*

... Cud - dy a - lone, Cud - dy a - lone, . .

... Cud - dy a - lone and I..... The

rat - ton he sat at the head of the ta - ble, be - cause he was both

proud and a - ble, Kick - ma - leer - ie, gow - den down, Cud - dy a - lone and I.....

There lived a froggie in a well,  
And a mousie in the mill.

\* \* \* \*

"Pray, Mistress Mouse, are you within?"  
"Yes, kind sir, I sit and spin."

(The wedding follows.)

The ratton he sat at the head of the table,  
Because he was both proud and able.

\* \* \* \*

The froggie he swam down the brook,  
Until he met wi' Mistress Juke [Duck.]

\* \* \* \*

From my aunt's recollection of the song as sung by Mrs. Muir, of Leith, her husband's mother, many years ago. She only remembers fragments of the words, but sufficient, I think, to identify her version with the Scotch one printed in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, beginning "There lived a Puddy in a well."

The air is evidently an old country-dance tune, and has some resemblance to the "Kitty Alone" of the *Garland of Country Song*, No. xiii, which see for full and interesting note.—A. G. G.

In Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes of England* there is a rhyme beginning "There was a frog liv'd in a well, Kitty alone, Kitty alone." It describes the wooing of Miss Mouse by the frog. Miss Mouse replies that she must consult her "Uncle Rat." Halliwell quotes a publication of 1580 called "A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse." In D'Urfey's *Pills* there is a political parody of the old song, set "to a comical tune," which has a slight likeness to the foregoing tune, and also to the air known as "Cold and raw." Chappell quotes a quite different tune to a similar ballad which was printed in *Melismata*, London, 1611.—L. E. B.

## 5.—JACKY ROBINSON.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

MIXOLYDIAN.

*Allegro.*

SUNG BY MR. G. GILCHRIST.

Oh, the drums did loud - ly beat, and the pipes did loud - ly play, And it's  
to the field of bat - tle we all did march a - way; CHORUS: And sing  
yar - ra - dy air - um, dair - um, dad - dy, Sing yar - ra - dy air - um day!

This curious old song was sung to my father as a child by his nurse, in Fifeshire, about sixty-five years ago. He only remembers the half of another verse:

"As she was going up London Street,  
Her old father she did spy—"

but he recollects that the ballad was about a girl who enlisted as a soldier under the name of "Jacky Robinson." A ballad under this title is to be found in Ashton's *Modern Street Ballads*—but though upon this same theme it is a different song.

The quaint chorus may be intended to suggest bagpipes. Scotch writers speak of the "durrum-dow" of the pipes. Or "airum-dairum" may possibly be a corruption of "hirdum-dirdum"—an expression signifying noisy revelry, as in the description of the dancing at the wedding of "Muirland Willie:" "Sic hirdum-

dirdum an' sic din." It is rather unusual, I think, to find a Mixolydian tune of so *lively* a character. The late Mr. Fleetwood Sheppard considered this tune to be a version of "The False Lover," No. 97, in *Songs of the West*. It may be compared as regards type with "The Old Man can't keep his Wife at Home" in the new edition of *Songs of the West*. According to the old fiddler who played this latter, "this was a dance-tune to which the performers sang in accompaniment to the music and tramp of feet." "Jacky Robinson" may similarly have been a dance-tune, being also—like the "Old Man"—apparently a bagpipe air with drone.—A. G. G.

The song above referred to, in *Modern Street Ballads*, is of the Dibdin type, though not by Dibdin. It is called "Jack Robinson." Besides being in song-books contemporary with its popularity (early 19th Century) it is in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, 1868, and elsewhere, including Catnach broadsides. It begins :

"The perils and the dangers of the voyage past  
And the ship in Portsmouth arrives at last."

Its air is commonly known as "The Sailor's Hornpipe," or, from its association with this song, "Jack Robinson's Hornpipe." Neither words nor air have, of course, any connection with Miss Gilchrist's song. "Dirrum dow" appears to have been a commonly used tag in Scottish songs of a humorous cast, where a chorus or refrain is used to fit the air or its repetition. I have heard it used with "Robin Tamson's Smiddy."—F. K.

I have an unpublished air to "The False Lover," which has something in common with this air. It is not unusual—at any rate in the West of England—for lively airs to be cast in the Mixolydian mode, *e.g.* "The Crabfish," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 28.—C. J. S.

## 6.—THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

SUNG BY MRS. GILCHRIST,  
SEPT., 1900.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.



### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. THOMAS GILBERT,  
OF EDINBURGH, SEPT. 1900.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.



The above tunes are interesting as being variants of the air attached to "The Island of St. Helena," in the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 88. My mother's version (No. 1) was learnt in her girlhood from a Mrs. Graham of Glasgow, her mother's friend, who sang Tannahill's song, "The Braes of Balquhiddar" to this tune, about fifty-five years ago. No. 2 was Mr. Gilbert's mother's tune for the same song. As Mr. Gilbert is a very old man, his version goes back the farthest, and is, as might be expected, the more archaic form of the tune. Both versions are quite different from the generally-accepted tune to "The Braes of Balquhiddar," as found in Wood's *Songs of Scotland* and earlier collections such as Captain Fraser's. The printed air is a poor one, with much repetition, and though similar in *rhythm* to the variants above given, derives, I think, from another original, there having possibly been *two* strathspey tunes with the same title, as in the case of "Ballendalloch's Reel." No. 1, which my mother sang before she became acquainted with the usual tune to "The Braes of Balquhiddar," most resembles the version given in the *Journal*, especially in the second half. Both of my variants have the "Scotch snap," wanting in the Irish form.—A. G. G.

Compare also with "Brochan buirn"—a Gaelic nursery-song in Dr. MacLagan's *Argyleshire Games* :

### BROCHAN BUIRN.



and with another version of the same tune in the "Celtic Lyre" (No. 48) :

### CRUACHAN BEN.

AIR—"BROCHAN BUIRN."



A. G. G.

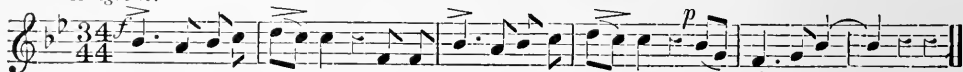
The earliest copy I know of the reel, "The Braes of Balquhiddel," is in Walsh's *Twenty-four Country Dances for 1742*, repeated in the same publisher's *Caledonian Country Dances* of about the same date. Afterwards versions appeared in Bremner's *Reels* (1759), McGlashan's *Reels* (1786), Aird's *Selection II* (1782), Gow's *Repository*, etc. Words first were set to the air in Johnson's *Museum*, Vol. ii, 1787. Afterwards Tannahill's well-known song was fitted to the same unvocal air.—F. K.

## 7.—CATTLE CALL.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MRS. MELLIS, SOUTHPORT, 1905.  
BORDERS OF PERTH AND FIFE, ABOUT 1870.

*Allegretto.*



Hal - la, halla, hi, lass ! Come a - wa' in wi' the kye, lass ! Low, low, kin-o !.....

This musical call was learnt from dairymaids at Mountquharry, near Abernethy, where Mrs. Mellis lived for several years.—A. G. G.



# LANCASHIRE PACE-EGGING SONGS

COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

## 8.—BEG YOUR LEAVE.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

*Moderato.*

SUNG BY JOLLY-BOYS (PACE-EGGERS) FROM OVERTON VILLAGE,  
SUNDERLAND POINT, EASTER, 1906.

I'll beg your leave, fine kind } gen - tle - men and la - dies of re - nown, If you'll  
please to make us room..... we will sing to you a song,... You  
please to make us room, we will sing to you a song, And we'll  
call in our com - e - rades and call them one by one. CHO. So we're jol - ly  
boys,..... we do no harm..... Wher - ev - er we do go, For we've  
come the pace - egg - ing, As you ve - ry well do know.....

*For the 2nd and succeeding verses the tune begins thus (the remainder as above):—*

So the first that does come in He is a bloom - ing youth,...etc.

So the first that does come in, he is a blooming youth,  
He courts all the pretty girls, and always tells them truth;  
He says he never deceives them, but is always kind and true, [true and kind ?]  
And 'tis his delight both day and night in drinking of strong wine. [brew ?]

So the next that does come in, he is a sailor brave,  
He says he's ploughed the ocean, and split the briny wave;  
He says he has got gold, and he says he has got store,  
And he says he'll marry a pretty girl, and go to sea no more.

So the next that does come in, oh, he is a roving blade,  
Amongst the lasses he will be, for he is such a jade,  
Red rosy cheeks are his delight, so beautiful and fair,  
And if you want a sweetheart, you must come to Overton fair!

So the next that does come in, oh, she is Miss Kitty Fair,  
She takes a great delight in the curling of her hair;  
She carries a basket\* by her side—she's got no store put in—  
It's her delight both day and night in drinking of strong gin.

So now you've seen us all, speak of us as you find;  
You'll please to give us a trifle—it will be very kind.  
So cheer up your spirits while we drink a glass of beer,  
And we'll drink your health and store your wealth until the very next year.

The Pace-Eggers who sang this song are locally known as “jolly-boys,” and the custom of going round from house to house in Holy Week, singing such songs, is called “going jolly-boying.” Overton village, on the river Lune, is about three miles distant from Heysham, where the two Lancashire Pace-Egging songs printed in *County Songs* were obtained. It is rather remarkable to find a third so similar in character in the same locality, but the singers explained that one set of “jolly-boys” used one song, and a different set would go their rounds with another.

No. 2 in *County Songs* (with the refrain “March along, bold Wellington,”) was generally sung by the “childer.” These singers also knew and sang both songs given in *County Songs*, with slight variations of tune and words, and had a second tune, imperfectly remembered, for No. 2. They had also an interesting variant of the “Owd Miser” verse in No. 1. (I think there is no doubt that this character was originally Judas with the money-bags.):

“The next that does come in is owd Nan with her bags,  
For want of her money she wears her owd rags;  
She's as ragg'd as a sheep and as poor as a crow,  
She says she will follow 's wherever we go.”

The Pace-Eggers—two parties of whom came, one composed of young men, the other of little boys—were dressed in character (more or less) to represent the *dramatis personæ* of the songs, and several wore masks. A hunch-back, a man with a long nose, and a prisoner (handcuffed) seem to be generally included in their number, the prisoner belonging to a dialogue of which a fragment was introduced in a song sung by these jolly-boys, called “The Ouldest Man at Tea,” in which dialogue a judge and policeman also figure. The female character—“Owd Nan” or “Miss Kitty”—always carries the basket, and is of course dressed in women's clothes. The lady of the party, “Miss Kitty,” on this occasion modestly concealed her manly features behind a veil (represented by a strip of white muslin curtain pinned round her hat).

\* For the receipt of eggs and other contributions.

Some of the older jolly-boys had recollections of the play of *St. George*, formerly performed on such occasions, but which now seems to have died out in this locality.

—A. G. G.

This air is a variant of the "Somerset Wassail," in *A Garland of Country Song*, No. xx. I have collected a still closer variant at Drayton, Somerset.—C. J. S.

Transmitted by Mr. Turnbull.

SUNG AT KIRKEY LONSDALE.



The air given above has been transmitted to me by a correspondent (Mr. Turnbull), as one commonly sung at pace-egging time in the Kirkby Lonsdale district. The words, I understand, are much the same in type as those collected by Miss Gilchrist. Versions of the air I here give have been printed to Pace-Egging songs in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (1891), and in *English County Songs*, (1893, p. 22), the first from Cheshire, and the second from North Lancashire. In Dixon's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, (1857, p. 181), is a set of verses having a general similarity to the songs above-mentioned. To go into full details regarding "Pace-Egging" as performed in the North of England would require a volume to itself. The vocal "Pace-Egging" seems to be merely alternate to the play of *St. George*. Copies of this play as printed in Leeds always bear the title "The Peace Egg," though I have never heard of its being performed in this district other than at Christmas-time, and now the practice appears to have completely died out. The general idea was for the performers to be disguised in any rags or finery procurable, with the ultimate object of a money collection; the custom was generally called "mumming," and the full dialogue of the play was always so well and accurately transmitted that the printed copy was quite superfluous.—F. K.

# 9.—WHEN JOHN'S SAIL WAS NEW.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY JOLLY-BOYS FROM OVERTON VILLAGE.  
SUNDERLAND POINT, EASTER, 1906.

*Con moto.*

The se - ven jol - ly trades - men Came o - ver yon hill to - geth - er, Came  
o - ver yon hill to - geth - er, To join a jo - ful crew..... They  
called for bot - tles of wine and sher ry, To help them o - ver yon hill so mer - ry, When  
John's sail was new, my boys, When John's sail was new.....

The first he is a soldier,  
With his sword upon his showlder,  
What man may look more bowlder  
To join a joful\* crew?  
He says he'll fight for his king and his crown,  
Before Old England shall be run down.  
When John's, etc.

[\*jovial]

The next he is a tinkler,  
With his kettle on his showlder,  
What man may look more bowlder  
To join a joful crew?  
Have you any old tins or kettles to fettle?  
Wur† rivets are made of the very best metal.  
When John's, etc.

[†our]

The next he is a cobbler,  
With his last flung o'er his showlder,  
What man may be more bowlder  
To join a joful crew?  
He let his last fall on his toes,  
And said he'd smash the owld tinkler's nose,  
When John's, etc.

The next he is a mason  
With his trowel on his showlder,  
What man may look more bowlder  
To join a joful crew?  
He wishes all churches and chapels would fall,  
And then there'd be work for masons an' all.  
When John's, etc.

The next he is a ragman,  
 With his rag-bag on his showlder,  
 What man may look more bowlder  
 To join a joful crew?  
 While he was kissing and squeezing the lasses  
 They burnt his rag-bag into ashes.  
 When John's, etc.

The next he is a musseller,  
 With his cram<sup>†</sup> upon his showlder, [<sup>†</sup>mussel-rake]  
 What man may look more bowlder  
 To join a joful crew?  
 He says he'll pike<sup>§</sup> all mussels and kewins|| [<sup>§</sup> pick] [|| the sea periwinkle<sup>‡</sup>]  
 Before t' tide comes over town-skeear.\*\* [\*\* a local mussel bank]  
 When John's, etc.

There was an additional verse—a new one—introducing “a farmer” to make the seventh “Jolly Tradesman,” but as “th' lad as med it oop” was not present on this occasion I did not obtain it. The last verse, above, is interesting on account of the local dialect-words, of which perhaps “kewin” is the most curious, it being, I believe, only traceable outside Northern England in a Norwegian dialect, as *kuvung* = the sea-snail, and thus probably a relic of Norse settlement in the district. The Yorkshire form of the word is “cuvvin.”

Overton, on the estuary of the Lune, is partly a fishing-village—hence the introduction of the “musseller,” or fisherman, and probably also the amusing misconstruction of “Joan's ale” as “John's sail,” in this variant of the old song. The jolly-boys could only tell me that this song was “a very ould one” (in which they were right) and had been handed down in the village from other jolly-boys. Its use as a pace-egging song is doubtless due to the introduction of a different character in each verse—a feature common to all the pace-egging songs I have come across, and reminiscent of the earlier dramas for which they have been substituted.

The Scotch version in Mr. R. Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads* has also “John” instead of “Joan.” This substitution of John for Joan in Scotch versions of English folk-songs (e.g. “John, come kiss me now,” “Jumping John”) is doubtless due to the fact that not only does the Lowland pronunciation of “John” approximate to “Jone,” but Scotch folk pronounce Joan “Jo-ann,” with the accent on the second syllable. So “Joan,” orally transmitted, would be interpreted as “John.”

The tune is a variant of that given (to “Joan's Ale”) in the *Garland of Country Song*. I took down a simple form of the air a few years ago in the same locality, as sung by fisher-boys to a version of “Three Jolly Hunters.” The ballad of “Joan's Ale” is well-known to collectors, and many variants are in existence, which will be dealt with elsewhere in this *Journal*. The above version is here included on account of its special local character as a pace-egging song.—A. G. G.

It should be mentioned in connection with these songs, that "pace-egging" is derived from "Pasch," or Easter, and that the custom of performing a mumming play of this kind was quite as usual at Easter as at Christmas. The egg is the recognised symbol of Easter in almost all countries.—J. A. F. M.

## SAILORS' SONGS

COLLECTED BY ANNIE G. GILCHRIST.

MR. BOLTON, from whom I obtained the whole of the Sailors' Songs and Chanties here transcribed, is a retired sailor aged 66, who has served both in the merchant service and the navy. His experience of the sea covers thirty-five years, his last voyage being in 1887. He served in the navy during the Crimean war, but left the service in 1857. He has still a very mellow baritone voice, and though without any knowledge of music, a gift for making verses, which must have served him in good stead in the fore-castle. Indeed, he tells me that he believes some of his songs and chanty-verses are still "knocking about" among sailors. Amongst other chanties which he sang to me were "Boney was a Frenchman," "The Banks of Sacramento," and "Paddy on the Railway," his versions of which tunes are very like those in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs*. His songs in general were easy to note, as, unlike many singers, he varied the tune very little—no more than the distribution of syllables rendered necessary. No doubt the practice of singing the songs in chorus had tended to stereotype their tunes.

### I.—FORECASTLE SONGS.

#### 10.—ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.  
*Allegro moderato.*

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,  
RETIRED SAILOR, SOUTHPORT, DEC., 1905.

Oh, come, good peo - ple all, Young and old, Young and old, Oh, come, good peo-ple  
all, Young and old. It's of an ad-miral brave, Called Ben - bow by his  
name, How he fought on the ra - ging main, You shall hear, You shall hear.

Admiral Roseby\* said to him :  
 " I won't fight, I won't fight ! "  
 Admiral Roseby said to him :  
 " I won't fight !  
 For I value no disgrace,  
 Even losing of my place,  
 But the enemy I won't face,  
 Nor their guns, nor their guns."

So brave Benbow made the signal  
 For to fight, for to fight,  
 So brave Benbow made the signal  
 For to fight.  
 The ships boxed up and down,  
 And the shots they flew all round,  
 And the men came tumbling down,  
 There they lay, there they lay.

Admiral Benbow lost his legs  
 By chain-shot, by chain-shot,  
 Admiral Benbow lost his legs  
 By chain-shot.  
 He down on his stumps did fall,  
 And so bitterly he did call :  
 " Fight on, my British tars,  
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot."

'Twas on Tuesday morning last  
 Benbow died, Benbow died,  
 'Twas on Tuesday morning last  
 Benbow died.  
 'Twas a shocking sight to see  
 Admiral Benbow carried away,  
 He was buried in Kingston† church,  
 There he lay, there he lay.

Admiral Benbow was mortally wounded in action with the French, while commanding in the West Indies in 1702. It is a matter of history that he was cruelly deserted by his captains, whose conduct roused the generous indignation of Du Casse, commander of the opposing French squadron.

A version of this ballad—to a minor tune—is printed by Chappell ("Come all ye sailors bold, lend an ear.") Another song on the same theme, but in a different metre, and to a tune which is variant of "Love will find out the way," begins "Oh, we sailed to Virginia, and thence to Fayal," and a third is known to Mr. John Masfield. This begins, like another sea ballad,

"As I was a-walking upon the Spanish shore."

—A. G. G.

\* A mistake for 'Kirby.' Roseby belonged to the 19th century.

† Jamaica.

This traditional version of "The Death of Benbow" tallies in many lines with a copy in Fielding's *Vocal Enchantress* (a song-book with music, published in London in 1783), though the melody is different. The peculiar metre of the verses is used in other narrative sailor-songs, notably "Captain Kidd" and "Admiral Byng," (see Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, vol. ii, for this latter); also for the ballads "Ye Jacobites by name," and "My love's in Germany." It is possible that the tunes for all these songs have been used in common, which no doubt has tended to corruption in traditional transmission.—F. K.

There is, in the British Museum, a broadside version of this ballad with its air printed above the words (a very rare thing to find.) The notes are of the 17th Century lozenge type, and the ballad sheet is probably almost contemporaneous with the death of the admiral.

Mr. Burstow sang me an admirable version, with a fine minor tune exceedingly like that on the broadside, but with some modal features. Chappell's minor air quoted by Miss Gilchrist is also from a broadside. It should be compared with the traditional tune noted in Ireland, to which Mr. A. P. Graves has written a Famine song ("Oh, the praties they are small over there, over there.") The air here given is a major variant evidently.—L. E. B.

For a close variant of this ballad see "Admiral Benbow" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, (series 3). Compare also the tune "Marrinys yn Tiger," in *Maux National Songs*, (p. 4.) I have often heard the same air sung in Somerset and Devon to the words of a street-song, beginning "My name it is Jack Hall, chimney-sweep, chimney-sweep."—C. J. S.\*

\* The song "Jack Hall" is probably as old as the Benbow ballads. Jack Hall was a chimney sweep (sold for a guinea as a boy,) who was executed for burglary about 1701. Upon this original song was founded a vile ditty, much sung in the fifties, called "Sam Hall."—F. K.



# 11.—GILDEROY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, MAY, 1906.

*Andante.*

Oh, Gil - de - roy was a bon - ny, bon - ny boy As ev - er Scot - land bred, When  
he put on his tar - tan plaid And kilt - ed coat so red. He  
was ad - mired by the la - dies all, He was such a rak - ish boy ..... And he  
was my soul and my heart's de - light, Was my charm - ing Gil - de - roy.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Verse omitted).

Oh, Gilderoy he is dead and gone,  
And how then shall I live?  
With a brace of pistols by my side  
I'll guard him to his lonely grave.  
For they hung him on the Mole so high  
For being such a rakish boy;  
But he was my soul and my heart's delight,  
Was my charming Gilderoy.

A middle verse was omitted by the singer as "rather immoral." The ballad had been learnt many years ago at sea, but as it was a forecastle song in which all joined, Mr. Bolton was unable to recollect whether it had been acquired from a Scotch sailor. Mr. John Masefield tells me he also learnt this traditional version of "Gilderoy" at sea, but has never seen it in print, though he suggests that it might be in some Edinburgh chap-book of about 1830.

The tune, though distinct from the minor tune always printed to the song, is certainly Scotch in character.—A. G. G.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW (BELL-RINGER),  
NEAR HORSHAM, SUSSEX, 1903.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

Now Gil - de - roy was a bon ny boy, And he would knots of rib - bon wear; He  
pul - led off his scar - let coat, He gar - ter - ed be - low his knee. He  
was be - loved by the la - dies so fair, He was such a rak - ish boy..... He  
was my sov'-reign, my heart's de - light, My charm - ing young... Gil - de - roy.

Mr. Burstow sang me one verse of "Gilderoy," and sent me the whole ballad (as follows), a year later. I have omitted one stanza. I have not met his version anywhere in print. It is different from the ballad published by Playford, D'Urfey, and other editors of the 17th and 18th Centuries, and from any broadsides that I have seen. For notes on a quite distinct tune, to the usual "Gilderoy" song words, see *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. ii, No. 7, pp. 119 and 120).

Now Gilderoy was a bonny boy,  
And he would knots of ribbon wear,  
He pulled off his scarlet cloak,  
He gartered below his knee—  
He was beloved by the ladies so fair,  
He was such a rakish boy;  
He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,  
My charming young Gilderoy.

Young Gilderoy and I was born  
In one town together,  
And at the age of sixteen years  
We courted one another.  
Our dads and mothers both did agree,  
And crowned with mirth and joy  
To think upon our wedding-day  
With me and my Gilderoy.

Now Gilderoy and I walked out  
All in the fields together,

He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,  
My charming young Gilderoy.

What a pity it is that a man should be hanged  
 For stealing woman, where  
 He neither robbèd house or land,  
 He stole neither horse nor mare,  
 He was beloved by the young and old,  
 He was such a rakish boy ;  
 He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,  
 My charming young Gilderoy.  
 Now Gilderoy for some time has been dead,  
 And a funeral we must have,  
 With a brace of pistols by his side  
 To guard him to his grave,  
 For he was beloved by the old and the young,  
 He was such a rakish boy ;  
 He was my sovereign, my heart's delight,  
 My charming young Gilderoy,

Miss Gilchrist's fragment of words, and her tune, point to the same originals as those noted by me. The tune is obviously Scotch, but I cannot find it in printed collections.

For a full account of the hero of the ballad see Stenhouse's notes in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*. Gilderoy was a notorious freebooter in the highlands of Perthshire who, with his gang, committed the most barbarous outrages on the inhabitants. Seven of his accomplices were seized by the Stewarts of Athol, and conducted to Edinburgh. There they were tried, condemned, and executed. Gilderoy in revenge burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts of Athol. One thousand pounds was offered for his capture. At length he and his associates were secured, and all duly expiated their offences on the gallows in 1638. According to tradition Gilderoy was of the proscribed clan Gregor, and the ballad composed by a young woman who loved him. The ballad was well-known in England at least as early as 1650, if not before then, on black-letter broadsides differing materially from Mr. Burstow's version.—L. E. B.

As "Gilderoy" (*Gillie-roy* = the red-haired lad), according to Robert Chambers, was only a nickname for Patrick Macgregor, the Perthshire freebooter, it seems possible that there may have been an *earlier* "rakish" boy with red locks, about whom the ballad surviving in the above traditional versions was *originally* written, and for whom, also, "a gallows, on or off a mole (in Mr. Masefield's words), was about the best thing he could have!"—A. G. G.

The fourth verse of Miss Broadwood's version is nearly the same as one of the stanzas in "Geordie." This habit of describing in the same words incidents of a similar nature that occur in different ballads has often been noticed, and is one of the surest indications of the genuine traditional ballad.—C. J. S.

My first acquaintance with Gilderoy was when as a child of tender age I went to a "dolly show," held in a caravan at Woodhouse Feast, in Leeds. The piece performed by the puppets was "Gilderoy, the bonny boy of Scotland." I have no recollection of any song being sung; Gilderoy was a fierce-looking doll in a kilt.

There is a curious version of the usual minor air as "Guilderoy"—apparently an American traditional one—in Howe's *New American Violin School*, Boston (U.S.A.) circa 1860.—F. K.

## 12.—THE WRECK OF THE "GILDEROY."

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, JUNE 18TH, 1906.

*Andante.*

The musical notation is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes. A bracket under the first four bars of the melody is marked with an asterisk (\*). The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across bar lines. The lyrics are: "There was many a corpse was wash'd a-shore, The ra-vens to de-coy ..... And the sea-gulls flew O'er the life-less crew Of my Bon-nie Gil-de-roy." The notation ends with a double bar line.

There was many a corpse was wash'd a-shore, The ra-vens to de-coy ..... And the  
sea-gulls flew O'er the life-less crew Of my Bon-nie Gil-de-roy.

This was the ballad in trying to recall which Mr. Bolton remembered the other "Gilderoy." This song—evidently of later date—and concerned with the wreck of a ship called the "Gilderoy," or "Bonnie Gilderoy"—no doubt named after the notorious freebooter—"went to quite a different tune" he said. But though he could only remember, for lack of the words, what he called the "chorus"—which is probably the second strain of the air repeated—I think it will be apparent from the half-verse which I was able to note that this "Gilderoy" ballad was probably sung to another version of the same "Gilderoy" tune, whose affinity with it he himself did not recognise. (There was a month's interval between his singing of the two songs to me). It seems probable that the "Wreck" tune—which is, like the others, distinctly Scotch—began at the point I have marked \*; the four bars which follow the \* being repeated to form the first half of the verse, and the music printed above following on. This would follow the model of the other two versions.—A. G. G.

### 13.—THE GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

*Plaintively.*

Oh, Green - land is a cold coun - try, A land where grows no  
tree, Where the ice and the snow and the whale - fish blow, And the  
day - light's sel - dom seen, brave boys, And the day - light's sel - dom seen.

A favourite old song with sailors. For notes see Mr. Baring Gould's *Garland of Country Song*. The tune given above is a more archaic version of that printed in the "Garland." Mr. Bolton could not remember any more of the words.—A. G. G.

In the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, No. 3, p. 21) is a different tune to more complete words.—L. E. B.

The above tune shows such strong Mixolydian influence that I am inclined to consider the *F* sharp at the end as an alteration made in unconscious obedience to the laws of "Musica ficta."—J. A. F. M.

I agree with the above remark—the more so because I have always heard the song sung with the last phrase falling to the tonic without the use of the leading-note, as in the version in *A Garland of Country Song*. See also *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 3rd series.—C. J. S.

# 14.—THE GOLDEN VANITY.

SUNG BY MR. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, JUNE, 1906.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

*Allegro moderato.*

“Wrap me up in my black bear-skin, Down in the Low-lands  
*Next ver.* So they wrapt him up in his black bear-skin, Down in the Low-lands  
 low..... And heave me o-verboard for to sink or to swim, And I'll  
 low..... And they hove him o-verboard for to sink or to swim, And he  
 sink the French gal-ley O..... And I'll sink the French gal-ley O.”  
 sank the French gal-ley O..... And he sank the French gal-ley O.

Mr. Bolton's recollection of the words was only fragmentary, but he remembered the story, and explained the “black bear-skin” as being the cabin boy's covering at night, and that he wished to wear it as a disguise while in the water. He referred the story to an incident in the boyhood of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. The ballad of course really refers to Sir Walter Raleigh, (or perhaps some earlier captain), and as the name of Raleigh's ship, according to the old form of the ballad, was the “Sweet Trinity,” it seems possible that “Golden Vanity” is a corruption of “Holy Trinity,” not “Golden Victory,” as in a version noted by Mr. Kidson. The fact that the Raleigh ballad is directed to be sung to the tune of “The Sailing of the Lowland” points to the existence of an earlier ballad with this refrain.

This tune is quite different from other “Golden Vanity” tunes, and may be compared with Mr. Bolton's “Greenland Fishery” tune, of which it appears to be a more modern version. Cf. also the “Greenland Fishery” in the *Garland of Country Song*.—A. G. G.

For other versions of this very favourite ballad see *Songs of the West*, *English County Songs*, *English Folk-Songs for Schools* (J. Curwen & Co.), *The Scottish Students' Song-Book*, and many other song-books reprinting the different airs given in the foregoing collections.

It is hoped that many interesting variants still in MS. may be fully dealt with in future Journals.—L. E. B.

# 15.—I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

*Con moto.*

Oh, if my child should chance to die, Mark well what I do say, Oh,

if my child should chance to die, The bells should ring so sweet - e - ly, And I'll

go no more a - ro - v - ing..... For ro - v - ing's been my ru - in..... I'll

go no more a - ro - - v - ing with you, fair maid.  
or a - mong the pret - ty maids.

Mr. Bolton could only recall the verse above given, but said the song was about a young girl who had been deceived. There is a curious coincidence between this verse and the words of the children's game, "A dis, a dis, a green grass," in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*.

The tune is a version of "The Maid of Amsterdam" (see "A-roving," in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs* for the more usual form)—a well-known chanty derived from a ballad which Mr. John Masefield traces back to the time of Elizabeth. He says: "The Elizabethan solo has a chorus of 'Hey down, derry down, deno,' but this is now obsolete." But only the refrain of Mr. Bolton's song has any connection with the words of this other chanty.—A. G. G.

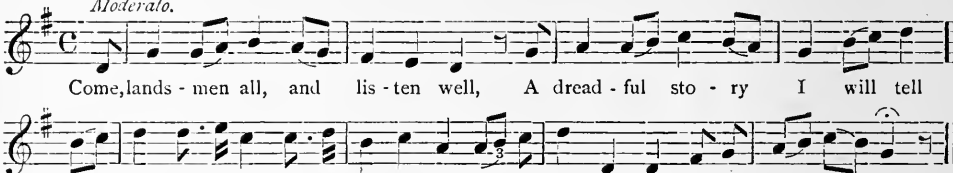
The burden in this is the same as in the well-known sailors' song above-mentioned, one version of which is printed in *The Scottish Students' Song-Book*, and begins "At Number Three, Old England Square."—F. K.

## 16.—THE WRECK OF THE “INDUSTRY.”

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, JUNE, 1906.

*Moderato.*



Come, lands - men all, and lis - ten well, A dread - ful sto - ry I will tell  
Con - cern ing a ship call'd the *In - dus - try*, That was wreck'd and lost on the ra - ging sea.

The words follow, with slight differences, Mr. Kidson's broadside version printed with another tune in the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, p. 228 ("All on Spurn Point"), verses four and five being as follows :

We hailed her captain, who stood at her stem,  
"We've come to save you and your men,"  
"I want no help" he then replied,  
"She will come off with the next flood-tide."

"Oh, heave us a rope," once more we cried,  
"That 'long with you our boat may ride!"  
"I want no help" he again replied,  
"I'll thank you to move away from my ship's side."

This song used to be in much favour with "Turnpike Sailors"—a name given, Mr. Bolton tells me, to a class of sham seafaring men who imposed upon the charitable by rigging themselves out in the garb of sailors, thus perambulating the country singing long doleful ballads of shipwreck and other misfortunes, and professing to be sailors in distress.—A. G. G.

This tune is the air that is always sung to the "Wreck of the Ramilies," by Somerset sailors.—C. J. S.

This is a variant of the tune in Vol. ii, p. 178, of this Journal.—R. V. W.



## II.—CHANTIES.

### 17.—SHANGADORE.

PUMPING CHANTY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

*Andante.*

SOLO. O, Shang - ga - dore, ..... I love your daugh - ter, CHO. A -  
- ray, ..... ye roll - ing riv - er! SOLO I love my grog... much more than  
wa - ter, CHO. Ah-ha - ha! ..... I'm bound a - way, 'Cross the wide... Mis - sou - ri.

Mr. Bolton refused to give me the rest of the words! "Shangadore" is a corruption of "Shenandoah"—the American river of that name. Two versions of this well-known American chanty, with variants of the tune, are given in an article by W. J. Alden, in *Harper's Magazine*, 1882, and another, under the title of "The Wide Missouri," in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs*; another in a small collection of "Old Sea Chanties," by Messrs. Bradford and Fagge. The tune appears to be of negro origin; it is at least of negro character. The older version quoted in "Harper" begins:

"You Shanandore, I long to hear you,  
Hurrah, you rolling river!  
You Shanandore, I long to hear you,  
Ah ha! you Shanandore."

The meaning of "Shenandoah" has become lost in later versions of the chanty, and "Polly Brown" takes its place in Tozer's version.

The tune is a difficult one to bar correctly, from the evident tendency of the chorus (as I understand in chanties generally) to overlap the solo. This same overlapping of solo and chorus is often seen in primitive music, and I had an opportunity of noting it lately in phonographic records of the festal songs of certain native tribes of British

East Africa, taken by my friend, Mr. MacGregor Ross, Director of Public Works in the Protectorate.—A. G. G.

I have noted a close variant of this chanty under the name “Shenandoah” from Mr. Donger, at King’s Lynn.—R. V. W.

## 18.—ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN.

HAULING CHANTY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON,  
SOUTHPORT, APRIL, 1906.

*Allegretto.*

SOLO. . . . . CHO. . . . . SOLO. A

dol - lar a day is a nig - ger's pay, CHO. A - cross the west - ern o - cean.

The musical notation is for a two-staff piece in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a solo part and a choral part. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The lyrics are: 'dollar a day is a nigger's pay, CHO. Across the western ocean.' There are accents (^) over the notes for 'A' in 'A - cross' and 'A' in 'SOLO. A'.

N.B.—The united pull on the rope comes on the notes marked ^.

This was all Mr. Bolton could remember of the words. Another version of the tune is given in an article by W. J. Alden, in *Harper's Magazine*, 1882.—A. G. G.

## 19.—THE HAWK'S-EYE MAN.

CAPSTAN CHANTY.

Tune noted by A. G. Gilchrist.

SUNG BY MR. W. BOLTON  
SOUTHPORT, JAN., 1906.

*Vivace.*

Oh, the 'awk's-eye man is the man for me, And when he comes a - shore he

has a jol - ly spree, And the 'awk's-eye - Roll the boat a - shore, And the 'awk's-eye—

Roll the boat ashore, And the 'awk's-eye, Ho! She wants the 'awk's-eye man.

The musical notation is for a three-staff piece in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a solo part and a choral part. The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The lyrics are: 'Oh, the 'awk's-eye man is the man for me, And when he comes a - shore he has a jol - ly spree, And the 'awk's-eye - Roll the boat a - shore, And the 'awk's-eye— Roll the boat ashore, And the 'awk's-eye, Ho! She wants the 'awk's-eye man.' There are various musical markings including accents (^), slurs, and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p'.

Scraps of other verses were recollected as follows :

Sally in the garden sifting sand,  
And Jenny in the house with the hawk's-eye man.

With his hawk's-eye...  
And when he comes ashore  
He rattles at my door,  
Oh, Johnnie is my hawk's-eye man.

This curious tune has, I think, like "Shangadore," a decided negro flavour. A version of the words to another tune is given in Tozer's *Sailors' Songs* ("The Ox-eyed Man.")—A. G. G.

According to the cadence marked (*a*) this tune is Dorian; but according to cadence (*b*) it would seem to have *Phrygian* characteristics, which is very unusual in English folk-song. See Vol. ii, p. 96, of this journal.—R. V. W.

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Of the above three chanties, very similar versions, taken down on board ship in 1862-4, are printed with eleven others in an article on "The Sea Shanty," in the *Yachting Monthly* for October, 1906. The "Hawk's-eye Man"—appearing as the "Hog-eye Man"—has there the Dorian ending. (For a Dorian with Phrygian termination see one version of "Seventeen come Sunday," in this number of the *Folk-Song Journal*.) Of the "Hog-eye Man"—given under the heading "Hauling into Blackwall Dock, 1862"—the writer of the article says: "This shanty was not allowed so long as any passengers were aboard; directly they were landed this was the only shanty that would suit sailor John. The words cannot be given, but the tune is characteristic. It is of negro origin, from the slave states." It may be noted that the writer derives the name "shanty" from Canadian lumber-or shanty-men—"who were ever great singers," but were, and still are, called "shanty-men" because they lived in shanties.—A. G. G.

I think the foregoing derivation of the puzzling words "chanty" or "shanty" is very probably correct. I cannot agree with its supposed French origin, and certainly "Chantyies," so far as the term goes, have come to us from "across the Western Ocean," though a French-Canadian source might point to the word used in a French sense.—F. K.

## INTRODUCTION

### TO THE SONGS COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

THE following airs were gathered, mainly, some ten or twelve years ago. They were intended to help in the formation of a second series of my little book, *Traditional Tunes*, published in 1891.

I have still a large number unpublished, which I hope may shortly see the light, either in volume form, or in the pages of the *Journal*.

At that time folk-song collecting had not received the impetus that the birth of the Folk-Song Society has since given to it, and many songs which I then noted were quite new to the collector. The thorough search through some country districts, recently made and still progressing, has resulted in the publication of variants, found since the above-named period of my collecting; this, I am afraid, may make some of my tunes a little stale.

My good friend Mr. Charles Lolley, of Leeds, has supplied me with many songs; nearly all from his early remembrance of those sung in South-east Yorkshire. Our old servant, Kate Thompson, a native of Knaresboro', in the West Riding, has sung me many interesting lyrics. The late Mr. T. C. Smith, of Scarborough, took up the subject on my behalf, and, about ten years ago, noted tunes from fishermen and others possessed of folk-songs in his district. I have supplemented these North Yorkshire songs with some which I have heard near Whitby. Others I have taken down from Leeds people, and several from Irish wanderers or "out-o'-works" with whom I have come into casual contact.

I take it that the spread of folk-melodies over the British Isles has some analogy to the diffusion of dialect. We find, for instance, a word, obsolete as regards its use by the ordinary person, in use among Yorkshire people who still speak the dialect, and one ignorant of the first principles of philology, perhaps, at once assumes that it is a "Yorkshire word." That person may be not a little surprised to find that it is also in use in the dialect of a distant county, the people of which also claim it as their own special word. A master of the subject sweeps these merely local usages aside, and finds that the root of the word, or even the word itself, is in a past language

which at one time was spoken throughout the land ; chance or circumstance ordaining that words from this forgotten language shall linger (like snow-drifts in sheltered nooks) more in certain places than in others. May it not be the same with folk-tunes ?—with this difference, that while some of the airs may be traditional survivals of the original stock, yet others may be of later date, the result of compositions built on similar scales for an audience which still prefers the older types to the newer ones. The subject is a fascinating one, and many arguments for and against the theory might be advanced.

FRANK KIDSON.

LEEDS,  
*November, 1906.*

# IRISH TUNES

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

## 20.—THE GIRL WHO WAS POORLY CLAD.

SUNG BY MR. FRANK KELLY,  
A NATIVE OF IRELAND.

Noted by F. Kidson.

As - thore ma - chree.

As - thore ma - chree.

Frank Kelly sang the verse in Irish, and gave me a very rough translation as under :

"The morning I met her on the road,  
Asthore, Machree,  
I looked at her shoes;  
She had a flounce on her petticoat,  
And she gave me three kisses  
Which rejoiced my heart.

F. K.

In Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music* is a tune called "Astoreen Machree." It has no likeness to the above.—L. E. B.

This tune has some likeness to one sung to me to the words "The Lads of Kilkenny."—R. V. W.

## 21.—SHULE AGRA.

Noted by F. Kidson.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. A. MOONEY,  
WHO LEARNT IT FROM A LIVERPOOL BASKET WOMAN'S SINGING.



I'll dye my pet-ti-coats, I'll dye them red, And through the world I'll  
beg my bread, And when he comes back he'll think I'm dead, Oh, my  
John-ny has gone for a sol-dier. Shule, shule, shule, shule a-gra,  
Sure, ah sure, an' he loves me, And when he comes back he'll  
mar-ry me, Oh, my John-ny has gone for a sol-dier.

Heard by Mr. Mooney while walking in Scotland Road, behind a Liverpool basket-girl, who with her companions was singing the verse to the tune. It is, I think, one of the best sets of the tune, and may be compared with a copy in Kerr's *Merry Melodies*; there are, however, marked differences in the two.

Moore, in the ninth (1824) and the tenth number (1834) of his *Irish Melodies*, uses a version of the air. In the ninth number he gives the old title as "I wish I were on Yonder Hill," evidently the first line of the song then sung to the air; in the tenth number he names it "Shule Aroon." Horncastle also prints a version in 1844, and there are other copies extant. None, however, have the strong, simple rhythm of the traditional tune here noted; Mr. A. Mooney, who heard the basket-girls' singing, was otherwise familiar with the same version.—F. K.

The tune in Kerr's *Merry Melodies* is probably a traditional violin "set" of this same version. The American chanty, "Let the Bulgine run" (*see* "Eliza Lee" in Tozer's *Sailor Songs*), has a decided resemblance to this and Mr. Kidson's air, of which it is perhaps a recollection or adaptation.—A. G. G.

*Cf.* the versions of this tune in Stanford's *Irish Melodies*, A. P. Graves' *Irish Song Book*, Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, and many other collections. A fine variant is

No. 1227 in the *Complete Petrie Collection*. A Hampshire traditional variant was noted some twelve years ago, with a good version of words, apparently from some broadside, embodying many of the familiar lines.

I noted an absolutely distinct major tune to the ballad from the singing of a country girl, in Co. Waterford, this year.—L. E. B.

The opening phrase of this tune is almost identical with the tune to “Geordie,” noted by Mr. Sharp in Somersetshire, which appears in Vol. ii, p. 27, of this Journal. It is to be noticed that a verse of “Geordie” begins “I wish I were on yonder hill” in many versions.—R. V. W.

The jump of the tune to the upper octave suggest a comparison with “My Johnny was a Shoemaker,” and the name “Johnny” and the general character of the song lead one to suppose the two to be related.—J. A. F. M.

## 22.—ON THE BANKS OF THE ROSES.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MR. A. MOONEY,  
OF LIVERPOOL.

On the banks of the ros - es My love and I sat down, He  
pulled out his Ger - man flute And played a charm - ing tune; In the  
mid - dle of the tune, Oh, I sobbed, and sighed, and said: “Dar - ling  
John - ny, dar - ling John - ny, Do not leave me!”

An Irish sentimental ballad. Mr. Mooney had heard an old Irishman sing it, but only knew the first verse. I can find no other trace of either song or air.—F. K.

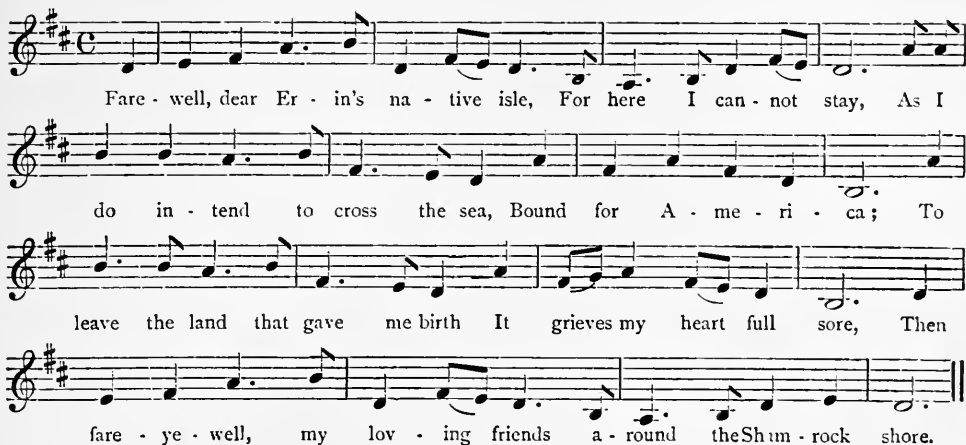
The tune appears to be a variant of the old Irish air to which the song “Off to Philadelphia” is written.—A. G. G.



## 23.—THE SHAMROCK SHORE.

Noted by F. Kidson.

FROM A STREET-SINGER IN LEEDS.



Fare - well, dear Er - in's na - tive isle, For here I can - not stay, As I  
do in - tend to cross the sea, Bound for A - me - ri - ca; To  
leave the land that gave me birth It grieves my heart full sore, Then  
fare - ye - well, my lov - ing friends a - round the Sham - rock shore.

Chorus (to same air):

As our ship she lies at anchor, boys,  
Now ready for to sail,  
May heaven protect each passenger  
With a sweet and pleasant gale,  
And when I'm on the ocean,  
You will run in my mind,  
Then fare-ye-well, old Ireland,  
And all I left behind.

The tears roll gently from my eyes.  
My heart's oppressed with woe,  
Thinking from old Erin's Isle  
I was compelled to go.  
"Dear friends," says I, "be not afraid,  
I'll do whate'er I can,"  
And looking round I gave a sigh,  
Saying "Adieu, old Ireland."  
As our ship she lies, etc.

Farewell, my aged parent,  
As from you I must part,  
Likewise my tender grandfather—  
I'm sure 'twill break his heart,  
But to part from you, old Erin's Isle,  
It grieves me more and more,  
Then here's good health and all success  
All around the Shamrock shore!  
As our ship she lies, etc.

It's to conclude and finish, friends,  
 I've not much more to say—  
 It's wished I was safe landed there,  
 All in America.  
 A wanderer, I've to cross the sea  
 Bad fortune may prove kind,  
 And my toast would be, so far away,  
 To all I've left behind.  
 As our ship she lies, etc.

I took the above words and tune down from an Irish "out-of-work" who was singing it in the streets of Leeds. He told me he had got the song from his "owld dad" in Ireland, many years ago. The melody is built upon the pentatonic scale and is, I think, old and fine.—F. K.

## 21.—OH, IN LEINSTER THERE LIVED A YOUNG DAMSEL.

*Noted by F. Kidson.*

SUNG BY AN OLD IRISHMAN.

Oh, in Lein - ster there liv'd a young dam - sel, A most  
 beau - ti - ful crea - ture was she; Oh, court - ed she  
 was by a young man, She call'd him her love - ly Jim - my.

### SECOND VERSE.

The young damsel was so fair, She was the flower of the fair,  
 The young damsel was so fair, She was the flower of the fair,  
 The young damsel was so fair, She was the flower of the fair,  
 The young damsel was so fair, She was the flower of the fair.

When her father he came for to hear it,  
An angry person was he :  
" If I thought you'd been courted by Jimmy,  
Or any such person as he,  
I would send him a-sailing far from you—  
I would send him on shipboard to sea."

'Twas private she sent for young Jimmy,  
'Twas private her Jimmy came there :  
For fear that her father might hear them,  
Light-footed they tripped up the stair.

" Oh Jimmy, I've a story to tell you,  
A story to tell unto thee,  
My father he solemnly swears,  
That a-sailing he'll send you from me.

Oh, likewise he wants me to marry,  
A man that is crippled and old,  
(Such a man I'd not wed, my own Jimmy  
No, not for a million of gold.")

The father being stealthily listening,  
When the courtship was over and done,  
He went to a press that was near him,  
And brought down a well-ordered gun.

" Two chances, I'll give unto you, Molly,  
Two chances I'll give unto you,  
I'd rather see you, Jimmy, sailing  
Than shot like a bird on a tree."

" Oh father, my fond loving father,  
I ne'er will deny it of thee ;  
Two acres of fire I would venture  
One sight of my Jimmy to see ! "

That fond loving couple will be married,  
Invited their parents may be,  
For the young men to wait upon Molly,  
And fair maids on lovely Jimmy.

It's now this couple got married,  
I wish them good luck and much joy,  
For Jimmy is crownèd with honour,  
And Molly embraced by her boy,

The words and air from another old Irishman who was singing in the streets of Leeds. He left Ireland before 1858 and learnt the song there. He could neither read nor write. I have seen no other copy of this song.—F. K.

# 25.—THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

Noted by F. Kidson]

SUNG BY MR. DICKINSON, LEEDS.

The... sun was far ... in the clouds ad - vanc'd, When a  
 con - vict came from the Isle of France; And on his leg he  
 wore a ring and chain, And his coun - try was of the sham - rock green.

Then the coast-guard waited all on the beach,  
 Till the convict's boat was all in reach;  
 The convict's chain did so shine and spark,  
 Which opened the vein of the coast-guard's heart.

The coast-guard launched his little boat,  
 That on the ocean with him to float;  
 The birds at night take their silent rest,  
 But the convict has a wounded breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the coast-guard played a noble part,  
 And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart;  
 "Although the night is so far advanced,  
 You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,  
 About the dreadful shipwreck of the *Shamrock Green*;  
 Then his freedom came by a speedy post,  
 To the absent convict they thought was lost.

\* \* \* \* \*

"God bless the coast-guard!" the convict cried,  
 "You have saved my life from the ocean wide,  
 I will drink his health in a flowing glass—  
 Here's success to the Isle of France!"

The tune and part of the verses (the rest completed from a Fortey broadside) I took down from Dickinson senior, a Yorkshireman, in Leeds. The air and words are also recognised by other singers. There are at least three broadside versions of this ballad: "The Isle of France," by Fortey; ditto, by Such; and "The Shamrock Green," by Pratt of Birmingham. This latter begins:

A constant girl was heard to cry,  
 And drop a tear from her tender eye;  
 "The cruel laws of our gracious Queen  
 They have transported my Shamrock Green."  
 The sun went down and the clouds advance,  
 A convict came to the Isle of France, etc.

I have a strong suspicion that the ballad is founded on a real escape from a convict transport-ship, or from the hulks.

It is also possible that the "Isle of France" may be poetical geography for one of the Channel Islands and not the department. For another copy of the song, see *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 123).—F. K.

I have noted versions of this ballad at Minehead and at Bridgwater. The Minehead singer, Captain Lewis, gave me nine stanzas, and a tune which is almost note for note the same as the Sussex version noted by Mr. Merrick (Vol. i, No. 3, p. 123), *Folk-Song Journal*.—C. J. S.

I have also noted variants in Wiltshire and Norfolk.—R. V. W.

## 26.—THE PEELERS AND THE GOAT.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MR. A. MOONEY,  
 LIVERPOOL.

A... bunch of peel-ers went out one day On du - ty for pa - trol - ling O! A  
 goat they met up - on the way, That on the road was stroll - ing O!

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a clear refrain. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables across notes.

The air was noted down, with a portion of the first verse, in Liverpool, from an Irishman. The words are satirical, and have reference to the new police, introduced into Ireland in 1836. The refrain of each verse is:

"I'm neither a Whig nor a Tory O."

but I have not been able to obtain more than the fragment above printed. An air for the "Peeler and the Goat" was published in an Irish paper, *The Citizen*, for

November, 1842, and this is reproduced in Mr. Alfred Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 142.

As an addition to this version I here give one from a manuscript music-book formerly belonging to an Irish family, written about 1840, and containing many curious tunes which seem to have been taken down, or transcribed from unprinted sources.

### THE PEELER AND THE GOAT.

DORIAN.

FROM A MS. BELONGING TO F. KIDSON.



Though the words date no further back than 1836 I should say the air is certainly old and a good one.—F. K.

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### SCOTCH TUNE COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

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#### 27.—BALQUHIDDER LASSES.

Noted by Mr. Alfred Moffat.  
ÆOLIAN.

PLAYED BY A GIPSY PIPER, AT STRATHYRE, NEAR BALQUHIDDER,  
SEPT. 29TH, 1900.



"Balquhiddar Lasses" was the performer's name for this tune. A diligent search through Scotch Reel-Collections has, so far, failed to reveal any copy of the air. There is every likelihood of its being a traditional melody.—F. K.

An excellent tune, of the type and rhythm described in old dance-collections as a "Scottish Measure"—a dancing-rhythm which appears to be the precursor of our modern  $\frac{4}{4}$  hornpipe—the tunes called hornpipes in such early collections being in *triple* time.

"Balquhiddar Lasses" has some resemblance to the old tune "Johnnie Cope," ("Fy to the hills in the morning"), and it is conceivable that it is a much altered traditional version of this tune. Neil Gow and Sons, in publishing the *Second Part of their Repository of Original Scotch Tunes*, about a century ago, "cannot avoid mentioning that in every part of Scotland where we have occasionally been . . . [we] have not *once* met with *Two Professional Musicians* who play the same notes of *any* tune"—hence the "Standard now proposed" by them. This points to a large number of then existent variants of the best known tunes, in actual performance, many of which variants must have been handed down to later players.

Other tunes of the same dance-rhythm as "Balquhiddar Lasses" are "The Arethusa," named "The Princes[s] Royal," in Gow's collection above-mentioned; and "Prince Charles' Welcome to Skye," called in the same collection the "Isle of Skye, Scottish Measure."—A. G. G.

This is a familiar form of reel-melody; the exact tune may not be in the collections, but there is a strong resemblance to "Hey, Johnnie Cope" in the last line.—J. A. F. M.

Cf. *Sensations of Tone* by Helmholtz (translated by Ellis), p. 261.—C. J. S.

# SAILOR SONGS

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

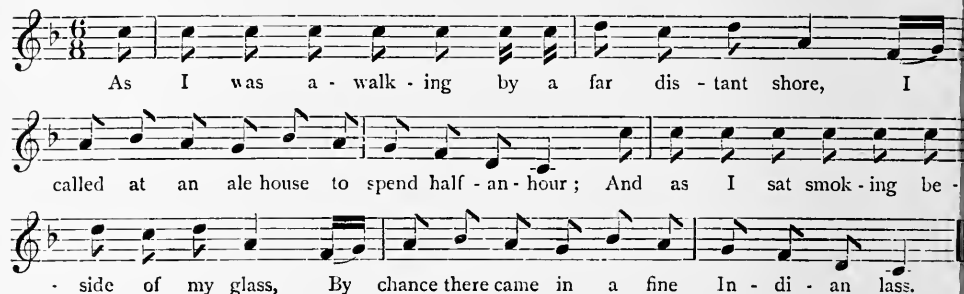
## 28.—THE INDIAN LASS.

Noted by F. Kidson.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. KATE THOMPSON

KNARESBRO



As I was a - walk - ing by a far dis - tant shore, I  
called at an ale house to spend half - an - hour; And as I sat smok - ing be -  
side of my glass, By chance there came in a fine In - di - an lass.

The fragment of words remembered belong to the usual broadside copy. For two other versions of the air, and full words, see my *Traditional Tunes*.—F. K.

## 29.—PLYMOUTH TOWN.

(GOSPORT BEACH)

Noted by F. Kidson.

NOTTINGHAM.



At Ply-mouth Town I lan - ded, That place of no - ted fame; I  
called for a bot - tle of bran - dy To treat my bold flash dame.

I took this down from the singing of a lady who came from Nottingham. It is really a version of "Gosport Beach," which printed on a Such broadside stands:

On Gosport beach I landed, that place of noted fame,  
When I called for a bottle of brandy to treat my flashy dame;  
Her outside rigging was all silk, her spencer scarlet red,  
We spent that day quite merrily, and at night all sorrow fled.



It was early the next morning, all by the break of day,  
 He says " My handsome fair maid, what brought you down this way ? "  
 " I am a rich merchant's daughter—from London I came down,  
 My parents turned me out of doors, which caused me for to roam."

He says " My handsome fair maid, I am sorry for to say,  
 That you have strayed so far from home, to throw yourself away ;  
 But no reflections I will cast, but for ever I'll prove true,  
 And when from Chalain [Chatham ?] I return, sweet maid, I'll marry you."

They both shook hands and parted, tears from her eyes did flow,  
 When on shipboard with her own true love she saw she could not go ;  
 But as a token of true love, a gold ring she broke in two,  
 One half she gave to her own true love, saying " Adieu, sweet maid, adieu."

But scarce six months were over, from Chatham he came back,  
 Saying " Now, sweet girl, I'll marry you, I've shiners in my sack,"  
 Then to the church they hastened, the marriage-knot to tie,  
 And may they both live happy until the day I die.

The air has some resemblance to one which Mr. Baring Gould took down in Devonshire to the same words, but which he published with a fresh set of verses, "Furze in Bloom," see *Songs of the West*.—F. K.

I have a Minehead version of this song. The air is a variant of "Furze Bloom" in *Songs of the West*, and the words begin "On Gosport beach I landed." It is so printed on a modern broadside, "Gosport Beach," by Such. Both Devon and Somerset versions have a second part to the air, which is lacking in this Nottingham tune.—C. J. S.

### 30.—POOR OLD HORSE.

SUNG BY MR. MOONEY,  
 LIVERPOOL.

Noted by F. Kidson.

MIXOLYDIAN.

Mixolydian.

Once I was reared in a sta - ble so warm ; To keep my ten - der limbs free from  
 hail, rain, snow, or storm ; There's no such u - sage now, Nor can be found at all, I'm  
 forced to travel on a win - ter's night Thro' hail and rain and storm : "Poor old horse ! Poor old horse !"

The only verse that Mr. Mooney knew much resembles the printed copies of broadsides. One of these, by Such, is :

# THE POOR OLD HORSE.

When I was a young horse, all in my youth and pride,  
My master used to ride on me, he thought me very fine ;  
But now I am grown old, and nature does decay,  
My master frowns upon me, and these words I hear him say :  
" Poor old horse, poor old horse."

My clothing that was once of the shining superfine—  
Then I stood in my stable, and did in my glory shine ;  
But now I'm grown old, and nature does decay,  
My master frowns upon me, and these words I heard him say,  
" Poor old horse, poor old horse,"

My feeding it was once of the best corn and hay,  
That grew in the fields and in the meadows gay,  
But now I'm grown old and scarcely can I crawl—  
I am forced to eat the coarsest grass that grows against the wall,  
Poor old horse, poor old horse.

" He is old and he is cold, and he is both dull and slow ;  
He has eaten up my hay, and has spoiled all my straw ;  
Nor either is he fit to draw [in] with my team—  
Take him and whip him," is now my master's theme,  
Poor old horse, poor old horse.

To the huntsman now shall go his old hide and shoes,  
Likewise his tender carcase the hounds will not refuse—  
His body that so swiftly has run so many miles  
Over hedges, ditches, brooks, and cleared bridges, gates, and stiles,  
Poor old horse, poor old horse.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLEY DICKINSON, A YOUNG SAILOR

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff is in C major, 2/4 time, and contains the melody for the first line of the song. The second staff is in B-flat major, 2/4 time, and contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

When I was young and a - ble, I had some young good corn But now I'm old and fee - ble, I've

in the fields to roam, Poor old horse, Poor old horse.

The second air varies considerably in metre from the usual copies ; it evidently belongs to a different ballad. For other copies of " Poor Old Horse," see the *Folk Song Journal* (Vol. i, pp. 75 and 261), where more references are given. I cannot agree with those who point to a pagan Scandinavian origin, nor can I think that the song had birth on shipboard from the practice of burying the " dead horse " at the end of the first month. It is purely a humanitarian view of the fate of old worn-out horses, and I should say has suggested to Thomas Bewick his well-known woodcut " Waiting for Death."—F. K.

# 31.—THE DOCK-YARD GATE.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER, AT WHITBY.

"If you'll come down to the dock-yard gate and wait till I come  
out, This ve-ry day we'll spend his pay in drink-ing ale and  
*Slow and marked.*  
stout." So his half-pay was spent in sweet con-tent, his  
half-pay was no more: "Nev-er mind, nev-er mind, my  
love!" she cried, "He's work-ing hard for more."

The singer had learnt this from her father, with whom it used to be a great favourite. A second verse followed—too imperfectly remembered to be of much use. I look upon it as one of a type of song which is produced even to-day, on shipboard. It is here that real sailors' songs are invented and occasionally passed on to shore people, where a generation or two of singers form them into folk-songs pure and simple. I could quote several of these "real sailors' songs."—F. K.

The tune is obviously modern and of slight value."—J. A. F. M.

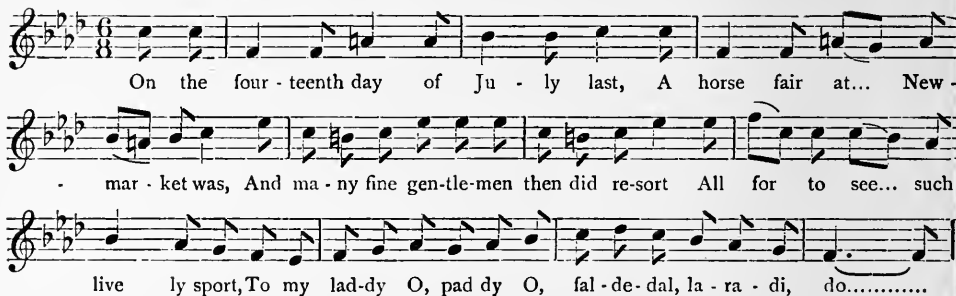
# YORKSHIRE TUNES

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

## 32.—I'ANSON'S RACE-HORSE.

Noted in 1888 by T. C. Smith.

SCARBORO



On the four - tenth day of Ju - ly last, A horse fair at... New -  
 - mar - ket was, And ma - ny fine gen - tle - men then did re - sort All for to see... such  
 live ly sport, To my lad - dy O, pad dy O, fal - de - dal, la - ra - di, do.....

There was a gentleman of great fame,  
 Charles I'Anson, Esquire, and that was his name,  
 And he had a kinsman who had got a mare,  
 Called "Little Dunnee" with her cropped ears.  
 To my laddy, etc.

The jockeys were weighed, likewise the whips,  
 And then the bold riders began for to strip;  
 The little dun mare, as I've heard say,  
 Carried twelve pounds more than the "Lively Bay."  
 To my laddy, etc.

The gentlemen rode around the course,  
 Saying one to another "Our money is lost!—  
 Which made the bold gentlemen stamp and swear:  
 "The devil take you and your little dun mare!"  
 To my laddy, etc.

Transmitted to me from Scarborough. The family of I'Anson are famous for a training-stable near Malton, Yorkshire. As "The Little Dun Mare," the song of ten verses is printed on a broadside by H. Such.

The air is, I suppose, a version of a "Derry Down" song. It is attached to several Yorkshire songs current in this district, e.g. "The Cunning Cobbler," "Stringy Pie," etc.—F. K.

I have noted two versions of this song in Somerset, and Mr. Percy Grainger has taken it down in Lincolnshire. My tunes are variants of the Scarborough version

—C. J. S.

This tune is an interesting combination of the Dorian and Mixolydian modes

—R. V. W.

### 33.—SWARTHFELL ROCKS.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MISS A. BOWNASS,  
OF WINDERMERE.

So now to con - clude and fin - ish my... song, This

gal-lant fox - hunt is all o - ver, It's the for - ty - se - cond fox That was

slain from Swarthfell Rocks, And that puts an end... to my sto ry.

Early one morning as I rose from my bed  
I heard "Hark, hark away, boys!" so clearly,  
Then I drew a little nearer for to see who was there  
That was going fox-hunting so early.

*(Chorus. Repeat the two last lines of every verse.)*

There were some gentlemen who had come from Patterdale,  
They had come for to make out a trial,  
To see the hounds run in the North, where they had great fame and worth,  
And most of them without any denial.

It was then at Swarthfell Rocks where we laid on our hounds,  
Not thinking the tops being likely;  
Now a huntsman long I've been, but the like I've never seen,  
We unkenelled bold Reynard so early.

Out cries Henry Wilkinson, "Hark, hark away, my boys!"  
Joe Clarke, our foot sportsman soon heard him;  
Richard Mounsey cried, "Od zounds! you may couple up your hounds,  
For this day you will never come near him."

They came through How Town moor, it being late an hour,  
Sometimes one hound and sometimes another,  
It was hard to be expressed which of them ran him best,  
For they all ran abreast close together.

There was "Tipler," "Towly," "Fairmaid" and "Jolly,"  
There was "Countess," "Blossom" and "Fury,"  
Several other hounds ran close within his bounds,  
But these were the hounds that ran near him.

Richard Mounsey rode amain, and he whipt up o'er the plain,  
Joe Thompson's grey mare got no favour,  
It was up the highest hill and down the deepest glen,  
Expecting his life for our labour.

They came through Hallin Hag, their course it being strong,  
I'm sure there would be little ease in it,  
But our hounds they ran amain, and laid him in again,  
And he took Sharrow Woods for his cover.

Then Reynard being weary, and seeking for shelter,  
His way was to take straight over—  
But the hounds they ran him well, and turned him in again,  
And there they destroyed him for ever.

Old "Lilter" followed in, and never more was seen,  
Which caused our brave sportsmen to murmur,  
For a finer little hound never ran above the ground ;  
She was the bonniest little hound in the number.

So now to conclude, and finish my song,  
This gallant fox hunt is all over ;  
It's the forty-second fox that's been slain from Swarthfell Rocks,  
So that puts an end to my story.

This fine tune was sung at one of the Westmoreland Festivals (1903) by Miss A. Bownass, of Windermere. It is a hunting-song known—or formerly so—in the district around Ullswater, and the places mentioned are between Patterdale and Pooley Bridge. Unlike other hunting-tunes, it is not, so far as I know, applied to sets of words singing the feats of other hunts. It must be noticed that the tune is not in the usual  $\frac{6}{8}$  time, which from at least the 18th Century was always used when a hunting-song had to be fitted with music. There is, however, a curious feature about this song: The wild George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham (1627-1688) kept a pack of hounds at Helmsley, in North Yorkshire, and the exploits of these are chronicled in a black-letter ballad, printed by William Onley towards the end of the 17th Century (*Roxburghe Collection*). This is entitled "The Fox Chace, or the Huntsman's Harmony by the Noble Duke of Buckingham's Hounds, etc. To an excellent tune much in request."

I believe that remnants of this ballad are known to this day in Helmsley and district. The printed ballad, which perfectly fits the tune, "Swarthfell Rocks," has evidently formed the model of the ballad Miss Bownass recovered in the Lake district. The first and last verses of the Duke of Buckingham's ballad will show this: they run—

All in a morning fair,  
As I rode to take the air,  
I heard some to holloo most clearly ;  
I drew myself near  
To listen who they were  
That were going a hunting so early.

\* \* \* \* \*

So *whoo* up we proclaimed,  
God bless the noble Duke of Buckingham !  
For our hounds then had gained much glory ;  
This being the sixth fox  
That we killed above the rocks,  
And there is an end of the story.

I think we may easily take it for granted that the traditional air above printed was the one to which the earlier hunting-song has been sung.—F. K.

This is a well-known song in the West of England. I have taken it down three times in different parts of Somerset, and Mr. Baring-Gould has found it in Devonshire and published it in *Songs of the West* (No. 81), under the title "The Duke's Hunt." Miss Bownass' tune has points in common with the tune of "The Simple Ploughboy," also in *Songs of the West* (No. 59).—C. J. S.

### 34.—I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

Noted by F. Kidson.

DORIAN (? Dorian-Phrygian, A. G. G.)

HORBURY, YORKSHIRE.



### SECOND VERSION.

Noted by F. Kidson

DORIAN.

GOATHLAND, YORKSHIRE.

Stock - ings white and shoes black bright, And her buck - les shone like sil - ver; She

had a dark and roll - ing eye, And her hair was on her shoul - der, With my

fal - la - la, fal - la - la - la, fal - la - la - la, la, la.

## THIRD VERSION.

Noted by T. C. Smith.  
DORIAN.

SCARBOROUGH.

How old are you, my pret-ty fair maid? How old are you, my  
hon - ey? How old are you, my pret-ty fair maid? How old are you, my  
hon - ey?" Oh, she an - swer'd me right cheer - ful - ly: "Oh, I'm  
sev - en - teen come Sun - day." With my roo dum doo,  
Fol the did - dle doo, Right fol the did - dle lol the di - do.

This ballad seems to be well diffused throughout most parts of England, and I have no doubt it is current in Scotland also. Personally, I think, there is a decidedly Northern ring in the air, which on the whole differs very slightly wherever obtained.

Already copies have been printed in the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 92, Vol. ii, p. 9), and in Mr. Sharp's second collection of *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, but I cannot quite agree with Mr. Sharp that the song is the same as the one he refers to, in *The Scots' Musical Museum*; the theme is common enough to produce any quantity of folk-ballads.

The full song is printed on broadsides by different printers—the one following from a broadside by Bebbington, of Manchester, but it is the same as one by Such.

## I'M SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

As I walked out one May morning,  
One May morning so early;  
I overtook a handsome maid,  
Just as the sun was rising.  
With my ru rum ra.



Her stockings white, her shoes so bright,  
Her buckles shone like silver,  
She had a black and rolling eye,  
And her hair hung o'er her shoulder.

"Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?  
Where are you going, my honey?"  
She answered me right cheerfully:  
"An errand for my mammy."

"How old are you, my pretty maid?  
How old are you, my honey?"  
She answered me right modestly:  
"I'm seventeen come Sunday,"

"Will you take a man, my pretty maid?  
Will you take a man, my honey?"  
She answered me right cheerfully:  
"I dare not for my mammy."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Soldier, will you marry me?  
For now's the time or never;  
For if you do not marry me,  
I am undone for ever."

Now I'm with my soldier lad,  
Where the wars they are alarming;  
A drum and a fife is my delight, I,  
And a pint of rum in the morning.

F. K.

A Scottish version of the song, set to what seems to be an imperfect memory of the same Dorian tune—known in many variants—is printed in Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads* as "My Rolling Eye," the chorus being:

With my rolling eye,  
Fal de diddle eye,  
Rolling eye, dum derry, etc.

Mr. Kidson's third version has some resemblance to the old Scotch dance-tune set to the song "Alistair Macalister."—A. G. G.

### 35.—THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

Noted by F. Kidson.

FROM MR. CLARKE, WORTLEY, NEAR LEEDS.

As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in spring,..... I  
 heard a pret - ty plough - boy sweet - ly sing ;..... And  
 as he was a - sing - ing, Oh these words I heard him say :..... There's no  
 life..... like the plough-boy's in the sweet..... month of May

There's the lark in the morning, she will rise up from her nest,  
 And she'll mount the white air, with the dew all on her breast ;  
 And with the pretty ploughboy, oh, she'll whistle and she'll sing,  
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

This copy of the air was given to me by Mr. Clarke of Wortley, near Leeds, in 1890. He remembered its being sung in his early years. For another version of the melody and for some notes regarding the history of this song, see my *Traditional Tunes* (1891), p. 145.

Extended copies of the words are found on garlands and broadsides. In one of these, named *Four Excellent New Songs*, printed at Edinburgh with the date 1778, it stands as "The Plowman's Glory." The two first verses are almost verbatim with the above, and then follow six more, descriptive of the life of a ploughman, with some of his recreations.—F. K.

Cf. "The Lark in the Morn" in Baring-Gould's *Garland of Country Song*. The words are on a broadside by Hodges, Seven Dials.—L. E. B.

Mr. Baring-Gould prints a Cornish variant of this air and song in his *Garland of Country Song* (No. 27). I have also noted down a Devon version, quite a different tune, from one of Mr. Baring-Gould's singing-men. Note the absence of the sixth in the above tune.—C. J. S.

# 36.—MAIDS, WHILE YOU LIVE NEVER WED AN AULD MAN.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

MIXOLYDIAN.

FROM RILLINGTON, N. E. YORKSHIRE, 1888.



This air, with a verse which it is not desirable to here reproduce, was obtained for me in 1892 by Mr. T. C. Smith of Scarborough, from a singer hailing from Rillington, a district near Malton, in North-east Yorkshire. It is evidently another version of "An Auld Man he courted me," as printed in my *Traditional Tunes* (p. 92). This latter copy also comes from North Yorkshire.—F. K.

This ballad is commonly sung in the West of England.—C. J. S.

## 37.—THE KNIGHT'S DREAM; OR, THE LABOURING MAN'S DAUGHTER.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

FROM SCARBOROUGH.



One of the many tunes transmitted to me from Scarborough by Mr. T. C. Smith, who took it down in this district. I have only one verse. Mr. Sharp noted a version in Somerset, under the title "A Cornish Young Man." See the *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. ii, p. 53), and Mr. Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 2nd series.—F. K.

*Cf.* the tune with that called in Scotch collections "Saw ye my Father," which G. F. Graham pronounces to be certainly of English origin. Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted another air, with a complete set of words, in Dorsetshire this year.—L. E. B.

The Somerset tune to this song, of which I have noted five variants, is a variant, in the Mixolydian mode and in three-time, of this Scarborough version.—C. J. S.

### 38.—MY BONNY LAD IS YOUNG.

*Noted by F. Kidson.*

SUNG BY MRS. KATE THOMPSON,  
KNARESBOROUGH.

“Oh, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, I'm a - fraid you have done wrong, You've  
mar - ried me to a col - lege - boy, his age it is too young; For his  
age is but six - teen, and the fair - est of it is That my  
bon - ny lad is young, but he's grow - ing, Oh, my  
bon - ny lad is young, but he's grow - ing.

Noted by the Rev. Capel Cure.

DORSETSHIRE.



Mrs. Kate Thompson learnt her version of the song when a child at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, and this copy is also recognised by another Yorkshire singer. The second version, to a very fragmentary portion of the ballad, was noted down in Dorsetshire, and sent to me by the Rev. Capel Cure.

Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. Sharp, and other collectors, have printed copies of this, which I take to be one of our most curious English folk-songs. I should perhaps say British, for although the ballad originally first saw the light as "Lady Mary Ann," in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, 1792 (No. 377), and afterwards as "Young Craigston" in the Scottish ballad-books, yet many versions have been recovered in the south of England, and there is really not the slightest evidence that the ballad or the various airs recently collected are of Scottish origin. For other copies, see Mr. Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West*; Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*; *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 214, and ii, p. 206); and Mr. Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset* (Vol. i).

The ballad-sheet version printed by Such is as follows :

MY BONNY LAD IS YOUNG, BUT HE'S GROWING.

O, the trees that do grow high and the leaves that do grow green,  
The days are gone and past, my love, that you and I have seen ;  
On a cold winter's night when you and I alone have been—  
My bonny lad is young, but he's growing.

" O father, dear father, you to me much harm have done,  
You married me to a boy, you know he is too young,"  
" O daughter dear, if you will wait you'll quickly have a son,  
And a lady you'll be while he's growing.

I will send him to the college for one year or two,  
And perhaps in that time, my love, he then may do for you ;  
We'll buy him some nice ribbons to tie round his bonny waist, too,  
And let the ladies know he's married."

She went to the college and looked over the wall,  
 She saw four-and-twenty gentlemen playing there at ball;  
 They would not let her go through, for her true love she did call,  
 Because he was a young man growing.

At the age of sixteen he was a married man,  
 At the age of seventeen she brought him forth a son,  
 At the age of eighteen the grass did grow over his gravestone,  
 Cruel death put an end to his growing.

I will make my love a shroud of the fine holland brown,  
 And all the time I'm making it the tears they shall run down,  
 Saying "Once I had a sweetheart, but now I have got none,  
 Farewell to thee, my bonny lad, for evermore."

O now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie,  
 The green grass grows over him so very high;  
 There I can sit and mourn until the day I die,  
 But I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.

F. K.

The first tune here printed has characteristics of the Dorian mode, and the second from its cadence might appear to be Phrygian. This tune is almost identical with the first version on page 95 of Vol. ii, No. 7, of this Journal. See also the Note on page 96.—R. V. W.

### 39.—THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES, O!

*Noted by Mr. C. Lolley.*

FROM HOWDEN DISTRICT, YORKSHIRE.

He took three hun-dred thou - sand men And like - wise kings to join his throng, He  
 was so well pro - vi - ded, E - nough to sweep the world a - long; But  
 when he came to Mos - cow He was o - ver-power'd by frost and snow, All  
 Mos - cow was a - blaz - ing, There he lost his bon-nybunch of ro - ses, O.

I have heard many singers sing this ballad to a similar tune. Mr. Charles Lolley, of Leeds, gives me this as his remembrance of the melody, and I esteem it a very good version of a really fine air. The absurd words which are always used with it relate to Napoleon's triumphs, and probably first came to light on broadsides when "Napoleon the Little" began his adventurous career.

On a ballad-sheet published by W. S. Fortey the song stands thus :

YOUNG NAPOLEON OR THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES.

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Tune—The Bunch of Rushes, O !

---

By the dangers of the ocean,  
One morning in the month of June,  
The feathered warbling songsters,  
Their charming notes so sweet did tune ;  
There I espied a female,  
Seemingly in grief and woe,  
And conversing with young Buonaparte,  
Concerning the bonny bunch of roses, O !

O then, said young Napoleon,  
And grasp'd his mother by the hand,  
Do, mother, pray have patience,  
Until I am able to command.  
I will raise a terrible army,  
And through tremendous dangers go,  
And in spite of all the universe,  
I will gain the bonny bunch of roses, O.

When first you saw great Buonaparte,  
You fell upon your bended knee,  
And asked your father's life of him,  
He granted it most manfully.  
'Twas then he took an army,  
And o'er the frozen realms did go,  
He said I'll conquer Moscow,  
Then go to the bonny bunch of roses, O.

He took three hundred thousand men,  
And likewise kings to join his throng,  
He was so well provided,  
Enough to sweep this world along ;  
But when he came near Moscow,  
Near overpowered by driven snow,  
All Moscow was a blazing,  
Then he lost the bonny bunch of roses, O.

Now son, ne'er speak so venturesome,  
For England is the heart of oak,  
England, Ireland, and Scotland,  
Their unity has ne'er been broke,  
And son look at your father,  
In St. Helena his body lays low,  
And you will follow after,  
So beware of the bonny bunch of roses, O.

So mother, adieu for ever,  
 Now I am on my dying bed,  
 If I had lived I should have been clever,  
 But now I droop my youthful head,  
 For while our bones do moulder,  
 And weeping willows o'er us grow,  
 The deeds of bold Napoleon,  
 Concerning the bonny bunch of roses, O.

It is to be noticed that Fortey gives the title for the air as "Tune—The Bunch of Rushes, O!" The song has been so popular in Yorkshire that, near Wakefield, a public-house bears the sign: "The Bonny Bunch of Roses, O." There are copies of the song and tune in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (Vol. ii), and in *Songs of the West*.—F. K.

"The Bonny Bunch of Roses" is evidently a hornpipe air, which may account for the song being well-known in the fore-castle. The fore-castle song, as recollected by my sailor friend, Mr. Bolton, had no connection whatever with the young Napoleon or any other historic personage, but was a ballad of a sailor's courtship, in which the "bonny bunch of roses" had quite another—and probably earlier—significance. It seems likely that this was the original ballad. The air is remembered as a dancing-tune by Mary Ann Hartley, an old servant in our family, whose father and mother and other relatives used to sing and dance to the tune in their own house in Manchester, more than sixty years ago. Being a child at the time, she does not recollect anything of the words except the refrain, to which they "jigged round in a ring." The "Bonnie Bunch of Roses" is also a dance-game of little girls in Argyleshire, the words attached to it pointing to the "Bonnie Bunch of Roses" as some place of meeting. (See MacLagan's *Games and Diversions of Argyleshire*). It seems probable that before the time of Napoleon the song had a Jacobite significance, the white rose being the badge of the party, and I think it is quite possible that the "Bunch of *Rushes*" was the older and original title of the air.—A. G. G.

I have noted this ballad six times in Somerset. Nearly all my versions present interesting and unusual problems in modality; and this Yorkshire tune provides yet another example of the same peculiarity. Is not the occasional sharpening of the third in an Æolian tune very unusual?

The words are still printed by Such. They contain much that is doggerel, but surely our country has never been called by a prettier name than "The Bonny Bunch of Roses, O!"—C. J. S.

I have noted this song in Wiltshire. The outline of the tune is much the same as the above but the mode is purely major throughout.—R. V. W.



# 40.—TURPIN HERO.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

SUNG BY A SAILOR OF SOMERSET.

As ... Tur - pin was rid - ing o - ver the moor, He  
saw a law - yer on be - fore, So he rode up to him and  
thus did say: "Have you seen Tur - pin pass this way?" To my  
heigh - o, Tur - pin he - ro, For I am the val - i - ant Tur - pin O!

"No, I've not seen Turpin pass this way,  
Neither do I wish to, this long day!  
For the skin of my horse it would come off  
To make his mare a saddle-cloth."  
To my heigh O, etc.

Now when Turpin was cast and condemned for to die,  
It caused many pretty maidens for Turpin for to sigh,  
And as he on the gallows hung  
Cry "There goes the last of Dick Turpin!"  
To my heigh O, etc.

## SECOND VERSION.

Noted by T. C. Smith,

SUNG BY A NATIVE OF STAITHES, YORKS.

Have you seen Dick - y Tur - pin ar - rive this way? No  
more I would wish him to come this way, For I have no doubt He would  
turn my pock - ets right in - side out! ... To my he, hi,  
Tur - pin he - ro, I am the val - i - ant Dick Tur - pin!

He rode till he came to a very high hill,  
"Hey now!" says Tom King "thou must stand still,  
For my old mare wants a new suit of clothes,  
To fight Dicky Turpin along with his mare."  
To my he, hi, etc,

The above two copies of the Turpin ballad, with the airs, were sent to me by Mr. T. C. Smith, of Scarborough, Yorkshire.

One of these was noted down from a Somerset singer and the other from a Scarborough man, a native of Staithes, Yorkshire. Chappell has a version of the ballad and the fine air in his *Popular Music*, and the following is from a broadside having no printer's name :

#### TURPIN HERO.

Turpin Hero is my name,  
And I from Dublin city came ;  
It is my slight and nimble hand  
It caused me for to leave my land.  
And it's O rare Turpin, O,  
O, rare Turpin, O.  
The very first man that I did meet,  
It was a tailor in the street ;  
I picked his pocket and there I found  
Scissors and thimbles and half-a-crown.  
The very next person I did meet,  
It was a parson in the street ;  
I robbed him of all his store,  
And told him he may go preach for more.  
As I rode over London moor  
I saw a lawyer just before ;  
I rode up to him and thus did say :  
"Have you seen Turpin on this way ?"  
Then Turpin being so very 'cute,  
He hid his money in his boot,  
"Faith," said the lawyer, "none shall he find,  
For I'll hide mine in my cape behind."  
They rode till they came to a powder-mill,  
Where he bade the lawyer to stand still ;  
"The cape of your coat it must come off,  
For my old woman wants a dish-cloth."  
Oh, now I've robbed you of your store  
You may go to law for more,  
And my name in question bring ;  
You may say that you were robbed by the rare Turpin."

Another copy of the ballad with many similar verses—also on a broadside—concludes :

Now Turpin is caught and tried and cast,  
And for a game-cock must die at last,  
One hundred pounds, when he did die,  
He left Jack Ketch for a legacy.

Readers of *Pickwick* will remember the Turpin ballad sung by Sam Weller. This was not by Dickens; it had appeared in a work by one of the brothers Smith (of *Rejected Addresses* fame), long prior to the publication of *Pickwick*. It is an admirable parody of the street copy.—F. K.

I am not surprised that the first version was sung by a native of Somerset, for the song is very generally known throughout the county and is always sung in the form here given. I have never heard a modal version such as Chappell gives. Some of Turpin's exploits are supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood of South Petherton, and this may account for the popularity of the song in Somerset.—C. J. S.

#### 41.—GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN.

Noted by T. C. Smith.

SUNG AT SCARBOROUGH.

God a - rest you all... mer-ry, gen - tle - men, Let no - thing you dis - may, Re -  
 mem-ber Christ our Sa - viour Was born on Christ-mas Day, For to  
 save our souls from Sa - tan's pow'r— Long time we've gone a - stray— Glad...  
 ti - dings of com - fort and joy..... and - a joy!

*The first two lines sometimes thus:— (The rest as above.)*

This is a traditional Scarborough version of the ever popular carol. "God rest you merry, gentlemen," used to be formerly traditionally current in Leeds, but it is seldom now heard, and then always comes from a printed source. The old Leeds version has considerable resemblance to the Scarborough one. The tune above printed came to me many years ago from Mr. T. C. Smith.—F. K.

It may be worth noting that the first line of this old carol is generally wrongly punctuated. The greeting is "God rest you merry," *i.e.* "God keep you cheerful." Shakespeare's use of it may be noted in *As you like it* (Act. v, sc. i), where "God rest you merry, sir," is William's parting salutation to Touchstone.—A. G. G.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

COLLECTED BY FRANK KIDSON.

## 42.—THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

*Noted by Mr. C. Lolley.*

SUNG AT DRIFFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

An out - land - ish Knight from the north - lands came, And  
 he came a - woo ing me ; ..... He prom-is'd he'd take me un -  
 - to the north lands And there he would mar - ry me....

### SECOND VERSION.

*Noted by F. Kidson.*

SUNG AT KNARESBRO', YORKSHIRE.

An out - landish Knight from the north - lands, And he came a - woo - ing to  
 me ; ..... He promis'd he'd take me un - to the northlands, And there he would mar-ry  
 re ; ..... Oh ! and there he would mar - ry me.....

### THIRD VERSION.

*Noted by Mr. G. Rathbone.*

SUNG IN WESTMORELAND.

The words of all these versions were only fragmentary, and evidently the same as the usual broadside versions. The second version much resembles that in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*; full references and other tunes are in *English County Songs*, *Traditional Tunes*, *Northumberland Minstrelsy*, etc.—F. K.

For other versions with tunes see “May Colvin, or False Sir John,” in Motherwell’s *Minstrelsy*, p. 67, tune No. 24, and a Devonshire version, collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, in *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, No. 12. I have noted down in Somerset sixteen different versions and variants, including several modal tunes. One of my versions begins: —“There was a knight, a Baron Knight, a Knight of high degree.”—C. J. S.

### 43.—THERE WAS AN OLD MAN IN THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

(THE BERKSHIRE TRAGEDY).

Noted by Mr. Charles Lolley.

SUNG BY A NATIVE OF DRIFFIELD, YORKSHIRE.

There was an old man in the north coun - trie, Low down,  
 der - ry down dee, There was an old man in the north coun-trie,  
 Val-id we ought to be..... There was an old man in the north coun-trie,  
 He'd more daugh-ters than one, two, or three; And I'll be  
 true to my love, if my love will be true to me.....

There was a young man to the North Country came,  
 Low down, derry down dee,  
 There was a young man to the North Country came,  
 Valid we ought to be.  
 There was a young man to the North Country came,  
 He came to court the youngest dame,  
 Then I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me.

He bought the youngest a beaver hat ;  
Low down, derry down dee,  
The eldest was not pleased at that,  
Valid we ought to be.

Oh sister, let's go to the water's brim,  
Low down, derry down dee,  
Oh sister, let's go to the water's brim,  
Valid we ought to be,  
Away they went to the water's brim,  
The eldest pushed the youngest in,  
And I'll be true to my love, if my love will be true to me

Away she floated and away she swam,  
Low down, derry down dee,  
Until she came to the merry mill-dam,  
Valid we ought to be.

The miler's daughter stood at the mill-door,  
Low down, derry down dee,  
When she saw this pretty maid come to shore,  
Valid she ought to be.

" Oh father, oh father, what's in the mill-dam,  
Low down, derry down dee,  
A fish, a fish, and a new britan ! "

Valid we ought to be.

" Go fetch me out my fishing-hook.  
Low down, derry down dee,  
And I'll draw this pretty maid out of the brook,--  
Valid we ought to be.

This version of " Binnorie," is often called " The Berkshire Tragedy," but this title is a rather misleading one, seeing that it was first given to it, and with no scientific authority, by Thomas Hughes, who introduced the ballad into his delightful book "*The Scouring of the White Horse*" in 1859. Professor Child elicited the fact that Thomas Hughes got his song from his father, who had learnt it when a boy at Ruthyn. It is well known in different forms throughout the British Isles, and the story is known throughout Europe.

The title of " The Berkshire (or Barkshire) Tragedy," properly belongs to a ballad frequently found on old broadsides, and on later broadsides by Pitts also, the scene of which is laid at Wytham Mill, above Oxford. This totally distinct ballad has usually the explanatory title " The Berkshire Tragedy, or the Witham Miller, being an account of his murdering his sweetheart."

The words here given under the title of " There was an old Man in the North Countrie," differ from any yet printed, and contain the curious word " britan," which is probably some obsolete part of a woman's dress (perhaps a cap, named a " Breton.") Could this be satisfactorily explained it might give a clue to the date of the version.—F. K.

According to Littré's French Dictionary, *bretagne* is—or was—a name given to a kind of linen cloth made in Brittany, and so called in consequence ('Holland' is a similar instance). It is possible that there was a corresponding English name for the fabric, subsequently attached to some article of attire made from it. But if so, it is curious that it should not be traceable outside the ballad. Cf. the tune with "Widdicombe Fair" in *Songs of the West*.—A. G. G.

The word "brat" means any over-garment of coarse cloth, a pinafore or apron, (Anglo-Saxon *bratt*, but of Celtic origin). The ancient and mediæval upper cloak of the Irish, and the Gaelic apron or plaid were also so-called. Possibly the original ran "and a new brat on." It is worth noticing that the other version of the story printed in this Journal (see "The Swan swims so bonny, O") was noted from Irish singers.—L. E. B.

#### 44.—THE SWAN SWIMS SO BONNY, O.

(BINNORIE.)

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY AN IRISHMAN, IN LIVERPOOL.

The musical notation is written on two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the staff, the lyrics are written: 'The mil - ler's daughter being dress'd in red, Hey ho, my Nan - ny, O, Oh, she'. The second staff continues the melody, ending with a double bar line. Below it, the lyrics are: 'went for some wa - ter to make her bread, Where the swan swims so bon - ny, O.'

And there does sit my false sister Anne,  
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,  
 Who drowned me for the sake of a man,  
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.  
 The miller's [or farmer's] daughter being dressed in red,  
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,  
 She went for some water to make her bread,  
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.  
 They laid her on the bank to dry,  
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,  
 There came a harper passing by,  
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.  
 He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,  
 And the harp began to play alone,  
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.  
 He made harp-pins of her fingers so fair,  
 Hey ho, my Nanny, O,  
 He made his harp-strings of her golden hair.  
 Where the swan swims so bonny, O.

The lines and the beautiful old tune were noted down in Liverpool from the singing of an Irishman, who got it from an old Irish woman when he was young. He only knew the fragment as it stands. The verses are, of course, out of the ballad "Binnorie"—which also is known as "The Two Sisters," "The Cruel Sister," and "The Berkshire Tragedy" (for this latter see the present *Journal*).

It is not necessary to enter into the bewildering maze of variants duly catalogued and reproduced by the late Professor Child in *English and Scottish Ballads* (pp. 118 to 140, vol. i), but it may be stated that traditional forms of the ballad, closely allied, are scattered not only through the British Isles but over the Continent.

The story almost invariably is to the effect that a woman, jealous of her sister, pushes her into a stream near a mill-dam. The half-drowned sister is discovered by the miller's daughter, who calls to her father that there is either a swan or a lady in the water. The miller rescues the lady, but is bribed by the jealous one to put her back in the water, which he does. Afterwards a harper, passing along, finds the lady's body and from her anatomy makes a harp (sometimes it is a viol), stringing it with her long yellow hair, making the wrest-pins from her finger bones, etc. The harp being placed on a stone begins to play of its own accord, and denounces the sister and the miller. The form of the ballad is always in couplets, with an irrelevant and repeating burden between the lines. The particular one here printed :

Hey ho, my Nanny, O  
The swan swims bonny, O

occurs in several copies, notably in one transmitted to Sir Walter Scott from Ireland. In Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, 1827 (Appendix xx), where an air is given, the refrain is the same, with "Annie" substituted for "Nanny."

The earliest known printed copy is on a broadside, dated 1656. Tunes to the ballad are printed in Motherwell; in R. A. Smith's *Scottish Minstrel* (Vol. vi, p. 72), as "The Bonnie Mill-dams of Balgonie; Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (Vol. i, p. 40); *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*; Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (three versions); Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, and probably in some other works. The old Scottish air, "Lord Aboyne," appears also to have been used for versions of the ballad.—F. K.

The most elaborate version is that embodied in Dr. Arthur Somervell's arrangement as "The Two Sisters," with the refrain: "Edinbro'," "Stirling for aye," and "Bonny St. Johnston's stands on Tay."—J. A. F. M.



# 45.—ROBIN AND GRONNY (GRANNY).

Noted by F. Kidson.

FROM MR. W. H. LUNT, LIVERPOOL, 1892-3.  
LEARNT FROM AN OLD LANCASHIRE WOMAN.

As Rob - in and Gron - ny were go - ing to ta'an, They  
called at an ale - house to spend half - a - cra'an; Where  
Rob - in drank one glass, owd Gron - ny drank two, Till they both got as drunk as  
Bre - ther's owd soo, To my fol de ral, lal de ral, dee. ....

(The second verse, forgotten by the singer, tells how Gronny fell into a ditch).

Robin he pulled wi' his might and his main,  
Till he'd gotten t'ow'd woman on t'bank safe again,  
" Well done, Robin, Robin! " cried hoo [she],  
" Well done, Robin, thou's gi'en a good pu'! "  
To my fal de ral, etc.

As whoamward they went ow'd Gronny did say;  
" Thou deserves a new coat for pu'ing this day!  
There's thi gronfeyther's ow'd'un, I wish it were new,  
Thou may'st have't and welcome, for thou's gi'en a good pu'."  
To my fal de ral, etc.

The following references bear upon this quaint old Lancashire song: In *The Song Smith* (1801, p. 47), a book of songs written by Charles Dibdin, junior, is one marked "Tune—*Robin and Granny*, old Lancashire ballad." No music is given.

In the ballad-opera, *The Boarding School* (1733), is a song with the old title of the air given as "Robin and Nanny." The tune is different from the one above printed, but there is every chance of this latter air being one adapted to the Lancashire song during the early part of the 18th Century.—F. K.

# 46.—THE SPRIG OF THYME.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY A LADY FROM NOTTINGHAM.

I once had a sprig of thyme It prospered night and  
day By chance there came by a false young man And he  
stole my thyme away And he stole my thyme away.

One of the many copies of that mysterious ballad which figures under the above title, as well as under the name "The Seeds of Love." The present version differs from one printed in my *Traditional Tunes*, but has a general likeness to other collected copies. The Nottingham lady, from whom I noted it down some years ago, had learnt it from her mother's singing. She appeared only to know the above first verse.

I may mention that the first appearance in print of the song and air—which, as I have said, passes indifferently as the "Seeds of Love" and "The Sprig of Thyme"—occurs in the first volume of *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816, as a "Border Melody," (see p. 40). As the book is very scarce and the tune short, it may be here reproduced:

A modern song, "I'll bid my heart be still," is printed with this air, but the  
old words are given also; they are:

O, once my thyme was young,  
It flourished night and day;  
But by chance there came a false young man,  
And he stole my thyme away.

Within my garden gay,  
The rose and lily grew,  
But the pride o' my garden is withered away,  
And it's a' grown o'er wi' rue.

Farewell, ye fading flowers,  
 And farewell, bonny Jean!  
 But the flower that is now trodden under foot,  
 In time it may bloom again.  
 I'll plant a bower of hop, etc.

\* \* \* \*

The air was taken down from James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, and the old words from a Miss Pringle, of Jedburgh.—F. K.

#### 47.—FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

*Noted by F. Kidson.*

SUNG BY KATE THOMPSON,  
 KNARESBRO', YORKSHIRE.

There sat two lov - ers on yon hill, See on yon hill so  
 high, They sat to - ge - ther for a long sum mer's eve, And they  
 ne - ver could tell their mind, And they ne - ver could tell their mind.

Miss Margaret sat in her bedroom,  
 Combing out her long brown hair;  
 Who should she spy but her own true love,  
 Riding by with a lady fair.

She had a pen-knife in her hand,  
 And it was long and sharp;  
 She made no more of the use of it,  
 But she rammed it to her heart.

The day being spent, the night coming on,  
 When all was fast asleep;  
 Miss Margaret appeared at twelve o'clock,  
 And stood at his bed-feet,

Saying "How do you like your soft feather-bed?  
 How do you like your sleep?"  
 "Very well I like my soft feather-bed,  
 Very well I like my sleep,  
 But much better I like this pretty fair maid,  
 That lies in my arms asleep."

(Verse forgotten, in which William goes to her father's house. The "pen-knife" verse is evidently misplaced).

"Oh, can I see Miss Margaret alive?  
Or can I see her dead?  
Or can I kiss those clay-cold lips,  
That once were cherry-red?"

"You cannot see Miss Margaret alive,  
But you can see her dead;  
And you can kiss those clay-cold lips,  
That once were cherry-red."

This version of the well-known old ballad was learnt by Kate Thompson when a child, in the early fifties, at Knaresboro'.

The ballad itself is strongly associated with "William and Margaret" and "Margaret's Ghost." I must refer the reader to Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, and other sources for comparison. There are also printed copies of the air extant, to which the old versions were sung. These printed copies do not appear to have anything in common with the traditional air here recovered.—F. K.

For other versions with various tunes, all differing entirely from Kate Thompson's, see "William and Margaret" in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* (1725), etc.; and "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" in Chappell's *Popular Music* and Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*. Compare "The Douglas Tragedy" in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, and the very interesting variants and notes on kindred ballads in Child's large work. "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," "(Sweet) William's Ghost," "The Unquiet Grave" or "Cold blows the Wind" seem all to have points in common with the ballad under discussion. Some lines are quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Kate Thompson's air is allied to one used sometimes for "The Seeds of Love" or "The Sprig of Thyme" (see the latter song in this number of the *Journal*.)—L. E. B.

#### 48.—ONCE THERE WAS A PRETTY MAID.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY AN OLD LANCASHIRE WOMAN, AT WEST DERBY, NEAR LIVERPOOL.


Once there was a pret - ty maid In Lon - don town did dwell, A  
jol - ly sail - or court - ed her, He lov'd her won - drous well,

The verse, with the melody, was taken down from the singing of an old Lancashire woman at West Derby, near Liverpool. The air is old and simple, having much sweetness. I have not been able to identify either it or the ballad with any other version, or to recover any more verses.—F. K.

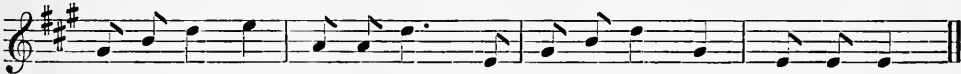
#### 49.—JAMES WALLER THE POACHER.

SUNG BY MR. ANDERSON,  
LEEDS.

Noted by F. Kidson.



Come, all ye poach-ers both far and near, And lis-ten to my sad ca-reer; My



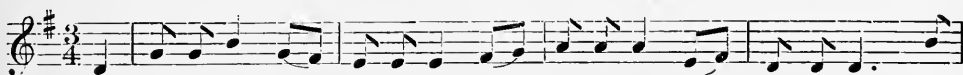
poach-ing ha-bits have brought strife, And now I'm charged with ta-king life.

I noted this very curious version of a favourite tune (generally appropriated to execution-songs and tales of highway robbery) some years ago. James Waller was executed at York in the early sixties for killing a keeper, but I have not looked up particulars, or obtained more than the above first verse. The ballad was, I suppose, sung about the streets at the time of Waller's trial.

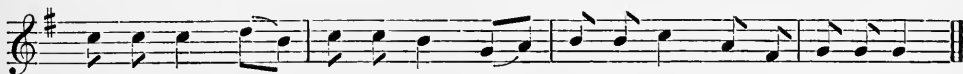
The original tune, of which many versions have been recovered (I myself have obtained four or five), is named in Holden's *Second Collection of Irish Airs*, circa 1808, "The Rambling Boy," and in Bunting's *Collection*, 1840, "Charley Reilly," or the "Robber." From a reference in *Bentley's Miscellany* for 1837, (p. 468), it appears to have been known in Ireland as "Young Charley Reilly." For other copies of the air, see *English County Songs*, (p. 180), and Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, (p. 34).

#### THE HIGHWAYMAN.

SUNG BY AN OLD LANCASHIRE WOMAN IN LIVERPOOL.



At se-ven-teen I.... took a wife, She was the joy of... all my life, And



to maintain her... rich and gay I..... went to rob on the King's highway.

This second version of the tune is almost identical with one from Horbury, near Wakefield, and with another from the East Riding, adapted to a ballad on Sir John Franklin.

"The Rambling Boy," as printed on a Pitts broadside runs:

I am a wild and rambling boy,  
My lodgings are on the Isle of Cloy;  
A wild and rambling boy I be,  
I'll forsake them all and follow thee.

The rest is incoherent.—F. K.

A large number of English peasant-tunes are constructed after the same rhythmic and melodic scheme as these two melodies. The traditional air to the "Dark-eyed Sailor" is but another example of the same type of tune, rather freely treated. (See also Dr. Vaughan Williams' "Oxford City" in the *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 200).—C. J. S.

The tune is rather like that usually sung both to "Lord Bateman" and "Down in the Meadows."—R. V. W.

#### 50.—DON'T YOU SEE MY BILLY COMING?

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY KATE THOMPSON,  
KNARESBORO'.

Don't you see my Bil - ly com - ing, Don't you see him on yon hill?

Clouds of an - gels gath - 'ring a - round him, Wait - ing for him being crown'd.

The musical notation consists of two staves in G-clef with a common time signature 'C'. The melody is written on a five-line staff. The first staff contains the first line of the song, and the second staff contains the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Billy's the lad I do admire,  
Billy's the boy I do adore;  
Now for him his love lies a-dying  
In a place where I shall never see him more.

This extraordinary fragment I noted down from the singing of Kate Thompson of Knareborough, Yorkshire. It is a portion of a "Mad Song," of which we English are said to have an abnormal number. A more complete copy is in *English County Songs* (see "Bedlam City"). See also one taken from a Pitts' broadside in *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads* (p. 187). In the recent *Memoirs of Tennyson* is a letter from

Edward Fitzgerald, dated December, 1877 (p. 603-4), containing without comment a verse not present in the copies I have mentioned :

O, but then my Billy 'listed—  
'Listed and crossed the roaring main ;  
For King George he fought bravely,  
In Po'tig'l, France and Spain.

Don't you see my Billy coming—  
Coming in yonder cloud ?  
Gridiron angels hovering round him,  
Don't you see him in yon cloud ?

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, October 8th, 1904, states that these verses were contributed to *Suffolk Notes and Queries* by the Rev. R. N. Sanderson, of Ipswich, who got them from a parish clerk. Fitzgerald, who was a contributor to the periodical, must have seen them in it.—F. K.

## 51.—EARLY, EARLY ALL IN THE SPRING.

Noted by F. Kidson.

SUNG BY MRS. HOLLINGS, A LINCOLNSHIRE WOMAN.

Oh, ear - ly, ear - ly all in the spring, My love was  
press'd to serve the king; The wind blew high and the wind blew  
low, And part - ed me and my young sai - lor boy.

" O father, father, make me a boat,  
That on the ocean I may float,  
And every [French, fresh, king's] ship as I pass by,  
I will enquire for my sailor boy."

She had not sailed far across the deep,  
Before five king's ships she chanced to meet,  
" Come, jolly sailors, come tell me true—  
Does my love sail in along with you ? "

" What clothes does your true love wear ?  
What colour is your true love's hair ? "  
" A blue silk jacket, all bound with twine ;  
His hair is not the colour of mine."

" Oh no fair lady, your love's not here—  
He has got drown'd, I greatly fear ;  
For on yon ocean as we passed by,  
'Twas there we lost a young sailor-boy."

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,  
Like some lady in deep despair,  
Saying " Happy, happy is the girl," she cried,  
" Has got a true love down by her side."

She set her down and wrote a song—  
She wrote it wide, she wrote it long ;  
At every line she shed a tear,  
And at every verse she said " My dear."

When her dear father came home that night,  
He called for his heart's delight ;  
He went upstairs, the door he broke,  
He found her hanging by a rope.

He took a knife and cut her down ;  
Within her bosom a note was found,  
And in this letter these words were wrote :  
" Father, dear father, my heart is broke.

Father, dear father, dig me a grave—  
Dig it wide and dig it deep ;  
And in the middle put a lily-white dove,  
That the world may know I died for love."

Mrs. Hollings, a charwoman, I presume learnt the words in Lincolnshire, when a child. Versions of this song and air are printed in several collections. Compare with "Sweet William" in *English County Songs* ; "A Sailor's Life," *Folk-Song Journal* (Vol. i, p. 99) ; "The Sailing Trade," Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* (Vol. i) ; Mr. Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 3rd series.

Irish versions of the air appear under the name of "The Bastard" in Alfred Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, and as "Early, early all in the Spring" in *The Complete Petrie* (No. 765). This last-named is, however, not satisfactory as a melody or perhaps as noted. The curious rhythm of the air and the changeable way in which Mrs. Hollings sang it made it very difficult to put into regular notation. I submit the copy as it stands—being as near the singer's intention as I could get it.

—F. K.

The rhythm of this tune is irregular : bars three and five are in  $\frac{6}{4}$  time not  $\frac{3}{2}$ , unless the words have been wrongly distributed.—C. J. S.

The air has a far more uncommon and interesting shape in  $\frac{3}{2}$  time, but then, as Mr. Sharp says, the words want re-arranging.—J. A. F. M.



## 52.—THE STORY OF ORANGE.

The following *Cante-fable* is only dimly (and perhaps imperfectly) remembered by my niece, Miss Ethel Kidson, who learnt it from one or more child companions in Liverpool. The story is evidently one of those upon which the ballad, "Lady Isabella's Tragedy," is founded (*see Percy's Reliques*).

Goethe, in *Faust*, makes Marguerite, in the prison scene, sing a fragment which is evidently taken from a German folk-tale, so I presume the same theme will be commonly known on the Continent.

## THE STORY OF ORANGE.

"There was once a little girl called 'Orange,' and her father had married again, and this new wife was very cruel to Orange and hated her, and she had some little girls of her own. One day the step-mother killed Orange and made her body into pies. She brought these pies out for dinner one day, and the father and the little girls ate them and liked them. The father kept calling out for Orange, so that she could come and have some, but the step-mother always made an excuse, saying Orange had gone on an errand, and so on. Soon after the little girls went into the coal-cellar to get some coals, and they heard Orange sing :

*Deliberately.* *Simili.*

My mam - ma did kill me and put me in pies, My  
 dad - da did eat me and say I was nice ; My two lit - tle  
 sis - ters came pick - ing my bones, And bur - ied me un - der cold  
 mar - ble - stones, Cold mar - ble - stones, Cold mar - ble -  
 stones, And bur - ied me un - der cold mar - ble - stones.

Then the father went down, and he heard Orange sing: (the narrator repeats the chant), and then Orange told him to go upstairs and light the fire. So he does this—when down the chimney came a big bag of money. The little girls next day lighted the fire, but nothing came down for them. So the step-mother, she thought *she* would do it next time—when a great heavy stone came tumbling down and killed her!"

Goethe's fragment in the prison scene, translated, is:

" My mother, the wanton, she took my life ;  
My father, the rogue, ate me up with his knife :  
My wee little sister, she picked up my bones,  
And laid them to cool all under the stones,  
Then I turned to a wood-bird, so bonnie to see,  
Fly away, fly away, to the woodlands with me."

F. K.

(This folk-tale, as I should like to testify, suffers greatly by appearing in "cold print." To anyone who has heard Miss Kidson tell it, the weird recurring chant, with its repeated, insistent musical phrase, working up to intensity and dying away at the end as if stifled under the "cold marble-stones," was thrilling in its dramatic effect.—A. G. G.)

A version of this story—better known among London street-children as "Orange and Lemon"—was heard by Mr. Joseph Jacobs in Australia, with a similar refrain:

" My mother killed me,  
My father picked my bones,  
My little sister buried me  
Under the marble stones."

Part of the story, says Mr. Jacobs, is in *Folk-Tales of the Magyars*, 418-20, and a version in *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, vi, 496. Chambers prints a Scottish form, "The Milk-White Doo," in his *Popular Rhymes*. A version called "Pepper, Salt, and Mustard," has the refrain above given, and a similar refrain occurs in the variant in Mr. Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales* called "The Rose Tree"—which is taken from Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*:

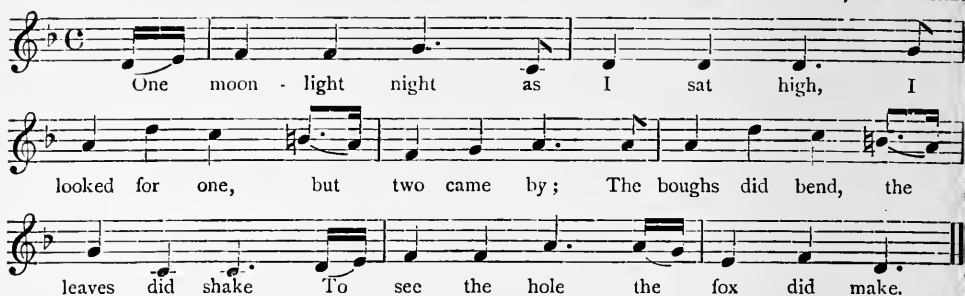
" My wicked mother slew me,  
My dear father ate me,  
My little brother whom I love  
Sits below, and I sing above  
Stick, stock, stone dead."

The little dead girl, transformed into a bird, *sang* this verse in the branches of the rose-tree under which the "little brother" had reverently buried her bones; so probably in this version also of the story, the verse was originally sung, not recited. (On the Continent the "Rose Tree" becomes the "Juniper Tree" of Grimm).

As regards verses occurring in folk-tales, Mr. Jacobs says (Note to "Childe Rowland" in *English Fairy Tales*) that "there seems to be a great probability that originally all folk-tales were interspersed with rhyme, and took therefore the form of the *cante-fable*," of which he calls "Aucassin and Nicolette" the most illustrious example; and he goes further in saying that both ballad and folk-tale probably originated in the *cante-fable*, becoming differentiated in the one case by omitting the narrative prose—in the other by expanding it. This view is perhaps hardly reconcilable with Professor Gummere's conception (see his *Beginnings of Poetry*) of the communal origin of the ballad in the dancing throng (hence the value and even necessity of the *refrain* which marks our older ballads—itsself often obviously older than the ballad to which it is found attached), and the gradual growth of such ballads by extemporised verses; though one may suppose that the singers and dancers would improvise verses on an event or *story* already known to some, if not all, of their number. Such verses might afterwards become incorporated in the prose relation. In any case, there can, I think, be little doubt that the interspersed verses in folk-tales were originally—and should properly be—sung, not recited; and Mr. Kidson's two stories pleasingly illustrate this interesting point.—A. G. G.

### 53.—ONE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

The following *Cante-fable* comes from Kate Thompson, of Knaresboro', Yorkshire. The story is to the effect that a young man, courting a young woman, betrayed her and resolved on her murder. He made an appointment with her in a wood, but she, going before the time, saw her lover and another man busily engaged in digging. Being suspicious, she resolved to watch them, and climbed a tree. It was soon evident they were making a grave, and from what she overheard she was to be the first to be buried in it. She slipped down the tree, and unobserved got home. Next day the young man came into the house, and, sitting by the fireside, the woman began to tell riddles. When it came to the young woman's turn, she gave the solution of this:—



The young man at once knew that his secret had been discovered, and he fled, being in due course hanged.

This story, I have heard from another person, is known elsewhere in Yorkshire. There are a vast number of references to it, and it appears to exist in similar form all over England, to say nothing of versions current in Ireland and elsewhere. But the copy above given has this to recommend it: It has a tune (and a quaint and beautiful one) fitted to the verse—which does not appear to be the case with any other chronicled version.

Halliwell in his *Nursery Rhymes*, prints one copy as "The Oxford Student." Another appears in S. O. Addy's *Household Tales*, 1895, and there are very full references to the story in *Notes and Queries*, (7th series, Vol. iii, 1887, pp. 149, 229, 410.) Addy's version of the rhyme from North Derbyshire runs:

"I'll rede you a riddle, I'll rede it you right;  
Where was I last Saturday night?  
The wind did blow, the leaves did shake,  
When I saw the hole the fox did make."

He also gives a Yorkshire copy very like the one I print above:

"One moonlight night as I sat high,  
Waiting for one, but two came by;  
The boughs did bend, my heart did quake  
To see the hole the fox did make."

*Notes and Queries*, as above, show that the story is known in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lincolnshire, Buckinghamshire, Gloucestershire, Ireland and America.—F. K.

My brother, the Rev. W. Gilchrist, obtained a version of the same story a few years ago from an old farmer living near Withyham, Sussex. The story, which was

known to others in the district, was localised in the neighbourhood, the wood "where it happened" being pointed out to the curious. There were *two* accomplices with the lover in this version, and the grave was dug below the trysting-tree, in which the girl had merrily hidden herself, thinking to surprise her sweetheart. The riddle-verse ran thus :

" Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me right,  
Where was I on Saturday night ?  
Down in the wood, and up in a tree  
I waited for *one*, and along came *three* ;  
My heart did quake,  
I did shiver and shake,  
Through seeing the holes the foxes did make."

The story has affinity with Grimm's tale of "The Robber Bridegroom," an English version of which is " Mr. Fox." (This " old tale " is quoted in " Much ado about Nothing.") See Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales* for " Mr. Fox." It is significant—considering the wording of the riddle-verse—that the murderer's name in this parallel folk-tale should be Fox—a circumstance which has possibly dropped out of these other versions, but would, if it originally belonged to them, render their riddle-verse still more pointed in its application.—A. G. G.

## NOTE ON OUR SAVIOUR TARRIED OUT OR THE BITTER WITHY.

(*Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 205).

Since the publication of Dr. Vaughan Williams' Sussex version of this carol, the following note upon "The Bitter Withy" has been sent for quotation in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, by Mr. Frank Sidgwick, who had previously communicated it to *Notes and Queries* (July 29th, 1905).

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### THE BITTER WITHY.

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago a contributor to *Notes and Queries* (4th series, i, 53) asked for the full form of a carol describing how "sweet Jesus" drowned three virgins, who refused to let Him play with them, by leading them over a bridge made of sunbeams, and how He was beaten by the Virgins with "slashes three" from a withy tree which He therefore cursed, and condemned to be "the very first tree that shall perish at the heart." No reply, it seems, has ever been given to this day.

The following version was communicated on 31st December, 1888, by Mr. Henry Ellershaw, junior, of Rotherham, in a letter to Mr. A. H. Bullen (shortly after the publication of the latter's "Songs and Carols"), who has given me permission to contribute a copy. It was taken down verbatim as sung by an old Herefordshire man of about seventy (in 1888), who learnt it from his grandmother. I have added the punctuation and numbered the verses.

### THE WITHIES.

#### I.

As it fell out on a Holy day,  
The drops of rain did fall, did fall,  
Our Saviour asked leave of His mother Mary  
If he might go play at ball.

#### II.

"To play at ball, my own dear Son,  
It's time You was going or gone,  
But be sure let me hear no complaint of You,  
At night when You do come home,"

III.

\*It was upling scorn and downling scorn,  
Oh, there He met three jolly jerdins;  
Oh, there He asked the three jolly jerdins  
If they would go play at ball.

IV.

"Oh, we are lords' and ladies' sons,  
Born in bower or in hall,  
And You are some poor maid's child  
Born'd in an ox's stall."

V.

"If you are lords' and ladies' sons,  
Born'd in bower or in hall,  
Then at the very last I'll make it appear,  
That I am above you all."

VI.

Our Saviour built a bridge with the beams of the sun,  
And over He gone, He gone He.  
And after followed the three jolly jerdins,  
And drowned they were all three.

VII.

It was upling scorn and downling scorn,  
The mothers of them did whoop and call,  
Crying out, "Mary mild, call home your Child,  
For ours are drowned all."

VIII.

Mary mild, Mary mild, called home her Child,  
And laid our Saviour across her knee,  
And with a whole handful of bitter withy,  
She gave Him slashes three.

IX.

Then He says to His mother, "Oh! the withy, oh! the withy,  
The bitter withy that causes me to smart, to smart,  
Oh! the withy, it shall be the very first tree  
That perishes at the heart."

The first part of the story is well-known in the carol commonly called "The Holy Well;" but the whole story seems to have become nearly obsolete. *Notes and Queries* (3rd series, iii, 334), gives a note concerning a fresco in the church of San Martino at Lucca, in Italy, which represents the Virgin Mary chastising the youthful Jesus. Is this the same legend?

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\* Cf. "It was up the hall, it was down the hall," in the Sussex version. But probably the original ran "It was up with his ball, it was down with his ball," see "Sir Hugh and the Jew's Daughter," in Child's ballads.—L. E. B.

Suggestions as to the meaning of the first lines of stanzas III and VII would be gratefully received. "Jerdins" may be a corruption of the "virgins" in "The Holy Well."

I hope other versions may turn up, and I should be glad to hear of any suggested origin for the story. I have not yet seen any other carol or legend resembling it.

F. SIDGWICK.

5, CLEMENT'S INN, W.C.

Mrs. Leather of Castle House, Weobley, noted a very similar version in Herefordshire two years ago, from which she kindly allows us to quote. Her singer called it "The Sally Twigs," or "The Bitter Withy." The first five verses are practically the same as the first five of Mr. Sidgwick's carol; but the last three run as follows:

Jesus made a bridge of the beams of the sun,  
And over the sea went He,  
And there followed after the three jolly jorrans,  
And he drowned the three all three.

And Mary mild took up her Child,  
And laid Him across her knee,  
And with three twigs of the bitter withy,  
She gave Him thrashes three.

"The bitter withy, the bitter withy,  
It made my back to smart,  
So it shall be the very first tree,  
To perish and decay at the heart."

Mr. Percy Zillwood Round has sent the following very interesting notes on the carol:

"OUR SAVIOUR TARRIED OUT. (*Folk-Song Journal*). The tradition is ancient of Jesus as a child sitting on the sunbeams, and His companions trying to do so, but falling and breaking their limbs. It is found in a 13th Century English-rhymed legend of the Life of the Child Jesus, which is printed by Carl Horstmann, in *Altenglische Legenden*, published at Paderborn in 1875. As the editor points out, the story occurs in the MS., which Tischendorf calls B, of the Apocryphal Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew, in part iii, as an addition to the 37th Chapter. [See Tischendorf's *Evangelia Apocrypha*, 2nd edition, Leipzig, 1876, p. 106, note.] The *sunbeams* puzzled Tischendorf, and he tried to amend the text into something more commonplace.

The curse on the withy, or willow, will be found in a different connexion, in the Gospel of Thomas, chap. 3, (B. H. Cowper, Apocryphal Gospels, p. 131). Only the first two stanzas of Dr. Vaughan Williams' carol resemble the "The Holy Well," for which see Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*, p. 91, and [for the tune which Stainer gives in his carol book,] p. 196.

In a letter accompanying the foregoing Mr. Round writes:

"I have identified the sunbeams, but not the *bridge* of sunbeams, nor the drowning. But a Norse origin seems problematical. The bridge and the burning floor over which the spirits pass to Paradise is found in Persian (bridge of Chinwat) and Arabic (bridge of Al Sirat,) see E. G. Browne's *Literature of Ancient Persia*, p. 107. It seems to be the "Brig o' Dread" in Aubrey's Yorkshire "Lyke-wake Dirge" (see F. Sidgwick's *Ballads*, Vol. ii, p. 88, 238), besides occurring in Norse Mythology, and "Riding the Moonbeams" is referred to in a story in Doni's *Moral Philosophie*, which is of Eastern origin, as described by Jacobs, (see his reprint, published by Nutt, 1888, of North's Elizabethan translation p. 47-52.)"



Mr. Frank Sidgwick writes :

"I should be much interested to hear of the source of the story in the Apocryphal Gospels—doubtless the origin of many traditional carols. But the Persian origin for the Rainbow Bridge seems far-fetched, as is the suggestion of a Norse derivation. I imagine Dr. Vaughan Williams is thinking of the world-wide belief in the "Brig o' Doom"—the "Al Sirat."

It seems advisable to also give the very curious version quoted by William Howitt in his *Rural Life of England* (1837). He took it from "a volume of Christmas Carols as sung in the neighbourhood of Manchester," collected by "the late Mrs. Fletcher (Miss Jewsbury)," and presented by her to Mrs. Howitt :

Honour the leaves, and the leaves of life  
Upon this blest holiday,  
When Jesus asked His mother dear, —  
Whether He might go to play.

"To play! to play!" said the blessed Mary,  
"To play, then get you gone;  
And see there be no complaint of you,  
At night when you come home."

Sweet Jesus, he ran into yonder town,  
As far as the Holy well,  
And there He saw three as fine children  
As ever eyes beheld,  
He said "God bless you every one,  
And sweet may your sleep be;  
And now, little children, I'll play with you,  
And you shall play with me."

"Nay, nay, we are lords' and ladies' sons,  
Thou art meaner than us all;  
Thou art but a silly fair maid's child,  
Born in an oxen's stall."

Sweet Jesus He turned himself about,  
Neither laugh'd, nor smiled, nor spoke,  
But the tears trickled down his pretty little eyes,  
Like waters from the rock.

Sweet Jesus He ran to His mother dear,  
As fast as He could run—  
"O mother, I saw three as fine children,  
As ever were eyes set on,  
I said 'God bless you every one,  
And sweet may your sleep be—  
And now little children, I'll play with you,  
And you shall play with me.'  
'Nay, said they, we're lords' and ladies' sons,  
Thou art meaner than us all,  
For Thou art but a poor fair maid's child,  
Born in an oxen's stall,'"  
Then the tears trickled down from His pretty little eyes,  
As fast as they could fall.

"Then," said she, "go down to yonder town,  
As far as the Holy well,  
And there take up those infants' souls,  
And dip them deep in hell."

"O no! O no!" sweet Jesus cried,  
"O no! that never can be;  
For there are many of those infants' souls  
Crying out for the help of Me."

Miss Jewsbury's collection is said by Howitt to have contained also the carols "Under the Leaves" or "The Seven Virgins," "The Moon Shines Bright," "Dives and Lazarus," "The Twelve Joys," etc., etc.

It is possible that the obscure Herefordshire words "jerdins" and "jorrans" are merely corruptions of "children." But on the other hand the Sussex "jolly dons," of which it must be noted there are *three* in number, may be the correct original. William Hone, in his *Ancient Mysteries* (and *English Miracle Plays founded on Apocryphal New Testament Story*, as part of the title runs), printed in 1823, refers on pp. 173 and 174 to a religious play performed in 1509 at Romans, in Dauphiny. The play, acted outside a church, lasted for three days. It was called "The Mystery of the Three Dons." The scene "besmeared with the blood of the three martyrs, the Dons," is laid in various countries of Europe. "The stage constantly represents hell and paradise; and Europe, Asia and Africa are cantoned in three towers." "Metaphysical beings are curiously personified;" these "are constantly abusing Proserpine" who appears "with all the trappings of Tartarean pomp." The play introduces ninety-two dramatis personæ, among whom are *the Virgin and God the Father*. Hone quotes from "the *General Evening Post*, Sept. 29th, 1787, from a MS. at Romans," in Dauphiny. Have we here a clue to the Dons of the carol? The subject offers absorbing work to the students of ballads, and the curse on the willow (*salix*, or willow) is full of suggestions to the folk-lorist who connects ancient classical fables, and world-wide customs and beliefs, with this tree. Mrs. Leather has found that a superstition prevails in many parts of Herefordshire (even amongst those who know nothing of this carol), to the effect that a growing person or animal will cease to grow if struck with a sally-twig.

L. E. B.

# SUBJECT INDEX

TO

## FOLK-SONG JOURNAL, VOLS. I AND II.

NOTE.—The two volumes here dealt with were issued in nine separate parts, and for the convenience of those who have kept their journals in this form the number of the *part* is in each case given in a parenthesis after the Roman figure indicating the *volume*. The third figure refers to the paging, which is consecutive throughout a volume. A raised figure following the page number refers to the version, where more than one is given. Songs which are clearly variants of the same set of words are bracketed together; each heading, however, only includes those variants which actually contain the incident or name to which the heading refers. A few songs which occur in many forms, such as "The Seeds of Love," "There is an Alehouse," have special headings under which all variants are noted.

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## NOTE.

I HAVE to apologise to Mr. T. C. Smith, of Scarborough, for having referred to him, in Journal 9, as the "late Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith himself writes me, in the words of Mark Twain, that the "statement is grossly exaggerated." I am exceedingly glad to hear on such good authority that my old and valued correspondent is still alive, and has the same keen interest in folk-song as of yore.

FRANK KIDSON.

*May, 1907.*



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